Christy Moore, Section 31

Who are they to decide what we should hear?
Who are they to decide what we should see?
What do they think we can't comprehend here?
What do they fear that our reaction might be, might be?

Section 31 on the TV
Section 31 on the radio
Section 31 is like a blindfold
Section 31 makes me feel cold, feel cold.

The pounding of the footsteps in the early morning light,
Another family waking to an awful deadly fright.
There's a body on the pavement with a bullet to the jaw,
A thirteen-year-old victim of plastic bullet law.

The silence in my ears, the darkness in my eyes,
Heightens the fear, deafens the cries.
Of another brother taken in another act of hate.
A family preparing for another dreadful wait.

Section 31 on the TV
Section 31 on the radio
Section 31 is like a blindfold
Section 31 makes me feel cold, feel cold.