

# Against All Odds

## Conflict

How can we achieve anarchy if we don't know what it means?  
Do we even want anarchy that illusionistic dream?  
They say they see no reason for discontent  
In this period of free enterprise, is evolution spent?  
Say their progress is insallable, presented indisguised  
Decisions made for all is their responsibility?  
They forecast better ways to better days; onwards they seek progress no matter what it takes

From left to right to all the prats in the middle  
From the judge to the preacher to the sinners and the cynical  
From the Godley to the gullible to the vicious and viable  
The globe turns slowly while the governed and ungovernable  
Slay it out in the never ending search for righteousness, immaculate success

Their space to possess seems to be what makes their clock tick, but to us it fucking stinks  
When met with resistance, they stamp on it until it breaks  
Their society remains secret and although we know their name  
We are the pawns on the world's chessboard in one big multi-national game  
There's still no end in sight but still we know we're right  
We must somehow struggle on up while they go racing to the top  
Then Whitehouse "V" the squat, a challenge I think not  
Resist every move they make by fulfilling our own hearts  
Not by backing off and dropping out, get in there for a start  
If you're looking for some proof of this how much more proof do you need  
When constantly and hopelessly we fail and they succeed

There's no compassion in here  
My fingers keep curling into fists these days  
No one smiles on the streets these days  
And there's no compassion  
Hit the wall a substitute for a face  
You can look but you can't touch  
You can see but you can't have  
Keep crawling to the end of the week  
And there's no compassion

Breath heavy to pretend it's fun  
Raise the cover to protect your pride  
Ignore the failure that you see in the glass  
Paint the flesh to hide the scar  
And there's no compassion

A million people died in the middle of your breakfast  
A million people died in the middle of your favorite love song  
A million people died in the middle of your racist joke  
A million people died in the middle of your favorite TV programme  
A million people died in the middle of your lovemaking  
A million people died in the middle of your pop stars interview  
A million people died in the middle of your video game  
A million people died in the middle of your sexist  
A million people died in the middle of your mass debating  
A million people died in the middle of your politicians lying  
A million people died in the middle of your silence  
A million people died in the middle of your stocks and shares  
A million people died in the middle of your royal variety performance

A million people died in the middle of your debutante's ball  
A million people died in the middle of your day out at Ascot  
A million people died in the middle of a Conflict gig!

Separation is complete. A mind to domesticate, condition, compete  
Clinical birth control, the sterilised setting  
Syringed into being, life is just beginning  
Mask of the surgeon, eyes of the blind, rubber band caressing, welcome to mankind  
The brain perceives the fear, tender beats the heart  
Slapped into life programming starts  
Wanted and needed  
Wanted from birth to fit in the jigsaw puzzle  
Trained don't strain against the muzzle  
Force-fed, prostituted, brainwashed that's called learning  
Blindfolded, prejudiced, an outcome predetermined  
Needed to die and not question why  
Follow in ignorance, a comfortable prison  
Kept in the dark so they can be free. Spit in the eyes so you will never see

The kid aims the cap gun, points it at my cranium  
I am supposed to put my hands up, but I don't want to die that way  
Mentally or physically, para-psychologically, whose responsibility?

Is it to feed their profiteering tolerated as long as your mind is fearing?  
Right where they want you beaten back into submission  
Right where they want you in a missionary position  
Needed to promote their glory of possession  
To accept and be grateful yet ask no questions  
To believe in love and their guiding hand  
To obey in humility and never understand

I was feeling alright, yeah just me and the night; I was walking through a white tiled subway  
I heard the sound of voices around the corner shouting  
The sound of broken glass, no one was there  
I looked at my reflection in the puddles in the street  
It looked so messed up I just kept moving my feet  
To the beat and rhythm of my heart, not much I know but I see it as a start  
Because I'm counting the heads to see how many are left, the fingers of one hand stretching  
And this feeling of apathy keeps coming quite suddenly - well if something's gonna come, when's it coming?

While you're jumping on the spot, all the freshness starts to rot  
And another inspiration fades away. And still you sell your dignity  
Still you sell your dignity time after time  
And I wonder where lies your pride, does it wait in there inside?  
Is it waiting for the moment when you let your heart speak?  
Is it waiting for the moment when you act out your own beliefs?  
Is it waiting for the moment when you drop your false act?  
Is it waiting for the moment when you face the facts?  
That you're pumping your life for someone else's ideas  
That you're living your life under someone else's fear  
That it's time to shift your vision, time to move your head  
Get up out of submission. I'm counting heads, how many are left?

The fingers of one hand keep stretching. The fingers of both hands keep stretching  
And all I see is "Rock 'n' Roll". All I hear is "Rock 'n' Roll"

I turn the pages of the book, and force my weary eyes to look

At the product of our modern world, at the product of our civilised world  
And a child's face looks out at me, questioning why does this have to be?  
And I can't find any answer, not that dead ears can hear - do I make myself  
clear?  
It's been said that we must progress for humanity, but looking at the truth  
of that mockery  
I wonder if our minds have progressed anywhere, and I wonder if there's any  
humanity there  
The sightless eyes looking at me, questioning why does this have to be  
And I can't find any answers not that dead ears can hear - do I make myself  
clear?

If you're an activist not while getting pissed,  
if you're gonna do something make sure you don't miss  
That's a dangerous game to play what use are you if you're banged up?  
You can't beat them on the streets, so duck and dive a little, hide the fidd  
les  
Play them at their own game, stay with them all the way  
Know what and why they are doing things and create alternatives  
Police are still snooping, awaiting the big nick  
Like fishermen baiting the fish, tempting us to take the risk

This time, this time they've made the impossible.  
The new aids infection from EMI the treatment to replace the old spermicide