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To Live And Not Survive

In streets upon streets
of isolation
People sit boxed up
watching television
Lonely they watch
other people's lives
Silently frightened
and dehumanised

Sedated by TV
there's fuck all else to do
Drenched in complacency
there's nothing they can see
Carrying on regardless

hating their own lives
Hoping one day to live
and not just to survive

Whose Freedom?

Blowing the shit out of someone won't
achieve freedom
Just more fear and hate
than there already is
Do you think a crawling whimpering bloodied
mass
of broken flesh and bone
That once was human is right?

Is this your idea
of a strike for freedom?
Whose freedom? Whose freedom?
Bigotry builds walls
it doesn't open doors
Fuck your bigotry,
fuck your bigotry
People shitless with fear
hide behind their god
Fuck your churches
fuck your chapels
Blowing up someone
won't make anyone free
Fuck your violence,
fuck your war

Die-Cycle

Why don't you ever stop to think
That the world's population may become
extinct
The process is aided
by most things we do
To help save our planet it's up to you
As you sit eating beef burgers in your teak
armchair
Do ever stop to think
what put them there?
The wooden fencing
around your home
The mahogany unit
that's ever so nice
Does it ever occur to you
what it might take?
To produce one beef burger

on your plate?

It takes around 55 square feet
To produce the grazing
for that meat

Bulldozers tear and rip up the land
To satisfy the western worlds' greedy
demands

The Indian government revealed
3 millions acres of land
are lost each year
The rate of destruction
is now so severe
That by the year 2000
three quarter million we fear
Of plant and animal species
will no longer be here

Tropical rainforests dispense
Valuable materials for medicines
Removal of essential resources, shelter,
food, and drink
Have forced nomadic tribes to become
almost extinct
Alpine forests control the flow of water to
surrounding plains
When trees are felled
the flow is disturbed
And flooding may result again

In the past decade three million people were
affected
By flood and forests being neglected
Floods are rapidly on the increase
A stop must be made these disasters must
cease
And we are the problem
not the solution
Our greed may
be obstructing evolution
We'll no longer have a world
and it's really no surprise
Mans evil lust for greed is engineering his
own demise

Once Upon A Time...

Children grin with relish
as they bite into their meat
Not understanding the link between the
animal and what they eat

Cows they're told in stories roam freely
across the land
Patronised and desensitised
how can they understand?

The slaughter continues
the reality's never mentioned
What the child is eating doesn't register on its
mind

The farmyard in the story
still retains its idyllic glory
The factory farm stays hidden
so the child remains blind

Factory farmed dinner
for factory farmed people
Factory forced slaughter
for factory produced minds
Factory farmed murder
for factory farmed people
Factory forced slaughter
for desensitised minds

Suffocated By Tarmac

Houses going up
rich man's mansions
Eyesore obscenity money
mans cesspit
White marks of exclusivity
Malignant growth on society
Barbed wire fences divide the land
Concrete beauty tarmac sand
The smell of the land mixed with the vulgarity
of exhaust fumes

And the money and greed rape Mother
Nature
Selfish exploitation
spoils the landscape
Green meadow graveyards
and asphalt streets
A trench in the ground
gargles concrete mix
And the world is slowly being suffocated by
tarmac
Gasps for air in a smog filled sky
High rise apartments
for those who gain
Peace and tranquillity fades and dies

And so we've got this earth that we've turned
to a shell
Inherited heaven and
we've made it hell
Torn to shreds all
that's peaceful and calm
In exchange for
money profits for man

Green Cheque

They've caught on,
seen the pound signs
The profit possibility
has been registered
Not content with destroying for gain
The businessmen
see another market
Having given birth to
this throwaway society
Fucking this planet,
fostering its rape
Their greedy hands
are now recycling
Their greedy plans
are in recycling

Concerned with bottle banks
Or fat cheques in Swiss banks
Plot the profit margins
From ozone friendly bargains
Their hands are in both tills
Bank accounts, landfills
Plastics, no CFC's,
Profits and business schemes

They recycle millions
to many more millions
Recycle their millions,
their profit is millions

R.U.Safe?

Can we trust the keepers
of the police?
Can we trust the R.U.Safe Police?
Dear constable,
big men in armoured vans
Upholding law and order in our lands
Crisp green shirt bounces

out of the truck
You're questioned in a busy street he doesn't
give a fuck
Where are you going and
where have you been?
Was harassment and humiliation appointed
by the queen?

