

Terrorism

You're writing your diary in innocents' blood
You're vain and you're ugly, you're no robin hood
You don't steal from the rich to help the poor
You just take life from both and what is more
You break your bread and drink
But post-confession you'll still stink of
Terrorism

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But you're sikh, jew, muslim and christian, you say
Now which religion will you wear today?
And in whose Bible do you find your cause
That says bomb children in department stores?
I hope your God is pleased
To see all creation on their knees for
Terrorism

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Angel of death with black woolen mask
Freedom they bring you is a long wooden cask
They never doubt that right is on their side
When right is rifle-shaped where can you hide?
Don't want daughter sweet
To be target practice in the high street
Terrorism