

Conflict, Whichever Way You Want It

There's a place that's neatly tucked away beyond the other side
A place in which you'd never dream there would be a need to hide
For the building is surrounded by pastures pure and green
The image hides reality, and the distance kills the scream
That comes from inside is never exposed to be fair, for the place is packed
with scientists who show how much they care
The guard stands bravely at the gates, guard dog by his side
The same breed of animal is butchered inside
What a f**king waste of money, what a f**king waste of time
What a waste of human knowledge, what a f**king way to die
Human freedom, animal rights, it's one struggle, one fight
There ain't no f**king truth in the inspectors' files
As he walks down the death corridors, he covers his sighs with smiles
He sees the pain and agony but remembering his position
He's got his place, another face, but he just ain't paid to question
He thinks it's rather funny that he's earning loads of money
His eyes are forced aside as out comes another trolley
Another tray of corpses, more unlabeled, more unmentioned
It's no good asking why? Why? because they never f**king listen, so liberate
Animal testing to detect thalidomide
Torturing, killing, but there's loads more things to try
The suffering, the pain, that excruciating pain, it all goes over and over again
This f**king witchcraft won't solve anything, the same experiments,
OVER AND OVER AGAIN