

If they drop a bomb on us, we fucking deserve it,
We know we got it coming, we fucking deserve it,
They got a comfy set up, they'll try and preserve it.
We had the early warning, we can sit and observe it.

Sliding down guidelines, cradle to the grave,
All the willing saviours see that we behave.
Everybody knows they're there, see them all around.
Lots of little people who'll put you in the ground.
Well, take a burning issue and stuff it up your arse.
They've fucked you with a furrowed brow, shitting broken glass,
Marching down the 'dilly to demonstrate again,
While the men who plan the holocaust are pissed out of their brain.
Brain of pasty people, who'll bomb it all to fuck,
You can be a victim or they'll let you try your luck,
Pass it on to others, ship it down the line,
Leave the world in ruins, you know we've got the time.

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Cop-outs look for motives... Freudian analyst,
Come on, Mr. Horror, what do you make of this?
Won't find many people without their rationale,
Any handy concept to hang upon the wall,
Soldier's got his enemy, police have got the state,
Family have home sweet home, SS got red tape.
MP's got his duty, priest has got his sin,
Everybody finds a hole, to drop somebody in.
Seeking out wisdom in the ironies of life,
Weighing up subtleties, fiddling with the ties,
No-one else decides for you, whether to or not,
You make an easy target if you're running on the spot.

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Someone's been training, flexing their muscles,
Getting in practice, irrelevant tussles,
Given a march, or a quiet Sunday demo,
They wait till the state put the finger on you.
Peeping through a frown, your humanity in rags,
Playing the loser till the sense of purpose sags,
They can deal with heroes, watch the bleeders run,
It's only your head keeps the target from the gun.

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