His uniform is force,
his uniform is power
His uniformed opinion,
bigotry and nothing more

The cop gets satisfaction;
he finds pleasure in his role
Gets to hassle undesirables,
the ones who don't fit the mould
His uniform is power;
he's a corrupt keeper of the peace
At our (funeral) service,
it's the R.U.Safe police...

Action Men Are Bastards

I remember I was ten
Playing with my action men
Having so much fun
With my toy gun
Now I'm in Belfast
Will this day be my last?
Action men are bastards
I just want to go home

I remember I was ten
Playing houses with my friends
Learning to be a grown up
With a teapot and a cup
Now I'm either in the kitchen
Or doing a bit of stitchin'
Reality is a nightmare
This can't be all there is

We Starve the Starving

We create their poverty
so we create our wealth
We create their famine
for our gluttony and greed
We give the Third World aid,

aid being a loan and not a grant
We give the Third World aid,
aid being a loan
with high interest rates

So they owe us lots of money,
we've created the Third World debt

The aid that we give them,
we give to their rich elites
Then sell armaments to their elites so they
can keep the starving down

Every year one trillion dollars is spent on the
military
One third of all Third World Aid
is military aid
Every four week the Third World spends £50
billion on armaments which we supply

And so we give them T.N.C.'s that destroy
thousands of jobs
Which destroys local industry but at least we
give them assembly lines
We Starve the Starving

Then come the stinking industries that we no
longer want
We set them up in the Third World where
safety regulations
aren't so strict
Union Carbide, Remember Bhopal, Union
Carbide, Remember Bhopal
Remember Bhopal

The Third World is just our factory
Producing and exporting food for us, amidst
their starvation
Producing luxuries for us,
like coffee, tea and tobacco
On land which should
be growing food
They die because
they don't have any food
Whilst we worry
about too much caffeine

So now we've fucked them up
we portray them as
begging and dependent
It's this dependency
which makes us rich
It's this dependency
which makes them poor
Famine is a media bonanza,

plenty of journalistic awards
in Africa
Plenty of ways yet,
to profit from their hell

Quality Control

I am your outcast,
victimised for your machine
A dirty rusty broken part,
spoilng your little dream
To you I am a cancer,
a malignant growth of pus
Just cos I see through
your lies, deceit, mistrust
You want me to fall in line
or quietly disappear
I just can't understand
what it is you fear
Anarchy in one respect,
liberation of the mind
Your values are all shit to me,
I've left them all behind

I've risen above your standards,
your codes of dress and thought
With all your money and your power my mind
cannot be bought

Your schools are just factories
Which churn out products
neat and pure
Budding Hitlers in quality control
Check you to make sure
Mindless compliance the qualification
Of obedient slaves
who've finished education
Got a new brain at secondary school
Now a model citizen
and a five star fool

Destroyed at maturity,
corrupted from birth
Scared youthful innocence,
what was it worth?
Never given a chance to question,
to develop and to learn
Never allowed to think too much,
got nothing in return
They fucked with little Billy's mind
Destroyed him through and through
Took away his hopes and dreams,

disillusioned as up he grew
Now he sits alone and cries watching his TV
He's just another victim
of this stinking society

You stem our identities with your churches
and your schools
You restrict our freedom
with all your stupid rules
You give us no right to choose about what we
want to do
You just dictate and mess with our minds 'till
we haven't got a clue

Roleplay

From an early age
we are condemned
With rituals, actions
and expressions
We dress boys in blue,
girls in pink
And teach them what
to fucking think
Stereotypes in the family home
Products in the family home
Identities cooked
over the moral stove
Roles and values superimposed

Boys must fight, girls must cry
Follow all orders, never ask why
Obedience is the key to success
Appropriate roles are
the key to success

Find your slot and fit right in
Sit tight and smile when
you fit right in
Women in the kitchen
men out to work
Mummy making dinner,
Daddy making sweat

Dog sitting in the garden
Car sitting in the drive
A number on the front door
And children breeding zits

Happy adolescents in happy homes
Grandparents shipped
off to senility homes

Father at the TV, Mother at the sink
Children arrive back from school
Now knowing what to think

Resting in the apathy room
Dreams dying in the living room
Fucking in the bedroom
Fucked off with your fucked up life

Poisoned From Birth

Born into this squalid
little religious ghetto
Thrust to the place of God
and branded like cattle
Another sheep to flock to the
loving shepherd in the sky
Another fucking victim,
another rat to die

Off to school he goes
to get an education
Among his own religion
he's kept in segregation
Always with the one side he
soon starts to hate the other
Ignorance stimulates the fear
puts brother against brother

