

What Bushrangers Are Doing Now

Sons Of The Southern Cross

New World Slaughter

The Diggers

The King Is Dead

Red Torana

4561

Bindies

Yeah Nah, It's All Good

In The Shame Of God

Dead Kelly Anthem



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DEAD KELLY



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SONS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

WHAT BUSHRANGERS ARE DOING NOW

ENGAGE

The vultures pick the flesh
Spill the blood on the world
The population lives in fear

That's what's best for the machine
Fuck your dreams
Fill your head with fucking shit

There's now way out
And there's no way back
It's you they own
You're not alone

We're not just a fucken number

Break us down
Beat us down
We will get up again

Tear us down
Leave us out
We won't go anywhere

Bleed us out
Fuck us 'round
We'll tear your head off fucker

You stupid cunts need us now
Now you're that fucken piece of shit

Don't tell us we can't
Tell us we're wrong, cunt
Tell us there's no other way, but
Your only way
Fuck what you say, cock
We have a say
The only way
Push forward
Fucken engage
We will not be enslaved
Never decay
Fuck no
FUCK NO

x2

The masses will rise
And we create your demise
We don't need you
Want you
Hear you
Fuck you
Go on - FUCK OFF

Break us down
Beat us down
We will get up again

Tear us down
Leave us out
We won't go anywhere

Bleed us out
Fuck us 'round
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Fuck no
FUCK NO

SONS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

DIDGE KELLY:

Here we stand
Great Southern Land
For the working class man
With a beer in his hand
We grind it out
And we don't take shit
It's in our blood
and you know we're fucken born with it

Stars of the Cross
Cross in our sky
Shine down on us
They guide us
This is our fucken home

PINE CONE THROAT:

I've been around the traps cunt
Yeah cunt, yeah nah, Straya, fuck yeah
Been there with this cunt
This land's my fucken saviour
This is my fucken home

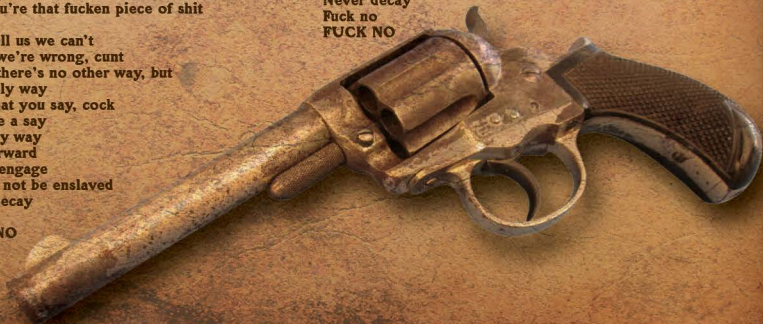
In unity we will fucken stand
We are the foundations of this modern land
We are the sons of the Southern Cross
You can't take fuck all from us
From our bleeding hands, to the dirt in our eyes
We fucken sweat, full of Aussie pride
We are the sons of the Southern Cross
From blood to dust, our brothers we trust

This band of brothers will not be broken
From different lands we are united
We are the proud, we're the fucking strong
It is our bond and we don't forget it
We won't be fucked around
We are the sons

Yeah nah

In unity we will fucken stand
We are the foundations of this modern land
We are the sons of the Southern Cross
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From blood to dust, our brothers we trust
Fuck yeah
We are the sons of the Southern Cross
From blood to dust, our brothers we trust



NEW WORLD SLAUGHTER

This is the master mother fucking machine
Look at your life and ya know
You're gonna see what I mean

We're the slaves to the cyclops god
We sell our souls just to raise the bar

This is the new world slaughter

We trip, we trip hard, blind beggars and thieves
Down on their knees like a fucking disease
And your church screaming for fees
Are they your enemy
Why does god want my money
Put my soul at ease

The hills are alive with the sound of fuckin porno
And fear is an instrument
That plays you like never before

Or fuck yer

We're the slaves to the cyclops god
We sell our soul just to raise the bar

This is the new world slaughter

We're told to kill, we're told to fuck
We're told to drive hilux 4x4 dual cab
Or you're a cunt
Watch your tv, what's that you see?
You see you, your enemy
Staring back at me

Come on Austraya
Wake the fuck up

Wake up,
Wake the fuck up now
Come on
Stand up let me hear you loud
Fuck the system
Stop the slaughter
Fuck you, fuck the new world order

The people are comin for ya
You greedy fucking pigs
We won't be suppressed anymore
We won't be pushed down
It's you ya cunts! We're coming for ya!

