

Hate is the New Love

The Mekons

Underneath all this
The only thing that matters is
What & where you were born
& How well you use it and conceal it
'Cos there's no peace
On this terrible shore
Everyday is a battle
How we still love the war

Dangerous bibles
all owing for you
In the end we're broken pieces
Stuck like glue
And there's no peace...
When we say we've had enough
We know we really want more