When the isolation stops
the bigotry will cease
When the people open their minds perhaps
there will be peace
When the invisible walls come down and the
bonfire flames go out
Categories for man will stop
no longer "taig" or "snout"

The colours on the kerbstones intensify his
bigotry
He walks the streets, still a kid,
force-fed with hatred from all sides
Under this influence he has
no option but to follow
It's the only way he knows

It's easier to hate than it is to love
It's easier to fight when provoked
Too often kids take the easy path
too often their minds
are poisoned from birth
Too often the flags are used
to conceal the bitterness as loyalty

Too often churches and chapels
are used to cover up the hate
Too often blood is spilt
over politics and God

A victim of the environment
A casualty of segregation
It's little wonder Billy hates
Amid the devastation

Poisoned from birth, born with hate without
the right to choose
Poisoned from birth and made to fight, the
other side must lose
Poisoned from birth and made to wear your
colours like a man
Poisoned from birth poisoned from birth can't
you understand?

Abattoir of War

Now you're never coming back
You got blown to shreds
fighting for your government
Your body lies decaying,
stenching of death
The maggots feed on
your glorified corpse
The reality is you are forgotten
The fantasy was the war was right
The nightmare is just cast aside
You lie alone in eternal night
Your soul still walks the battlefield
In death you still sense fear
In silence now you still
hear the screams
The fading reality of tortured dreams

Why can't people wise up to the brutal reality
of war?
Then they won't have any armies to fight for
their politics and profits
Then they'll have no one willing to die for
their egotistical pride
With no armies to fight,
there can't be a war
As all war needs opposing sides

Yet still through years of education
People flock to the abattoir of war
With a false sense of duty and fucked up
values
They will kill someone they don't even know

They will kill without though without
compassion without guilt
To satisfy their duty to their flag
Conditioned with patriotism
they have little choice
God, Queen and Country lead them to their
grave

Pay No More Than

Vanity boosts their want.
Vanity boosts their need.
Vanity boosts their status.
Vanity boosts their greed.

Pay no more
than a couple of quid,
total hypocrisy what they did
Killed a culture
knocked it dead.
Why's it seven quid instead?
The border's off
and it doesn't say,
the couple of quid
you used to pay
Replaced by labels and barcode.
Is punk dead or was it sold?

This lyric sheet
cannot be true when
what you say and what you do
Are totally different,
a lie, a fake.
Punk means give and
you fucking take.
Very anti establishment,
very big and brave.
Say it's for rebellion,
commercial slave.

Fuck your vanity superstars.
You preach a hatred for society
but gain from its laws
Fuck your greed.
What you need
and what you want are
on a totally different scale
Fuck yourself pathetic wretch.
Piss in your name and
your pathetic little game
Fuck your clique,
bloody cheek.
This isn't punk it's greed.

Nuclear Wet Dream

A mother clutches her
son in desperation
Amid the rubble
and fallout radiation
Praying to a god
who isn't even there
To save her son
and an earth wiped bare
Her mind fogs up
with mental devastation
As she looks over
the futile desolation
Drops her head
with an anguished sigh
Rubs her eyes and begins to cry

Reality for her is an evil subnormalty
The corpses lie drowned
among their own morality
Pawns of slaughter
dead from the game
The body bags signal
a young man's fame
Honour is the cause
and glory is the fate
Controlled by the rich
through greed and hate
Medals as proof that wars all right
Man is macho he was made to fight

Well the bunker opens
and the rich come out
The queen leads the way
with an orgasmic shout
Kicking away the bodies of the poor
Who died at the foot
of the bunker door
Their fingers grasping
at the metal frame
Protecting those who were to blame
For the war all wars
in my memory will last
War is obscene
it's stupid and crass

No More Bigotry

In your ignorant ghettos of hate
The Shankill and Falls
you congregate
Preaching your loyalty
with blood on your hands
Loyalty to what I don't understand
You're wrecking this province you say you
love
Killing its people you say you love
What kind of obscenity
is taking place
That your love is covered
with flags of hate
Still in Northern Ireland this hellhole stinks of
senseless pride
No passive retaliation, all you can hope to do
is hide

This confusion in your head is a catalyst for
death
Can't you understand can't you fucking see?
I've nothing but contempt for you murderers
of morality
You're destroying our land,
can't you understand?
Killing our visions with
the blackness of your life
Narrow and pitiful in your bigotry
Isolated with hate, surrounded with colours
for which you say you'd die

The IRA have twisted minds,
the UDA have too
Anyone who kills for peace hasn't got a
fucking clue
The IRA and UDA
are wrecking people's lives
Broken homes Daddy's dead Daddy's dead
Daddy's dead

