

# Conflict, The Ungovernable Force

Fuck off you fuck your violent threats your attempts to control the nation  
Fuck off you fucked up fascist cunt, understand the situation  
Back off you slimy worthless prick, you ain't got a clue what you are facing  
Eat bricks you het up bastard shits, scabs; you'll get what you are creating  
Who the fuck do you think you're pushing, "stay in place or get it"  
I would think again to save your skin, because if you come too close you'll fucking regret it  
You whine on all the hell you like, repeat your warnings of plastic bullets  
The gas, the batons, the water cannon -the more you oppress the more we will resist

Riots, there ain't been a riot, but one's knocking at your door  
You have seen nothing yet but household pets but you'll soon feel the lion's claws  
Proclaiming laws last victory, of containing rebel shower  
When the time is right you'll get the fight that will totally test your power  
Inciting, provoking trouble that you know can easily be beaten  
To maintain the image that we need you, so thus re-confirm your position  
You might trick some you scheming scum, but you'll never get our obedience  
You can batter, beat us, even imprison us, yet still you will never ever never defeat us

Belfast...Brixton...Toxteth...Tottenham...St Paul's...Handsworth...  
Reclaim the streets, reclaim the towns, reclaim the nation

What revolution? This revolution, we all wanted a peaceful solution  
But this institution, that institution, smashed all hope of getting through to them  
Confrontations, escalating violations of the law  
Repercussions of the mass destruction which in the end is sure  
To mean them pumping out the bullets, their protection from the poor  
We will win because we have to; we ain't got nothing to lose no more  
And what they lose they undoubtedly will forfeit forever  
"They've got the guns, but we've got the numbers"  
And we give no apologies ever!