Everyday where enslaved by the new world
Unified, who am I under one god?
The only thing left is to fight for the free world
Before it's to late

Come on Austraya
Come on

Wake up
Wake the fuck up now
Come on
Stand up let me hear you loud
Fuck the system
Stop the slaughter
Fuck you, fuck the new world order

Come on Australia your eyes aren't fucken painted on
I'm struggling to buy a pie, this cunt's just bought an island
What the fuck is that shit?

We're the slaves to the cyclops god
We sell our soul just to raise the bar

This is the new world slaughter

We trip, we trip hard, blind beggars and thieves
Down on their knees like a fucking disease
And your church screaming for fees
Are they your enemy
Why does god want my money
Put my soul at ease

Come on Austraya

Lets take down these shit cunts

Wake up
Wake the fuck up now
Come on
Stand up let me hear you loud
Fuck the system
Stop the slaughter
Fuck you, fuck the new world order
Fuck you, fuck the new world order
Fuck you, fuck the new world order
Fuck you, fuck the new world order

Bring this new world down



THE DIGGERS

You think this life is hard
Put yourself in their boots
In the black of night
You're on patrol
The digger on point whispers 'hold'

Where
The fuck did that come from?
Hit the deck hard regain your weapon
Muzzle flashes all around us
The desperate cries of 'We're surrounded'

Pick yourself up and return fire
Your best mate face down dead beside you

Can't see shit you're all alone
Are you ever gonna make it home?

Is this a dream or reality?
The fear it grips
As the silhouettes pass through the trees

The fucking sound is deafening
Out of the dark a hand reaches out
Pulls you towards him

"Let's get some cover mate
fuck these cunts hit us hard
let's get back at em ay?"

You come to your senses
You just realise
The man that's beside you
Has just saved your life

Why?
Cause he's ya mate
He's ya brother
He's a digger

"Keep up, keep up, nearly there mate
the other blokes up here just ahead mate"

You run through the trees
You hear a sound
A radio shouting 'Hit the ground'

Mortars shatter earth around you
The blood and mud it has become you

You grasp your limbs to see you're alright
The screams of agony pierce the dark night

Is this a dream or reality?
You wipe your eyes you see the horror
What you see will never leave you

They
Were your mates
Were your brothers
They're the diggers

Your time to step up now
Put the wounded on your shoulder
And get them out
Get them evacuated
They need you now
They need your mateship

Run, run
Through the jungle
Three trips, four trips
Though the jungle

Run, run
Get em home
Tell them that they're not alone

You see a flash

You regain consciousness
The taste of blood in your mouth

The air sucks through the wounds in your
back
As you breathe
The light fades out

So remember
When you are down
Remember what they did for you

Till this day
They stand and fight
We honor them

The diggers
We honor them



THE KING IS DEAD

So you wanna be the king?
King of everything?
You're not livin the life, not livin the dream
We know you're fake as fuck
Just another fucking cunt

Fuck off you're talked shit
I see ya face with my fist in it
So you wanna be the king?

Do you know where you came from?
Do you know who you are?