For every person who takes one side another
will lose their life
For every person who stands defiant that's
one less hateful heart
It mightn't immediately change this wrong but
it's a fucking start
One less hateful heart
it's a fucking start
Call it naivety I call it hope

Terminal Ambition

Violence and war, hatred and bigotry
Mankind is greed,
see it in our history
From the death camp at Auschwitz to the
graves of Vietnam
From the spearhead to the bullet to the bomb
to napalm
Aggression in warped up minds contorted
with hate
Primitive macho fighting
controls our fate

Why does this fighting continue?
Why do you hate each other?
Why does this misery
go on and on?
Why do people waste
their lives this way?
Human values are a thing of the past
Selfish greed how long must it last?
People hurting others
for their own gain
Money and ambition
make them insane

From the body pits of Belsen to Hiroshima
radiation
From civil war to world war
to mass extermination
Greed and paranoia
the evil lust for power
Won't end until we squirm in a nuclear fallout
shower

It's stupid to die over greed
We can share all that we need
The land you fought for will
be there when you're gone
It's not ours to own just to live on.

Punished

Screaming
Never really stops
Ever

God Is Love

When christened the waters
washed my mind

For them to dirty with their
Christian lies
For them to fill with fairy tales
Like man goes to heaven
after he dies

For God is love,
Jesus loves the little children
That's why they lie starving
all over the globe
That's why a little baby
is born deformed
That's why a little girl
is raped and killed
God loves us all, yes everyone
Every little smiling face
under the sun
In Ethiopia, Bhopal, and Iran
Bodies lying rotting show
his love for man
Away in a manger
no crib for a bed
Our dear Lord Jesus smiles
down on the millions dead

Violent death, torture,
pain and disease
Starvation, slaughter,
blown off knees
Mass murder, earthquakes,
bodies crushed and torn
Poison, epidemics,
disasters man has borne

In The Shadow Of...

Standing in the shadow of
the house of the regime
The nightmare sold to us as
some utopian dream
Standing in the shadow
of a fairytale cruciform
Baptised in sin which they create
From the day that you're born
Standing in the shadow of a 50 megaton
nuclear device
A four-minute warning and the world'll be
burning
Welcome to the land of ice
Standing in the shadow of a
culture which feeds on greed
Produce and consume,
bond and breed

Or bleed, bleed, bleed

Standing in shadows,
striking at walls
Waiting for them to fall
Alone in contempt,
consider me exempt
I shall not bow anymore

Standing in darkness
reaching for light
Knowing I have to fight
Alone in my fear, I will not adhere
To this stinking totalitarian shit

I refuse to bow
I shall not kneel
I refuse to stand
In the shadow that conceals
Life

Caves

From the caves to the mud-huts
From the mud-huts to the tribes
The tribe build the cities
The cities build empires
From empires come ideas of war
From the war comes the gun
From the gun comes the bomb
And the bomb brings destruction
From destruction to the caves

Dim and Confused

Supervised, Desensitised
Patronised, Dehumanised

Do I fit your jigsaw?
Do I fit your pretty picture?
Do I sit back and accept it?
Shall I sit back and enjoy it?

Your bullshit lifestyle,
worshipping authority
Happy and obedient,
with mental enslavement
Suckling of society,
embracing its mundanity

Glossy eyed fantasy from the cathode ray
deity

Living in your shadow
trying to make a life
Avoiding your system
whilst trying to survive
Giving a fuck when
no one gives a shit
Force me into a role,
which will never ever fit
Trying to take my life from me
is all you want to do
Trying to take my life
to create another you

Happy with your life of insignificance
Living everyday of total irrelevance
Happy at your work
content with banality
Happy at your home with your nuclear war
fear family

Justify and follow legitimise and bow

Know your place know your position
Create your lonely
hopeless situation

Nameless people
ignorant and happy
Concrete grins moronic with apathy
Watching staring no creativity
Ignorant ignored solemn and bored
Pathetic in your existence
lonely in your conscience
Futile reasons never said
follow the path until your'e dead

Pretentious and make believe
Brought up to lie and deceive
Complacent and stone cold
Obey everything you are told
Dim and confused, cheated abused
Backdrop world of black and grey
Nothing ever happens day after day

Living your life as
you're expected to
Living your life the way
you think you want to
Following the lifestyle
that's planned for you

Dim and confused with
fuck all you can do

The Eleventh Hour

Venture forth into the land of fear
This is the world of discarded dreams and
moral chains
Freedom is a theory practised
by none and understood
by only a few

