

These Colours Don't Run

Conflict

The factories still churning out, of that there's not a single doubt
There's more snide shit from their fleapits; they couldn't give a fucking shit

It's true, overdue, and plain to see the plights of those in misery
A dead necked vision, product of subsidence, fucked up, and held in a
creaming silence

Another police force investigation, blatant lies, false fucked suggestions

Is it all down to communications? Or does the grass need cutting? Has it changed direction?

The chants that only serve to divide, the police link with the revenue, the royalties slide

Now as poor old Joy Gardener bites the dust, why should I give a fucking fuck?

But the lefties scream outside the courts, looking to lay the blame, it's no one's fault

They show sincerity, oh how much they care, yeah in their sick, twisted cause, in their affairs

A black boy has just missed his bus, a racist attack, or bloodthirsty lust?

Again, the left jump on the back of this week's attack, and force feed, socialist shit militant crap

They blatantly try and whip up violence, why don't they keep their arseholes shut? And keep it silent

Another black person has died, that is true, but are you surprised? I ain't because I already knew

By promoting political deaths, they could not give a fucking toss

Sexism reigns in man's green world, the ALF proves yet again that they won't be told

That what they do (or don't) is totally wrong, so fuck off you insane cunts, still remains... our song!

Detention centres for the relentless, approved schools for the fools
Abolish the jury, punish the fury, but it's our power that you fuel
So it is basically blatantly obvious, and in fact fucking common sense

That when people are forced to live in shit, under your conditions crime will undoubtedly spread

You may be watching every move we make you even convince yourself that you are clever

But I'm looking right back into your eyes, so don't you ever, never ever

Think that I might trip or slip right down your stairs

Into your cells, where unaware

You can beat and fuck me senseless

While the world spins around relentless

You may have people on your side that I consider the lowest form of life
But don't you think what you call respect even enters into my mind a
spect
For I'm sick of respect, how about our causes instead?
That made the maddened go to extreme lengths
Who simply couldn't take it?
Who knew they wouldn't make it?
Being ground down fine, by those who haven't got the time

For they shall punish those who sin
Toss the peasants lives into the bin
Of those that won't beg to their Jesus, God, Christ I've had enough o
f that
Christ I've had enough of this