

# Conflict, Tough Shit Mickey

Mother nature smiles and cracks a now days dawn, most people on the earth are sleeping comfortable and warm, Out in the fields and pastures, It's another new day too, one without a war and hatred that Is known by me and you. A shriek disturbs the peacefulness, the cat's Just killed a mouse, the mother says with feeling as she looks out from the house. It's a breakfast time the clock strikes nine, ham, bacon, one egg or two? What a shame about that mouse, what's for tea tonight, lamb stew?

Well there's things to do, so the family divides in separate ways. Father works to earn the keep, he's a butcher and well paid, the daughters R to riding school, mother washes up the crap. One son plays with soldiers and the other aggravates the cat. Back out in the fields, a different story Is taking place, foxes cower with their clubs, to escape the human race.

Rabbit run for life, deer take cover in the trees  
disbelief, then prepares the meat.

Think what you're doing, The system's set to ruin.

We've got to f\*\*king stop.

Because before too long there'll be nothing left alive, not a creature on the land or sea, a bird In the sky, they'll be shot, harpooned, eaten or hunted too much, vivisected by the clever men who prove that there's no such things as a fair world with live and let die, the Royal family B hunting, what an example to give! to the people they lead and they don't include me. I've seen enough pain and torture of those who can't speak, so I'm gonna speak for them In an all out attack, and if someone tries to whip me, then I'll f\*\*king whip 'em back. Coz I've had enough of the madness. In their theatres of hell, enough of them hounding the fox to the kill, or baby seals being clubbed, their mothers cut up. They satisfy their greed, their wealths built on blood. Of their slaughterhouse haunting the back of the mind, the gas chamber of farm life, the end of the line.

It's a shame about that mouse!