Mankind have tethered themselves
to the ritual of war
with their own bleeding veins
In the name of our
self infatuated deities
we march proudly
across the battlefields
Crawling from the trench
we crawl to our graves
A celebration of barbed wire
and gun powder
Standing before the icons
tears in our eyes
A glimpse of divinity to which
we can never aspire

Do not be afraid
for in the final hour
Our deaths will be sweet in the hands of our
fathers
or by weapons of our brothers
we shall depart
Hell will be the ultimate gratification
Our condition is not
conducive to saintliness
It's the eleventh hour my friend
and the time for rejoicing
United in a celebration
of our own damnation
An orgy of murder, rape and torture
The final generation of lost innocence
For there will never be another

The clock is ticking my friend
It's keeping me awake
but I don't care anymore

The Illusion

Immersed in a world that
is but an illusion
Our lives shaped and created
by the seduction of the banal

Mesmerised by invention
recycled and sold
Obsessed with the new
discarding the old
Endless conveyer belts spewing items of
convenience
A convenience for industry,
profit and greed
We buy the control
that we are subject to
Driven by craving for
what we don't need

Does your dream have a price
or are you bought?
Does freedom have a price?
Can you pay?

The strife on your television
is so far away
Yet the lifestyle it sells
is available today
Life is cheap when based on gain
Your existence merely measured
by what you attain

Hunger for tokens from
the process of progress
Toil for the privilege
of consuming this lie
A nurtured reliance on
a life of convenience
A reliance on that
which has no worth

Welcome To The Brave New World

Welcome to the brave new world
Suckle from the machine
and call it freedom
A lifetime of subservience
disguised as tradition
Enslavement your birthright,
your moral, your creed

Mass sedation, mass manipulation
To accept atrocity

and mass extermination
Meat on the farm,
flesh on the battlefield
The farmers a lunatic,
the cattle bleed well
It's for what they were bred,
fatted and fed
Shuffling along from the trench,
lied to and led

Pray for deliverance,
myth of holy benevolence
Each new dawn kneel
and wait for the lead

The Punk Scene...

The punk scene must be destroyed when it
becomes a refuge for the scum that no one
else wants.

Scared

Human hopelessness
fouling concrete
neon arteries
Polluting and infecting
a dark decaying civilisation
Bent on self-torment and
neurotic fucked up escapism

Chemical culture of self remorse
Drowning its sorrows
in self destruction
In a posthumous celebration
of human waste

Mindless masses pushing futilely forward to
their own extinction
Whilst scared of living
and scared of dying
And living for tomorrow
because today is shit

A Revolution of Thought

The cycle of turmoil
of empires rising and falling
Revolutions give nothing
except new faces of power
Which hide behind masks
and have many voices
Yet still the agenda
remains unchanged

And all that existed before
is raised to the ground
A path is always cleared
for the new regime

Yet nothing ever changes
we serve just as before

And as the books lie burning
The wheels of intolerance
are turning
The poet and philosopher
are crushed into dust
And those who dared object
hang from the gallows
Children play in the streets
amidst the decay
We need a revolution of thought

Blind, confined,
to ignorance we're consigned

The march of ideas are
jackboots on your face
And survival shall depend
upon knowing your place

Nothing changes
we serve just as before

Fact Becomes Fiction

Who will be left to tell
of the past as it was
and not as it's written
Slipping into the forgotten
the suffering of generations before

Aushwitz, Dachau,
Treblinka, Bushenwald
Burning bodies

The echoes of genocide
grow faint to the ears

and the dust of the dead
has scattered
Blown to a wind, a wind of change that
carries with it our outrage
Shall one day what lies behind us
be nothing more than a fiction?
History revised and altered
by those who would rather
us seen and not heard

Memorials decayed
neglected by memory
A green field grows where
a triskaele once flew
The candles burn no longer
and all tears have been shed
For those who shall
never have existed

This could be your future
Dark building on the horizon
Chimneys vomiting smoke
Ash falls as if it's rain
As we step onto the train
Our freedom is fading away

This could be our future
unless we stand up

Declaration of Independence

Stripped of rights, the right of choice
A doctrine of oppression
silences your voice

Life so sacred
yet by whose decree?
Wombs demanded by Christ
for his father
Bodies, lives,
Freedom relinquished
Children of the lord
born at liberty's' expense

Contraception condemned
for man's seed is sacred
Woman but machines
providing god's conscripts
Subjugation by conception
the command of the creator
Creating mindlessly without respect for the
lives of those who bear

