

## The Serenade Is Dead

Conflict

She wakes up in the morning; the sun is shining in her face  
She turns her head around; she shares the blanket on which the  
love embraced

She looks out of the window; it's a lovely day outside  
She tells herself that things are fine, he pulls the sheets to  
cover his eyes

The essence of the fresh air, that garden held the love affair  
Thinking back their minds are torn in muddle and confusion  
So far away another sits, who tries to make the best of it  
He don't know quite what's hit him, it's another love illusion  
He gazes in his empty room eyes fixed upon her picture  
The loneliness, dejectedness, God how the fuck he's missed her  
His eyes turn turn to the window, the military roar by  
He wonders how much hatred could evolve out of the sky  
What God had done for peace on earth, what man destroyed from d  
ay of birth

They are concerned with feelings; they're just ashamed to cry  
And one mans plan to push the button makes other sacrifice  
The serenade is dead and now the only question's why?  
Why when we are young, we're told it's right to love  
Told it's human nature and that comes from God above  
As time moves on we realise that we all look from the pit  
While a plan hangs above us, to keep us in the shit  
Because the minute we are born, we're told what's right and wro  
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Raised with certain morals, never mentioned in their songs  
As we grow up, we find out that the paths been neatly set  
In a world of such destruction, we only can regret  
Regret that is the word of it, as we look for our way out of it  
Why can't they understand we don't want any part of it?  
The pain they create everyday, that just ain't gonna go away  
We've got to stick together, but still you're asking why?  
The system stands strong, as our movement starts to crumble  
The pressure we once held, has just turned into a rumble  
They've got us where they want us, and you all just accept that  
Well don't you think its time; we started to hit back  
They are the enemy; they want a rope around your neck  
And if they will go that far, then what the fuck is next?  
Forget the revolution, we've heard it all before  
Heard all of the promises of nineteen-eighty-four  
Its an impossible task, "oh yes", it stands before us all  
Well maybe you'll believe it when your back's against the wall