The Right to Reply

Conflict

The house,
Looks for an answer to end all the violence.
The ungovernable finally break silence,
There's endless white papers, and new institutions.
That still won't stop us, it's no solution
The right and the left wing continue to bore,
With pre-dated policies all heard before.
This is mankind now see how mankind kills,
We're hitting back hard now you see how it feels.
They teach and preach examination tests,
So the political privelaged can order the rest,
Of the young parasites,
Who live in a world without hope,
To get back in line, and stay there,
Then assure us they'll cope.
In the new violent Brirtain they pledge to invest,
In skills and communities with renewed interest.
To build schools of education,
Not colleges of crime
A manifesto so perfcetly timed,
Providing help for the helpless,
Their new commissions strive,
For a stable re-educated society by 1995.
Meanwhile, we fight on in desparation
Still trying to break through.
Their barriers of insanity and even now they know it's true,
That to irradicate violence effectively,
Injustice has to unfold.
But, instead they choose to compensate, to lie and
Then collaborate, no interest in any true debate,
Their courts set up the offenders fate, the new
Secure units for the old custodial sentence.
Well we have listened to you for long enough,
Taken all your threats, and you ain't so tough.
You intimidate, then punish the persistent hard-core offender.
You condemn more and understand less,
You'll get no apologies ever.
In an atmosphere of moral panic,
You blame us for fighting back.

But it's us that's been dragged through your streets backwards,
Battered shell-shocked and attacked.
The pressure's building on law and order,
But we ain't even started.
They may think they have been tested,
But no way for we still stand divided.
More and more we're turning against our own,
How come? How have we forgot?
That this is the one thing they want us to do,
To compensate
For the freedom that we ain't got.
Some mug old folks and these are SCUM
It's the one main thing that just ain't done.
We can deal perfectly with our own problems,
By taking the law in to our own hands.
We can protect our own, young, the weak, and
Elderly, and therefore smash their callous plans.
I shall not work to build my death
Nor have decisions madeby fools,
For my or your behalf.
As though I can't see or hear
Of that which surrounds me,
As though I'm quite content
With all that, that disgusts me.
I will not build for another's gain,
Although it always ends up the same,
It's as though I can't see or hear,
As though I'm content,
With everything that disgusts me.
How can they talk about low life?
Whilst they're destroying the earth?
How can they take away someone's freedom?
When they don't know what it's worth.
To the people with feelings,
To those not totally succeeding,
Those, shattered, torn, ripped right in half,
And whose broken hearts are bleeding.
Yet still they bash and batter,
To them, man onslaught, does not matter.
They create society's whitewashed picture,
That everything is alright.
Then when people voice opinion, and object,
They show disgust, confusion and then demonstrate
Their might.
Don't you dare think for a moment, that it's only in a

Riot that we show we're discontent.
It's in every so called criminal act,
That we demonstrate our contempt.
You shove your outstanding promises, your respect
I only have respect for the life.
That you destroy time and time and time again,
I'm still hoping for the hopeless,
And making excuses for the lawless.

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