Chorus:

Ourland is my land
Her history is calling me
From the shoes of another land
To ourland across the sea
Well I fancy a bomb inside my head
Ticking for the men
And IOI put it in a little cafe
And blow Om to hell again
An I fancy a pistol in my coat
Loaded for the kill
And weOI gun the ones who run outside
I swear by god we will

Chorus

An I fancy a knife inside my pants
Bone handled razor sharp
An well run ones that survive the blast
And cut them in the dark
An I fancy my hands behind the wheel
An their wounded allaying down
And well punch the gas and run it fast
An grind them in the ground

Chorus

An I fancy their widows under me Squealin with delight So we'll have our fun then when we e done We'll garrote them in the night An we fancy their children a crying then But we will pat their heads And sing them to sleep with a fireman song Then burn them in their beds Chorus repeats