

# Whichever Way You Want It

## Conflict

There's a place that's neatly tucked away, beyond the other side  
A place of which you'd never dream, there'd be a need to hide  
For the building is surrounded by pastures pure and green  
But the image hides reality and the distance kills the scream  
That comes from inside is never exposed to the air  
For the place is packed with scientists who show how much they care  
While the guard stands bravely at the gate with guard dog by his side  
The same breed of animal is butchered inside  
Well, what a fucking waste of money, what a fucking waste of time  
A fucking waste of money, what a fucking waste of time  
A fucking waste of money, it's a fucking waste of time  
What a waste of human knowledge, what a fucking way to die  
There ain't no fucking truth in the inspector's files  
As he walks down the death corridors, he covers his sighs with smiles  
He sees the pain and agony but remembering his position  
He's got his place, just another face but he's just not paid to question  
He thinks it's rather funny because he's  
earning lots of money  
When his eyes are forced aside as out slides another trolley  
Another tray of corpses, unlabeled and unmentioned  
But it's no good asking why, why because they never fucking listen  
So, liberate  
Animal testing to detect  
thalidomide  
Torturing and killing while there's loads more things to try  
The suffering and the pain, the excruciating pain  
It all goes over and over gain  
This fucking witchcraft won't solve anything  
For it's the same experiment over and over again  
Over and over again, again

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