

The Ungovernable Force

Conflict

Fuck off you, fuck your violent threats, your attempts to control the nation.
Fuck off you fucked up racist cunt, understand the situation
Back off you slimy worthless prick, you ain't got a clue what you're facing!
Eat bricks you hed up bastard shits, scabs; you'll get what you are creating
Who the fuck do you think you're pushing, 'stay in place or get it'
I'd think again to save your skin, 'cos if you come to close
You'll fucking regret it, you whine on all the hell you like
Repeat your warnings of plastic bullets, the gas, the batons, the water cannon
The more you oppress the more we'll resist
Riots, there ain't been a riot, but one's knockin' at your door
You've seen nothing yet but househeld pets, but you'll feel the lions claw
Proclaiming laws last victory, of containing rebel shower
When the time Is right you'll get the fight that will totally test your power
Inciting, provoking trouble, that you know can easily be beaten
To maintain the Image that we need you, so thus re-confirm your position
You might trick some you scheming scum, but you'll never get our obedience
You can batter, beat us, even imprison us, yet still you'll never ever defeat us
Belfast...Brixton...Toxteth...Totteham...St. Pauls...Hansworth...
Reclaim the streets, reclaim the towns, reclaim the nation
What revolution, this revolution, we all wanted a peaceful solution
But this institution, that institution, smashed all hope of getting through
to them. Confrontations, escalating violations of the law
Repercussions of the mass destruction which in the end is sure to mean
Them pumping out the bullets, their protection from the poor
We will win 'cos we have to, we ain't got nothing to lose no more
And what they lose they undoubtedly will forfeit forever
"They've got the guns, but we've got the numbers"

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