Now You've Put Your Foot In It

Conflict

Jesus Christ, it's now got out of control.
There's three million animals dead.
God, Father, anyone, help us please.
This is destroying the future, our lives wrecked.Meanwhile the brigadier loads his prick with the bolt and takes command of the cull.
Maker forgive me, accept my body to heaven
I'm begging, please pray for my soul.Oh shut your whining fucking mouths
And fuck you, too.
Am I a right callous cunt,
Or have I seen through you?
We didn't shut our mouths when they told us to.
We're not like you who follow suit.Why shut your mouth? Because I told you to.
You've put your foot in it enough, you don't know truth.
You've been telling me, now I'm telling you,
Another cattle farmer cops it. People cry at the altar.
I couldn't give a fuck.
How many animals slaughtered?
The industry of greed, economic will to succeed.
A blind ambition, the open mouths to feed.
Fox hunts on hold; their masters join the cull.
It's for the good of the country? Killing? Control?The countryside alliance, they march, they roar.
Tough, soon you'll have nothing left to kill anymore.
They say Mr Blair, you're so unfair - I think
he's more like a worthless cunt.
A slimy backstabber to those who should know better.
The electorate litters' runt.
A ventriloquist, who simply takes the piss.
But a word of warning, when he aims, he won't miss.
He shoots his bolt into the sick and the old.
Understand a cull means out of control.
To retain power, to brainwash mind.
Terminate resistance, make visions eyes blind.
Retained parliament, problem resolved.
Understand a cull means out of control.Don't dare come around pimping your politics.
Have you forgot what you've done? We
ain't. You're top of our list.
You are what you eat and that's clear on the cover.
Your blood stained bank notes, the economy suffers.
The tears, three million pitifully weep.

Stuff your manifestos, your issues you keep.
As your world boils over, anger's melting pot,
Realize and remember, that's all you've got.I can't hear your lies!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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