Life your choice with no regret
Abortion your right with no apology

Our bodies are our own
we're not the body of Christ
At the right hand of god
sit the far right
We need sexual freedom
free of guilt and religion
Removal of blame
without preconditions
Or would you rather be responsible
for the death and suffering of women
Dying in the gutters due
to back street abortions
A coat hanger culture created
by religious extremity
An outcome unthinkable
a social obscenity
And if man were to bleed and
able to bear child
A right of termination
would not be in question
A policy of suppression with
man the aggressor
Ruling on a throne built
from his daughter's bones

Crutches

Our tolerance of authority
has led to our oppression
The march of time is monument only
to our continual regression
And still we suffer the labours of the faceless
and unwise

Realisation not subjugation,
their tyranny of lies
Throw away these crutches.
Do you trust in hate and greed?
Throw away your crutches.
Stand on your own feet.

The battle lines are being drawn.

Mindless unthinking power
ruling with hatred
Docile uncaring masses
lost within sedation
A turbulent fear fraught existence subject to
the insane
Listen...someone's screaming.
Reject this industry of pain

Reject this neglect of human rights.

The battle lines are being drawn.
They're building new futures and
I hear there's a job at the factory making
munitions for the next war
and they have need of your services
in some distant field and you'll
be given a gun and a flag on
your grave when you die

Pay No More Than

Vanity boosts their want.
Vanity boosts their need.
Vanity boosts their status.
Vanity boosts their greed.

Pay no more
than a couple of quid,
total hypocrisy what they did
Killed a culture
knocked it dead.
Why's it seven quid instead?
The border's off
and it doesn't say,
the couple of quid
you used to pay
Replaced by labels and barcode.
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Are totally different,
a lie, a fake.
Punk means give and
you fucking take.
Very anti establishment,
very big and brave.
Say it's for rebellion,
commercial slave.

Fuck your vanity superstars.
You preach a hatred for society
but gain from its laws
Fuck your greed.
What you need
and what you want are
on a totally different scale
Fuck yourself pathetic wretch.
Piss in your name and
your pathetic little game

Fuck your clique,
bloody cheek.
This isn't punk it's greed.

Terminal Ambition

Violence and war, hatred and bigotry
Mankind is greed,
see it in our history
From the death camp at Auschwitz to the
graves of Vietnam
From the spearhead to the bullet to the bomb
to napalm
Aggression in warped up minds contorted
with hate
Primitive macho fighting
controls our fate

Why does this fighting continue?
Why do you hate each other?
Why does this misery
go on and on?
Why do people waste
their lives this way?
Human values are a thing of the past
Selfish greed how long must it last?
People hurting others
for their own gain
Money and ambition
make them insane

From the body pits of Belsen to Hiroshima
radiation
From civil war to world war
to mass extermination
Greed and paranoia
the evil lust for power
Won't end until we squirm in a nuclear fallout
shower

It's stupid to die over greed
We can share all that we need
The land you fought for will
be there when you're gone
It's not ours to own just to live on.

Marching Backwards

Our peace lies in pieces.
Flags tattered and red.

In blood soaked pride.
We bury the dead.

Marching backwards

An insistence on conflict
through munition tradition
Myth of a glorious death
for a cause
A symphony of gunfire;
that well known rendition
A tireless anthem
which knows no pause
Stand in the crossfire as a
pawn in their game
Bury the innocent again and again

Do not be deluded
by promises of freedom
For those who wave guns
also waive rights
This war has arisen from
conflicting political agendas
That respect the virtues of
violence more than those of life.

Veil

Lift this bloody veil,
so that I can see
Be silent so I can hear,
of what should not be
A holocaust of greed

And still it continues
The gutters run red
The myth of man as the hunter perpetuates
our gluttony of lies
Nourishment of ignorance
and deception
The bloody carousel
continues to turn
And we hide behind phrases
that create an abstraction
And ignore the fate that met the meat on your
plate

And still it continues
The gutters run red
Time to reappraise all the facts
600 million animals are
killed every year
To whom we're deaf, dumb and

blind through tradition
A holocaust of greed
unsung and unspoken
Consumption of death for vast profit
This legacy of the egocentric human
condition betrays our lack of compassion for
life

Veil. Bloody veil.
Lift it so that I can see.

Escalation

An escalation of bigotry based
on creed, race and colour
Complacency has bred a new acceptance of
hatred
Inaction engenders the
growth of divisions
Segregated we strengthen
the roots of our fear

The rise of the right
wears a thin disguise
Speaks rhetoric of freedom but
it's nothing more than lies
Forgive me if I'm mistaken but
haven't we been here before?
The persecution of scapegoats
Lime pits, trenches and walls?

