

Celtic Agression

Tonic

Somebody cried the death of culture
Somebody spit in a little boy's face
Somebody said you robbed my homeland
Somebody got the wrong impression So we came across the water
From the shores of the isle of green
Speaking separate tongues
In the death of culture
It was the death of culture Somebody said you stole my language
Some people will say anything
Somebody said you robbed my heritage
Some people will believe anything
Somebody said you always spoke English
Somebody got the wrong impression So we came across the water
From the shores of the isle of green
Speaking separate tongues
In the death of culture
Oh, it was the death of culture
Oh, it was the death of culture Bhi machree
Ohin trasna na farraige
Bhi machree
Ohin trasna na farraige So we came across the water
From the shores of the isle of green
So we came across the water
Speaking separate tongues
In the death of culture
Oh, it was the death of culture

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