

Conflict, No Island Of Dreams

They practice so-called justice, law and order their first trick
They practice so-called justice and soon they'll want our necks
They think we are their scapegoats, they look down on me and you
Well just let them believe that, until its time to see who's who
Sometimes I wonder how much longer it will take
until people start to realise that the law is but a fake
But across the world rebellion's restrained
and turned against itself by the media's brain

First it's the facts, then they're attacked
Chained to their lies to maintain pride
Always one side, always their side
Never our side, fuck the lot

Always titles, always disciples. They're packaging bullets for the rifles
People are dying, people are crying, while other people are mystified
People are dead, the colour was red. Lives are through, the colour was blue
People are fighting while people are writing.
But I realise someone is hiding the truth

There's pressure in the east, pressure in the west.
The pressure's building up but the rulers know best
How to hold back the masses who beg and demand.
For the slightest chance in a change of command
A command that forces a lifestyle of sin.
Then picks up the pieces and locks them in
That has the power and time to access
and control enemy number one - the press

'People die in horror cell' on the front page of the Sun
Then the page is turned and the real fun has begun
The horror is diluted as the page three girl arrives
Shapely tits, big bulging arse, a sparkle in her eye
More and more and more and more the horror becomes distant
It's swept aside with packaged lies, presented like a present
And the time it's taken in is as your team is winning
A person's died, another's lied, but there's no sign of the killing