We must not follow this well-worn path of
hate based on
fear of our own kind

Monkeys

Man the freak monkey has risen
The toolmaker has learnt to destroy
The curse of Darwin has stricken
Descent from the trees to extinction

Monkeys
Cursed with the illusion of reason
Monkeys
The toolmaker has learnt to destroy

Descent to extinction
Illusion of reason

Barbaric ape of no conscience
Dominant, uncaring and blind
To the result of his acts of aggression
A demise of his own design

Monkeys
Cursed with the illusion of reason
Monkeys
Dominant, uncaring and blind

Descent to extinction
Illusion of reason

And if God gave birth to man,
what did he intend?
To destroy the world he created by this freak
monkeys hands?

Tool of the Trade

My life began like any other
Nurtured and protected
by my mother
Didn't know I differed
from other breeds
Till "master" enforced and
controlled my needs
Lust for blood throughout life
Only the fittest can survive
Forced how to live and how to act
Like primitive creatures,
hunt in packs

Empower my mind and how I think
Let people believe it's my instinct
If I was loved and treated the same
I wouldn't choose to play this game
Taught how to crave
and follow the scent
All in the name of entertainment
The fastest and the strongest can claim the
prize
Whilst the smallest and
weakest won't survive

Can't fall behind,
keep up with the rest
Can't slow down,
can't stop for a breath
Might get trapped,
could get knocked down
No one will stop even if I drown
I'm not their companion

just a tool of their trade
I'll keep my life if I make their grade
Eventually they'll stick
a gun to my head
I'll serve them my life and they'll shoot me
dead.

Poisoned From Birth

Born into this squalid
little religious ghetto
Thrust to the place of God
and branded like cattle
Another sheep to flock to the
loving shepherd in the sky
Another fucking victim,
another rat to die

Off to school he goes
to get an education
Among his own religion
he's kept in segregation
Always with the one side he
soon starts to hate the other
Ignorance stimulates the fear
puts brother against brother

When the isolation stops
the bigotry will cease
When the people open their minds perhaps
there will be peace
When the invisible walls come down and the
bonfire flames go out
Categories for man will stop
no longer "taig" or "snout"

The colours on the kerbstones intensify his
bigotry
He walks the streets, still a kid,
force-fed with hatred from all sides
Under this influence he has
no option but to follow
It's the only way he knows

It's easier to hate than it is to love
It's easier to fight when provoked
Too often kids take the easy path
too often their minds
are poisoned from birth
Too often the flags are used
to conceal the bitterness as loyalty
Too often churches and chapels
are used to cover up the hate

Too often blood is spilt
over politics and God

A victim of the environment
A casualty of segregation
It's little wonder Billy hates
Amid the devastation

Poisoned from birth, born with hate without
the right to choose
Poisoned from birth and made to fight, the
other side must lose
Poisoned from birth and made to wear your
colours like a man
Poisoned from birth poisoned from birth can't
you understand?

A Call to Arms

Born under a flag,
marked with their colours
Adopted by their god,
made to pray and kneel
Before the altar of their indignities

We shall not grovel,
or be led by corruption
Our glorious leaders have failed
in their responsibilities

Spiralling downward,
descent into a hell
of mans' creation
A cold wind blows and I know
the end is nigh
I look to the sky and my mind sees bombs
falling
Extinction beckons
and I know the reason why

And dreams of freedom,
grow dimmer fade and die
Ideals weaken
in the struggle to survive

Atrocity after atrocity
Systematic erosion of rights
We cower, fear retribution Shadowland, half-
life

So dream a dream of freedom
Lest we may forget

Our lives are our own
We need not be subject

The Descent of Man

How shall we breathe
When the sky turns black
from our fire?

