

Let the Battle Commence

Conflict

Let's have the facts, not another distorted version of the truth

Let's start pushing for what we stand here for and show them we ain't through

Through thick and thin hit back again, we ain't out for the count

Waves of attack will drive them back; it's time to rise up over ground

But some cunt's stuck the boot in hard and found our Achilles heel

Stating stupid fucking bollocks with not a clue how people feel

Fuck right off and build your pathetic little empires, as we strive on

And so what if we don't change a thing?

We will have a fucking good try. Mobilise, fight, against all odds

Broken dreams and promises mount as the poll axe thrusts her knife

Poverty hits an all time low as the western world shows its respect for life

And so the power mongers and politicians negotiate arms reductions, self righteous street politicals stamp around selling their self important political dribble. The football mobs riot, the pubs and clubs are packed, the workforce is their only unison.

Much more can be accomplished, but fuck off lefty drips and shove your banners of socialist equality where you shit. You're just the same scum as the rest of them, and they ain't worth the breath. Leading the way you talk and talk and protest, but nothing changes

Forward into battle - "The Final Conflict" you choose!

Prepare, get it together, sure we're fighting, but our neck's still in their noose

Come in out the cold, ghetto rock changes nothing, it's been going on for years

Fuck dropping out, because we're dropping in - but hold on what's this? Rock against the rich

Rocking against this and yes, we are rocking against that

All we ever seem to do is rock, so I'll tell you where it's at!

The only rock that excites me is the one that leads the hand

That crashes through state windows and shows them exactly where they stand

That batters against the riot shield, a fine expression of how we feel.