Now that you know you are nothing
The king is dead
The king is dead
Dead
And now you've got no one
The king is dead
The king is dead

We're gonna make you dig
Cause we're about to bury you

Never again
You'll stand over them
Never again
Will you speak my name
Never again
Will you spit in our face
Never again
Never

Orr fuck yeh
Fuckin oath
You know what's comin cockhead

I will nail your mouth shut
You've said it all, you've said enough
Shut your face you wicked cunt
Send you back to where you came from
Depths of impurity
Remember me?
I have come to take your soul
Be gone monster obscurity
We incinerate the demon's spawn

We won't back down

Fuck was it worth it?
Was it all worth it?
Eat a cock suck a dick
Know who you are
Now you're open
Busted an broken, bleeding
Stupid mother fucker
Fuckin pig

So you wanna be the king?
King of everything?
You're not livin the life, not livin the dream
We know you're fake as fuck
Just another fucking cunt

Fuck off you're talkin shit
I see ya face with my fist in it
So you wanna be the king?

We're comin for you
Now that you know you are nothing
The king is dead
The king is dead
Dead
And now you've got no one
The king is dead
The king is dead



RED TORANA

He didn't have much growing up
Mum left him and his dad
For some fuckin cunt
With a red torana

He was just a kid as he caught his stare
Innocent wide eyed unaware

(What are you lookin at you little shit)

With a black tooth smirk he drank and spit
(ya dads a pussy ya mums coming with me)

His mum got in the car with a slap on the arse
His dad was devastated as she broke the home
Dad stayed tough underneath it destroyed him
They both watched as they drove away

He looked this man straight in the eyes
He will not ever forget the face till death
His fists are clenched his, eyes see red
Grits his teeth made a promise to himself
That he'll kill that man

On his own his dad raised him to be a man
But he became a man forged by hatred

Trouble didn't follow him
He followed trouble
With a chip on his shoulder
He walked down the wrong road
The road paved in deceit and violence
Until one day down and out with his head in
his hands

He heard a voice, he raised his head
To see what he thought might be an angel

She was real and so warm
Pure, so concerned, so perfect
She was not from his fucked up world

The love of his life
He'll change for her
The sky went blue

The two were inseparable
For once he had a reason for living

His dad fell sick and on his death bed he told him
Don't be like your old man son
Don't ever take shit from cunts
He died in May

He was crushed

Her eyes told him we can get the fuck out of here
A better place leave all this shit
Spirits lift with a bub on the way

Yeah but his pockets tell him he's fucken stuck
With all they had they rented a bag of shit in the
bush Not much to most but to them it was fucken
paradise

He started selling for a mate on the side
Worked all day for cash at a palm farm

Got the dole, what ever it took
His best mate showed him how to cook

Finally they were making money
He's getting cocky, she starts to worry
He gives her a ring

She drops to the floor, she kisses him softly
There's a knock on the door
He peers though the window sees a red torana
His heart sinks he tells her to be calm

He rushes to the kitchen to grab the shotgun
A voice shouts
(This will teach ya to cook on our turf son)

Shotgun rounds rip through the house
He's crawling now, where is she now
The smell of fuel is all around
A familiar voice yells
(Burn them to the ground)

He hears her scream as the place lights up
He takes her hand, it's drenched in blood

She whispers 'Sorry babe'
and she closes her eyes

He can't leave her here but the fire engulfs her
He crawls to the door gets himself clear

He lies on the ground
He's burnt and bleeding
Sees that fucking red torana leaving

He screams fuck you

He recovers from his wounds as the years go by
All he sees is the face that's plagued him his whole life
Where did he go wrong?
Why did he survive?

Why did the love of his life pay the price?
With revenge on his mind he finds the location
No regard for his life
She is gone he's coming home to you both
He won't stop
He's not a man, he's a killer

Nothing to live for
Swig of his beer and he's ready for war

He knocks on the door the door opens
And he sees his mum desperate, broken

Push past her quickly staring at his face
Force HIM down on one knee

Time is now to end you
He blows his brains out

They take him away

Years pass
Everyday he thinks about her
He's confined to this place

Forever

He's all alone

He has nothing



4561

Here the weed grows like lantana
Got beat up once with a fucken plugger
Our favourite food is fucken beer
You won't understand if you're not from here

My yoolby stick is a cricket bat
We had a bum take a shit in the laundromat
The most beautiful town you've ever seen
Shrooms grow wild so fry your bean

