

# Finley Quaye, British Air Rage

Tell me your psalms and I'll tell you mine  
Manic preachers  
Slippery road to Wales  
Boat with no sail  
Sending people off the rails  
An angel's on your tail  
And it's too dark  
Brutality  
Impartiality is now a reality  
Oppression suppression is their occupation  
Tolerance they boast they have got  
We are aware they have not  
Without us it would be total destruction  
Green says you will be fed  
Gold is holding an eternal internal glow  
Red is gonna run like river Jordan  
Listen now  
These words check now  
The eyes of man can see  
The mind for eye must be  
Red rolled and seen  
To really know what it mean  
Tears behind my eyes  
Feeling bitter  
Weeping as he wails  
Emotional  
Trying to stay on the rails  
An angel on harp  
Who's too sharp  
Babylon  
Has no productions  
Only slavery and confusion  
Rasta going to cramp them and paralyse them  
Devils for the situation