Well we altered the face of our city, yes we've often burned it down

Is our union what we hoped for when our children hit the ground It's simply government and British soldiers out not who governs or unity now

Or do you complain of what could happen if your favor isn't found

It's not as plain as colonial rule no more so we've grown up wi th the times

But it's as plain as coexistance not making something that bind s

Yes catholics were incriminated, tortured and opressed But we've agreed to talk now and we don't need bullet proof ves ts

So give it up, it's time to go
There'll be better jobs for us if we let it go
So give it up, it's time to go
Nobody wants to subsidise an economy that can't stand
We kick our legs out from underneath us every time we raise a h
and

Well Good Friday every fucking where is burning in my mind But no accord can help the junkies with their kneecaps left beh ind

There's no desired governance or subsidation left in toil
Hell, they don't even want us now fed up with our turmoil
True rebels never grow out of the hateful adolescent phase
For to perpetuate rebellion you need blind incessant commitment
through the maze

We've concluded and refused to learn to assess or scrutinise A non functioning mind is clinically dead when your mind's made up it dies

It's not the mastery of earth or wealth or leisure that is your contention

But the privilege of taxable servitude you contend against you laymen

Behave like fucking children every day on Downing Street Who can't concede to play along or even just to meet No this isn't a bold statement, ya wanna know how I know Whoever's celebrated a victory's always said I told ya so So look me in the fucking face when you point the barrel down No I don't need a prayer for me, just put the hammer down