The Final Conflict

Conflict

Eight years of hard labor now seems suddenly to fade
Away we stand defeated, at home the police invade
Prosecutions hit an all time high, A.L.F. friends locked inside
Our own they turn against us
Well, you've got what you want, now shut you mouthFuck you, fucking fuck off, can't you see what you're destroying?
They sit back fucking creasing up
As we squabble assisting all of them
You are what you think and that's nothing
Can't you see what we say is you?
Scurrying around like angry ants
Banging our heads on the same wallStop, don't think that we are very close to getting there where?
They give us tiny victories to keep us all content
To trick us into false achievement, the realization difference
Look, everything we gain is what they let us have
Abort the system all you like, but the board game's titled 'Power'
And who's got the board game in hand
The story continues, big business thrives
The world is endangered every day of our lives
They build their arsenals of armies, tanks and guns
Do you still consider life as simply being all fun?Next time you see protest, ask yourself why?
People shout and scream, they want peace more than a dream
We simply want to live in the way we choose
One day there will be no rulers of the roostSo you stand back with your ideals, your rightful personal opinions
Taking what you want from me but don't say I haven't given
I won't be stuck on the Christmas tree
I won't dictate what you should be
Now I just dream of being freeAnd tears fill my eyes when
I think of what it could have been
Keep at the battle although support may die
Watch every move they make, but always ask why?
I'm now glad I stand your outcast
I know we saw it through the past
And any move we made wasn't judged by good results
But by the stereotypes who made us their new cultWe stepped across the lines the music biz neatly drew
We heard the screams of 'Sellout shit'
But didn't have a clue
Some sell their ares to the BBC
I'm so proud they don't want meWhile they have their fantasies

Their Technicolor dreams
Remember that reality always breaks through
Proving life's just what it seemsThere's still the government's police force
Complete with boots and gloves
That puts a whole new meaning on the precious word love
The boot still goes in in Ireland, treading on the hands
Still misery and poverty throughout the pleasant landStill the threat hangs above our heads
Known by many names
That's now nice and neatly packaged
Into harmless TV gamesSo we'll continue fightingYes, that's right, we destroyed our own following
Smashed the legs from the pedestal
Amongst howling and hollowing
Rose a movement standing so strong against all wrongs
It's a world where little changes but the importance of songsHas never been so great did it come too late?
Some set out to destroy us perhaps they like the state
Twelve years of Tory conditioning, police and state privilege
Finally proved too much for those now broken and fuckedBut out of it came one important achievement
Self-respect, dignity, the acknowledgment of trying
There is no independence and that's how it's going to stay
Not many understand madness, no one understood conflict
Conflict is to clash, a battleThe house that man built stills stands strong
The Centro Iberico's now defunct
A nation of animal lovers coincide
With the stupid bastards who help EMITurning rebellion into money
It's time to see who's who
But the serenade is dead
We increased the pressure from
Protest to resistance to the ungovernable force
The final conflict, our war of words
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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