Get blind mowin your lawn in your dick togs
Give your mate heaps of shit coz he fucks pogs
We're the soldiers of Ninderry hill
If you haven't heard yet, you fucken will

This is
4561
We get pissed and run amuck
The ginger factory's fuckin shit

This is
This is
4561

We have a giant cow, fucks me why
Our cane fires light up the sky
Our rivers filled with bus sized mud crabs
Put your thongs on cunt coz we don't have cabs

Music here is played in sheds
If you haven't got a shed you're a fucken dickhead
Our pub dragged here on skids
Raise a glass to the blokes who did that shit

There is no place we'd rather be
We're in the bush, not by the sea
Looking up at Ninderry
We light up, we are free
We'll make our place in history
Maybe we'll be the capital city of Nambour

Oi Nambour, your big pineapple
Our big cow is gonna fuck it
Wouldn't it be weird to see a cow fuck a pineapple
Yeah right, I've had a few schooners

In Yandina when you get older
Your beard gets longer, your shorts get smaller
You call your best mate a fucken cunt
But that cunt knows you love the cunt

There is no place we'd rather be
We're in the bush, not by the sea
Looking up at Ninderry
We light up, we are free
We'll make our place in history
Maybe we'll be the capital city of Nambour

This is
4561
We get pissed and run amuck
The ginger factory's fuckin shit

This is
4561
We will take down any cunt
This is
4561

4561, 4561, 4561, 4561

4561, 4561, yeah, 4561, 4561

YEAH
YANDINA

4561



BINDIES

Fuck the world
Was he built for this?
Such a simple man
Blood bone and fists
Confined by the chains of the world
Ah fuck it
Has he figured this out by now

Force fed broken glass by the flatscreen
Reality tv is poison
His poison is his reality
Break the fuck out cunt
Break the fuck out

What is a man when a man is silent?
If he falls from grace will he be forsaken?

This is all fake
This is all fake
This is all fake
Is it all fake?
Is it fake fucker?
Why do they what it all?

What is good enough in the eyes of modern love?
War within
The voices they call 333

Fuck it

Fuck the world
Was he built for this?
Such a simple man
Blood bone and fists
Confined by the chains of the world
Ah fuck it
Has he figured this out by now

What ever ya reckon

He has fallen
It's not about them
It's not about you and it's not about him
It's all about pain you can never win
It's all about pain you can never win

For fuck sake

What is a man when a man is silent?
If he falls from grace will he be forsaken?
This is all fake
This is all fake
This is all fake
Is it all fake?
Is it fake fucker?

Fuck no

He absorbed his brother from the start
That's why he fights himself

What is good enough in the eyes of modern love
War within
The voices they call 333

He's lost, so lost
His times are tough
He's trapped, he's fucked
No good for us
He's tough, he's strong
Is that enough?

He's here
He's love
He's there for us

He has fallen
It's not about them
It's not about you and it's not about him
It's all about pain you can never win
It's all about pain you can never win

Fallen
It's not about them
It's not about you and it's not about him
It's all about pain you can never win
It's all about pain you can never win

Fuck

It's all about pain you can never win

It's all about pain

YEAH NAH, IT'S ALL GOOD

After all, this is pay back
Part of me wants to say it will be okay
If I'm wrong
I'll be waiting with open arms
Hold on to me stay strong tonight

Can you see the world from where you're standing?
Can you overcome
Overcome

After all close the gates on your mind
And pretend that everthing's okay
If ya fall I'll be waiting with open arms
Hold on to me stay strong tonight

Can you see the world from where you're standing?
Can you overcome

You gotta try
You gotta dig deep down
Stay strong
Stay true to yourself

Take me to that place I'm falling in once again
Take me to that place I'm falling in once again

Stay with me

After all, this is pay back
Part of me wants to say it will be okay
If I'm wrong
I'll be waiting with open arms
Hold on to me stay strong tonight

