

To Whom It May Concern

Conflict

Some still show strength while others just show anger
Holding back our only chance for the sake of never learning
Just who and what is on our side, one thing that ain't is time
They're just waiting for their moment; can't you see their guns
are loaded?

And pointing at our lives, ours they will destroy
Without even a second thought, do you really think they care?
They couldn't give a fuck, but why should they fucking bother?
When we accept the shit they've shat, they think there's no chance of attack

Complacency creeps in, cracks form in the foundations
Systems start to seize up - power mongers flee the nation
All power's been abducted; its protectors have abandoned
The ship that sailed to no avail, the mutiny destroyed the sail

Well if you think things change that easy, think those bastards
will ease up

Dream they'll end our nuclear nightmare, that they will give our world back to us

You'd better get an eyewash and wipe those illusions from your eyes

For you must be fucking joking, they won't give up without a fight

If it's a fight they want... they've got it, but we had better be prepared

They're gonna come at us like hell for leather, not one of us they'll spare

They will destroy us with their armies, smash the anarchist's brainless skulls

So why the fuck are you just sitting back saying, 'Oh that's just the way it goes'

Yes, that is the way it is going, but all paths can be diverted
Directions can be changed - and it's up to you to lay the surface

You're not alone so how about trying to get up off your arse

Preaching ways and making statements, okay, that's fine

But that won't change the nation

Piling on the pressure, with mass action as back up

Yes, let's take the fight to them! Why wait for them to come to us?

Let's pull together and give them the test that will never be forgotten

Mother Thatcher orders meeting with archangel Heseltine

Discuss a plan they've been preparing - 'The dream to end all time'

They pretend to shout, but whisper, as they plot their makepiec
e feud
Preaching, morality or insanity, whichever one attracts the hor
des
Crushing revelations, moving in on love and trust
While slyly cornering our freedom, making sure it doesn't burst
Out to the manipulated mass of darkness that has been conquered
and forgotten
'Fucked hard' and left for hopeless, like the scum that passed
before them
The task of the almighty to prove the unbeatable hand of right
Encouraging the challenge to attempt to slay their might
These bastards that force rule and quell all hopes and pleas fo
r peace
Just can't wait to get their final chance to prove supremacy