

# One Nation Under the Bomb

## Conflict

Four minutes left in the game to play  
Since that day in forty-five we've never had a say  
Was it solution to combat the right?  
Or just to stay ahead in the never-ending fight  
The president's plaything in the name of Manhattan  
Just another Hiroshima for him to flatten  
The protest signs are spread across the earth  
But will the protests pay their worth?  
They keep us at bay with piles of businessmen's excuses  
Planning hard, they've got us bored, but our blood will run like  
juices  
How long left now? The hands tick by  
Will we get our answers to what, where or why?  
Who'll press the button? Who'll start the war?  
Who'll survive the slaughter? Who'll perish on the floor?  
The part you play in this fucked up set leads to the overhead threat  
you'll never forget  
The times up now, no protest crowd  
Just have you got your final shroud?  
It's coming now. Now! Now! Now