Building, creating
Creating a future of concrete
Straining, suffocating
A legacy of doom to inherit

Build
Destroy
Rape
With fire
Nothing
Shall remain
A tomb
With no name

We embrace this obsession
To conquer this sphere of life
Tower of Babel
Foundation carved from strife
Descension into ruin
Nothing shall remain

The blackened ash of the earth
Shall not nourish our seeds
And we'll fall to the dust
For want of the food that we need
Our consignment to oblivion
We'll lie wasted and spent
An inheritance born of desire
For this greed driven conquest
We must desist this destruction
For we herald our induction
Into a world of bone
and ash and monuments
To a species that committed
mass industrial suicide

Absent

Absent
God
Prayers

Unanswered

Religion is but an industry
Supported by the subscription
to myth
And a search for a "truth"
on the part of the mass
Who remain in a state of sedation
The assembly lines of this industry are
invisible
Yet the production rate
is unparalleled
Yielding pre-packaged ideologies
For a populace reliant on convenience

Marching in file
Obedient flock in submission
Seeking return
to the garden of eden
Yearning to regain
an innocence lost
That never existed
An absolution of blames
for our crimes
For which there can
be no forgiveness

A procession of fools
brandishing trinkets
Of an intangible god who
hides behind ritual
Who metes out curses and favours on the
strength of a whim
Based on who does and who does not bow
down before him
And still blindly they follow
With the hope of attainment
of heaven on earth
As they paradoxically march
to battle
In defence of their faith

In defence of their delusion
They fight for an absent god
There's no one there
All through the ages we've suffered these
fallacies
Consistent denial of our responsibilities
In defence of their delusion,
they fight for an absent god
Crusade against evil
of our own design

Follow not
This fantasy

Of redemption
And exemption

Flickering God

Behold the holy word
of this flickering god
A communion of images
Transmission
Divine

Our daily mass
of indoctrination
Worship of this
flickering god

God of sound and vision
Transmission
Divine
Addiction to voyeurism
Substitute for life

Consensus of reality
Dictate of lens and screen
Drip feed of opinion
Presented as fact

Fear

Reap the fear
Find the rejects, social outcasts
Find the scum, you find your prey
Light the fuse of social hatred
Plant the seeds of disarray
Moral terror, indignation
Abuse the devils that we fear
Public outcry fuels the bonfire
Outlaw these people
to stop the fear

Label them all, demean the few
Isolate, segregate,
stigmatise them all
There for your goals,
abused for your aims
Manipulate, exaggerate,
there for the blame
There for the blame,
there for the fall
Used as scapegoats

to outrage us all
Standards are set,
values are made
Panic's created
to allow for change

Our horror fuels reaction
Our panic fuels the response
Reap the fear

Cycle of lies,
playing with our minds
Excuses, reasons
to fuck with our lives
Smokescreen the truth,
hide the real cause
Legislate, legislate, all justified
Set them apart, put to the side
Dehumanised, disrespect,
nobody minds
There to create a reason to hate
Used to make more
restrictions and binds

Laws
Restrictions

A false reason for action
of action not needed
Of reasons created where
no problem exists

There is no problem
but one is created
To allow a response that will
be widely accepted
Using the fear to create moral hatred
Whilst ignoring the cause so
it goes unstated
Demearing subcultures to
create public panic
That opens the door to
what we've let in

In The Cold Earth

We've lived on this land
since the dawn of time
Our blood lies in the cold earth
We grow crops in the soil
and hunt the sacred game
And honour its eternal spirit
We take what we need

as we need it from the land
Benevolent, life providing mother
The sun sets on the horizon,
stars light up the sky
It has, and always will be this way

So bury my body
in the cold earth
Return to the womb of my mother

One day some strange men came
From the edge of the world
Bearing gifts and talking of peace
They gave us rods of fire
that spat demons teeth
And a nectar of bitter taste
They demanded this land
which is not ours to give
And took the lives of all the animals
My brothers and sisters
we huddle, hide and pray
To our mother, not their god
for deliverance

And wait for a time
to be born again
When brother
does not turn against brother

Why must they slaughter
my mother?
Is their god a god of love or hate?
Is the world they come from barren?
A lifeless, never ending plain
of waste?

And I choose death
through resistance
And wait to be born again

An End To Transgressions

For every act of aggression perpetrated by
leaders
Who seek to retain economic
and social control
There's a reaction of anger
and a cry of refusal
Unrest breeds in our hearts
fuelling the will to resist
Shall we suffer the truncheons
that strike down at the weak?

Disenfranchised through poverty
and segregation by class
The establishment of a united
front of resistance
To combat the draconian laws
of this self-serving house
is our task

We shall not submit to the laws
that they have created
An illusion of liberality that bureaucracy
maintains
For every inch that they give
we'll take a step back
And examine their concessions
in light of the facts
They'll only give if they
can take more back
A compromise from a
position of strength
Actions designed
to serve their own interests
Not those of the masses
they're supposed to reflect

Power is steeped with greed
and self-serving bias
A lust for control over the lives
of the governed
This action has spawned an opposite force of
reaction
A reaction that grows
when force is applied

The descent of man to throne of ruler
To dissent by the many
to the start of the new