Conflict, Neither Is This

So Thatcher's slime escape again, more of the shit they make us take, still no end to their sick reign. See Rayguns Army rule again four more years to kill the sane, more of his napalm - neutron - hate and meanwhile Russia sits and waits, prepares her perfect time to take. The seconds gone - ANNIHILATE!! There's a bomb gone off in Harrods, yet another in Belfast, Well I say bollocs to her army, In fact - KISS MY ARSE. That arms aims for one thing, Inflicts misery and pian, well, for what you do to others you must expect the same. In eastern countries people cry, In Northern Ireland, people die. America and England bank their lives. Throughout the whole world people cry, throughout the whole world people die. Worldwide leaders f**k our lives. MURDER! you scream, well that's the way I look at things, but Is It right, to gun down children cos they've gottheir own feelings? These monsters that you title madden 'till insane. Well In my book your the bastard cos to you It's just a game. Plunging deeper and deeper in to a sea of degredation, still looking for our answers to stop ANNIHILATION THATCHER's BARMY ARM~ who Just sit upon the poor, KINNOCKS F**KING PUPPETS for the people - F**K OFF! The Police the MArines, all chose to side with them. The S.A.S. - their hitmen to break REBELLION, they all don't give two f**ks for us so I've no time for them. They can build their Berlin Walls but we will smash them down again, They tear our f**king earth In half, expect us to slave for their behalf, they're f**king living In the past, It was your bomb in Harrods and they're your bombs in Belfast, because that's what you've created, It ain't no fault of ours, you arse. These 'Bastards' that you're naming, who not try the mirror mate? cos that bastard's your reflection, your oppression creates the HATE.