## Conflict, The Ungovernable Force

Fuck off you fuck your violent threats your attempts to control the nation
Fuck off you fucked up facist 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 loose 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!