

# No Island of Dreams

## Conflict

They practice so-  
called justice, law and order their first trick  
They practice so-  
called justice and soon they'll want our necks  
They think we are their scapegoats, they look down on me and yo  
u  
Well just let them believe that, until its time to see who's wh  
o  
Sometimes I wonder how much longer it will take  
until people start to realise that the law is but a fake  
But across the world rebellion's restrained  
and turned against itself by the media's brain

First it's the facts, then they're attacked  
Chained to their lies to maintain pride  
Always one side, always their side  
Never our side, fuck the lot

Always titles, always disciples. They're packaging bullets for  
the rifles  
People are dying, people are crying, while other people are mys  
tified  
People are dead, the colour was red. Lives are through, the col  
our was blue  
People are fighting while people are writing. But I realise som  
eone is hiding the truth

There's pressure in the east, pressure in the west.  
The pressure's building up but the rulers know best  
How to hold back the masses who beg and demand.  
For the slightest chance in a change of command  
A command that forces a lifestyle of sin.  
Then picks up the pieces and locks them in  
That has the power and time to access  
and control enemy number one - the press

'People die in horror cell' on the front page of the Sun  
Then the page is turned and the real fun has begun  
The horror is diluted as the page three girl arrives  
Shapely tits, big bulging arse, a sparkle in her eye  
More and more and more and more the horror becomes distant  
It's swept aside with packaged lies, presented like a present  
And the time it's taken in is as your team is winning  
A person's died, another's lied, but there's no sign of the kil  
ling