

## Slave To Freedom

Tygers of Pan Tang

You shout about your freedom,  
You bleed for weak and poor  
Pouring out your conscience  
Of which you're really sure  
But who will save democracy  
When all the killing's done?  
Certainly not you with your  
Bombs and knives and guns

Slave to freedom

The bodies of the fallen will be your epitaph  
You may not laugh the longest,  
But you will not laugh the last  
And who will save democracy  
When all the killing's done?  
Certainly not you with your  
Bombs and knives and guns

Slave to freedom - your rules are nearly through  
Slave to freedom - you shout for you and you  
You shout about the innocent  
But your guilt is plain to see  
The money's in your pocket  
When the headcounting is through