

## From The Inside

### Brutal Attack

When I was a young boy I didn't understand what my  
Father said, about how he fought to save this land and  
Now he wishes he were dead. They spit upon his good  
Name now, they take away his right to speak, they fill  
Our land with aliens, they make my father weak.

But now I understand it, I've seen for myself. I am on  
The inside looking out at you, I see the answer is in  
My hands.

The trouble with this nation is they forget to easily,  
Stand in line you don't come first, they preach racial  
Harmony. My father fought to stop one invasion, now he  
Knows that war was insane. When peace time comes the  
Doors are thrown open, and others invade again.

But now I understand it, I've seen for myself. I am on  
The inside looking out at you, I see the answer is in  
My hands.

So you listen to me boy don't just stand and stare:  
Stand up to be counted, show this land you care. Raise  
Our standards with pride and keep the white flame  
Bright. Stem this rising tide, put the aliens to  
Flight.

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