

Barricades and Broken Dreams

Conflict

I'm an SAS hit squad assassin. Protector of the state
Protecting those in power from the terrorist cowards. Elimination's the game
Fulfilling Government aims and regulations. Our political war against you
We are the enemy that's plain to see; we're watching you're every move

Self disciplined? Who dares shall win? Terrifying? Or am I...?

The man next door? Your brother in law? Who's away working on the oilrigs?
The long distance lorry driver from on the corner? No one seems to know who he is
I could be the meter reader, or the temporary postman. Pushing greetings through the family door?
That's for us to know and you to guess, but make no mistakes, this is war

Self disciplined? Killing machine? But that's not the same? That's what you think?
Well here's a message to you, you are wrong

Can't you see you head strong super gobshite git? That as your bullets rip a mother's heart?
Each time you kill or maim again and again, your actions ignite a spark?
The flames then burn so fiercely, fuelled by anger from those who have nothing left!

Contradictions - superstitions - old traditions, in Northern Ireland your Government's guilty of theft