

Borstal

Oxymoron

Now you're in a jam, hold your head between your hands.
Clench your fist to keep your ground,
in a war that can't be won.

Banned to the borstal, now you're cornered.
Banned to the borstal, you're disordered.
Banned to the borstal, now you're locked away... like buried.

Cry, you have no choice.
Punishment at any price.
You submit to what the wankers say,
just to live another day.

Open you're eyes and you'll see.
You're just a toy of their schemes.
Open your eyes and you'll see.
They try to prevent that you're free.

Now they let you down, and you feel you're all alone.
Just the dreams of yesterday, help you stand another day.