Neither Is This!

Conflict

So Thatcher's slime escape again, more of the shit they make us take, still no
End to their sick reign. See Rayguns Army rule again four more years to kill
The sane, more of his napalm - neutron - hate and meanwhile Russia sits and
Waits, prepares her perfect time to take. The seconds gone - ANNIHILATE!!
There's a bomb gone off in Harrods, yet another in Belfast, Well I say
Bollocs to her army, In fact - KISS MY ARSE. That arms aims for one thing,
Inflicts misery and pian, well, for what you do to others you must expect the
Same. In eastern countries people cry, In Northern Ireland, people die.
America and England bank their lives. Throughout the whole world people cry,
Throughout the whole world people die. Worldwide leaders fuck our lives.
MURDER! you scream, well that's the way I look at things, but Is It right,
To gun down children 'cause they've gottheir own feelings? These monsters that
You title madden 'till insane. Well In my book your the bastard 'cause to
You It's just a game. Plunging deeper and deeper in to a sea of degredation,
Still looking for our answers to stop ANNIHILATION THATCHER's BARMY ARM~
Who Just sit upon the poor, KINNOCKS FUCKING PUPPETS for the people - FUCK
OFF! The Police the MArines, all chose to side with them. The S.A.S. - their
Hitmen to break REBELLION, they all don't give two fucks for us so I've no
Time for them. They can build their Berlin Walls but we will smash them down
Again, They tear our fucking earth In half, expect us to slave for their
Behalf, they're fucking living In the past, It was your bomb in Harrods and
They're your bombs in Belfast, because that's what you've created, It ain't
No fault of ours, you arse. These 'Bastards' that you're naming, who not
Try the mirror mate? 'cause that bastard's your reflection, your oppression
Creates the HATE.

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