

Invisible Gun

GBH

It's everywhere and nowhere
Lurks in some wicked hearts
You'll know when it's ended
But not when it starts
So glamorous in the '70s
Put your gun back in its holster
Reality is death and blood
Not a Che Guevara poster

It's pointing at you - the invisible gun
Do you put your hands up or turn and run
Pointing at your children - the invisible gun
Draw a line in the sand while you still can

The cruel lead the weak
It's the bigotry of religion
No questions ever asked
And no quarter ever given
You know every trick
You cover all the angles
But you're easily offended
By a vulgar display of ankles

Living in a dark age
Relishing the screams
Fear and panic spreading
Cowardice in extreme
Referring to your book
Like a good pilgrim should
The assassin's mask is soaked
In martyrs blood