Can you see the world from where you're standing?
Can you overcome

You gotta try
You gotta dig deep down
Stay strong
Stay true to yourself

Yeah it's the fuckin

Blame game you remember the name
Insane brain same shame kill cripple and mame
I got a head full of evil thoughts and I blame it on you
You fuckin cunt
You're right for all the wrong reasons
And we're gonna bring you down
Yeah we're gonna bring you down yeah
We're gonna bring you down

IN THE SHAME OF GOD

You're not close to god
You're tyrants
Bloodlines of evil men
You sicken us
Your time will end
Righteous cunt
Fuck off
Justice won't fade away
The innocent will have their day

We are the people
We have the power to change this world
Your deeds are not forgotten
Destroy this evil
To protect the innocent

These sadistic fucks are being protected
By the vatican and the Australian government
FUCK OFF CUNT

You can't hide the people hunt you
When you're found
Drown in your fucken blood
Revenge will come with the power
Of ten thousand tortured souls

BURN THEM ALL

Fuck what they have done
They're tearing lives apart
In the shame of god

IN THE SHAME OF GOD

So called men of god
Monsters
Black hearted rotten men
Satanic fucks your time will end
We have the answer
KILL EM
For all affected souls
These criminals
Will pay their fucken toll

We are the people
We have the power to change this world
Your deeds are not forgotten
Destroy this evil
To protect the innocent

We are the people
We have the power
We are the people
We have the power
We are the people
We have the power to change this world

SHAME ON YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!



DEAD KELLY ANTHEM

The time has come
To stand together as one
I am
You are
We are Australian

FUCK YEAH

Yeah nah

We are this great land's sons
Bound by blood
This red dirt runs in our veins
We are the chosen ones
Under the five stars above
We rise to power
This world is almost conquered
Step forward and take back what is ours
From different lands we come
Under the sun
Unite as one
Australian

I am, you are, we are Australian

I am, you are, we are Australian
I am, you are, we are Australian

Take em down
Fuck you don't stand in our way
Burn it down
Burn all these cunts to the ground

We are the ones
Who build your homes
We are the ones
We're not alone
We are the ones
Who grow your food
We are the ones
Look after you
We are the ones
Who slave away
We are the ones
We'll fight today
We have the choice
We'll fucken say
We are the ones
It's not ok

What's fucken wrong with you people?
We all live in the same fucken country
Let's put the fucken flag up, let's get on with it
It doesn't matter where the fuck you're from
Or what you believe in, we need to unite
NOW

Or this is the end of the free world

I am, you are, we are Australian
I am, you are, we are Australian

I am, you are, we are Australian
I am, you are, we are Australian

THIS IS AUSTRALIA CUNT

FUCK YEAH

I am, you are, we are Australian
I am, you are, we are Australian
I am, you are, we are Australian
I am, you are, we are Australian

I am
You are
We are
Australian





DEAD KELLY would like to thank all our friends, families and everyone involved in this record. We love yas all.

To our fans, you're a mad bunch of cunts and we love ya.

We couldn't have done any of this without ya.

Dead Kelly uses and proudly endorses:

Mesa/Boogie Amplifiers, Carvin and Suhr guitars, Wombat's Warwick bass, Loaf Kelly's Mapex drums and second hand Zildjian cymbals, Longbeach cigarettes, Carlton Mid Strength and VB beer, David Boon signature model cricket bats, gloves, pads, boxes etc... Ruggers short shorts, Bonds wifebeaters, balaclavas from Nambour Disposals, Busse knives, servo grade double pluggers, Red Tube, Scoffers bacon and egg rolls, Hovex mozzie coils, Mansell Bulk Haulage stubbie coolers, AAVIM Technology, Westnet, velour bean bags, Rover lawn mowers, Coolum Coastal Fencing, Beafeater BBQs, Pea the suicide cat.

Trumpet on 'Dead Kelly Anthem' performed by Dad.

'I Am Australian' theme in 'Dead Kelly Anthem' written by Bruce Woodley and Dobe Newton.

Produced by Dead Kelly.

Recorded, mixed and mastered at The M Room.

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Stars of the Cross
Cross in our sky
Shine down on us
They guide us
This is our fucken home