

# 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 age they 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 planned  
dole 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 loud  
can'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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