Gunships

Bedouin Soundclash

Gunships in a storm sinking to the Ocean Floor
And with them goes the cause we all were fighting for
Fire on the Door as we wash up on the shore
The Colours we have worn only left our nation tornI hear it coming through the wall
is that another rebels call
Lost out in a lovers squall,
And there wont be no right or wrong.
And we won't sing no victory song.
For a ntion that was torn
In a lovers civil war----------So is this grace's last stand?
And will i see your face again,
Or can we find no common land?
And through the windows that got blown,
Comes the thought of the unknown,
And was that six years coming past?
in the shrapnel of the a blast----------Drawing lines in the sand...
Has the ship sunk fast?
and was that Six years coming past,
In the bullet and a blast?

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