

## Confide

### "The Serenade Is Dead"

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She wakes up In the morning, the sun Is shining in her  
face, turns her head  
Around, she sharss the blanket on which the love  
embraced, she look out of  
The window, It's a lovely day outside, she tells herself  
that things are fine,  
He pulls the sheets to cover his eyes. The essence of  
the fresh air, the  
Garden held the love affair, thinking back their minds  
are torn in muddle and  
Confusion, so far another sits, who tries to make the  
best of It, he don't  
Know quite what's hit him, It's another love illusion. he  
gazes in his empty  
Room eyes fixed upon her picture, the loneliness,  
dejectedness, god how the  
Fuck he's missed her, his eyes turn to the window, the  
military roar by, he  
Wonders how much hatred could evolve out of the sky,  
what god had done for  
Peace on earth, what man destroyed from day of birth,  
they are concerned with  
Feelings, just ashamed to cry and one mans plan to  
push the button makes  
Others sacrifice the serenade Is dead and now the only  
questions why?  
Why when we are young, we're told it's not right to  
love, told It's human nature  
And that comes from god above, as time moves on we  
realize that we all look  
From the pit, while a plan just hangs above us, to keep  
us In the shit,  
Because the minute we are born, we're told what's right  
and wrong, raised with  
Certain morals, never mentioned In their songs, as we  
grow up we find out that  
The paths been so neatly set, In a world of such  
destruction, we only can regret.  
Regrest that Is the words of it, as we look for our way of  
it, why can't they  
Understand we don't want any part of it? The pain they

create everyday, that  
Just ain't gonna go away, we've got to stick together  
but still you're asking  
Why? the system still stands strong, as our movement  
starts to crumble, the  
Pressure we once held, has just turned to a rumble,  
they've got us where they  
Want us, and you all just accept that well don't you  
think it's time, we  
Started to hit back. They are the enemy, they want a  
rops around your neck,  
And If they will go that far, then what the fuck is next?  
Forget the  
Revolution, we've heard it all before, heard all the  
promises, of 1984,  
It's an Impossible task, "oh yes", It stands before us all,  
well maybe you'll  
Belive it when your backs against the...WALL.

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