

British Disease

Subhumans

Hatred in the hearts of the young population
Riots in the streets of the “civilised” nation
Was it the poverty? Was it the police?
No – it’s the British disease
The inbred snobbery
The patriot law
Violence and robbery
The state declares war

The youth of today with a broken voice
Have got something to say – they ain’t got a choice
Racist police – backed by the state
Wipe out the ghetto and build up the hate
All the wrong answers
All the wrong ideas
The riot lasts a day
But the problem lasts for years

The great British public they can’t understand
Why should there be riots in this civilised land?
Why is the country being pulled to its knees?
Ignorance is the British disease
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Ignorance is your disease
Ignorance and apathy
Ignorance and bigotry
You found it all so easy to ignore the people who complained
and let their anger rise in flames
You thought this country was so great
that nobody could ever hate the way the system treated them
And then you wondered why they burnt your buildings down