

Conflict, The Serenade Is Dead

She wakes up In the morning, the sun Is shining in her face, turns her head around, she sharss the blanket on which the love embraced, she look out of the window, It's a lovely day outside, she tells herself that things are fine, he pulls the sheets to cover his eyes. The essence of the fresh air, the garden held the love affair, thinking back their minds are torn in muddle and confusion, so far another sits, who tries to make the best of It, he don't know quite what's hit him, It's another love illusion. he gazes in his empty room eyes fixed upon her picture, the loneliness, dejectedness, god how the f**k he's missed her, his eyes turn to the window, the military roar by, he wonders how much hatred could evolve out of the sky, what god had done for peace on earth, what man destroyed from day of birth, they are concerned with feelings, just ashamed to cry and one mans plan to push the button makes others sacrifice the serenade Is dead and now the only questions why? Why when we are young, we're told it's not right to love, told It's human nature and that comes from god above, as time moves on we realize that we all look from the pit, while a plan just hangs above us, to keep us In the shit, because the minute we are born, we're told what's right and wrong, raised with certain morals, never mentioned In their songs, as we grow up we find out that the paths been so neatly set, In a world of such destruction, we only can regret. Regrest that Is the words of it, as we look for our way of it, why can't they understand we don't want any part of it? The pain they create everyday, that just ain't gonna go away, we've got to stick together but still you're asking why? the system still stands strong, as our movement starts to crumble, the pressure we once held, has just turned to a rumble, they've got us where they want us, and you all just accept that well don't you think it's time, we started to hit back. They are the enemy, they want a rops around your neck, and If they will go that far, then what the f**k Is next? Forget the revolution, we've heard It all before, heard all the promises, of 1984, It's an Impossible task, "oh yes", It stands before us all, well maybe you'll belive it when your backs against the...WALL.