Slaughtered

One Way System

like lambs to the slaughter
you'll follow on to an early grave
'cos no more sons and daughters
are gonna live to see old agethey hold your future
in the palms of their hands
no hold on your future
'cos they don't understand
we ain't got a future
in our father land
we can't see a future
'cos there isn't one planneddole queues are on the rise again
prison cells hold a football crowd
i don't want none of your education
i don't need brains to think out loudcan't you even help yourselves
don't you know what's going on
or don't you wanna help yourselves
from now on trust no one

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