Conflict
"No Island Of Dreams"

They practice so-called justice, law and order their first
trick
They practice so-called justice and soon they'll want
our necks
They think we are their scapegoats, they look down on
me and you
Well just let them believe that, until it's time to see
who's who
Sometimes I wonder how much longer it will take
Until people start to realise that the law is but a fake
But across the world rebellion's restrained
And turned against itself by the media's brain
First it's the facts, then they're attacked
Chained to their lies to maintain pride
Always one side, always their side
Never our side, fuck the lot
Always titles, always disciples. They're packaging
bullets for the rifles
People are dying, people are crying, while other people
are mystified
People are dead, the colour was red. Lives are through,
the colour was blue
People are fighting while people are writing.
But I realise someone is hiding the truth
There's pressure in the east, pressure in the west.
The pressure's building up but the rulers know best
How to hold back the masses who beg and demand.
For the slightest chance in a change of command
A command that forces a lifestyle of sin.
Then picks up the pieces and locks them in
That has the power and time to access
And control enemy number one - the press
'People die in horror cell' on the front page of the Sun
Then the page is turned and the real fun has begun
The horror is diluted as the page three girl arrives
Shapely tits, big bulging arse, a sparkle in her eye
More and more and more and more the horror
becomes distant
It's swept aside with packaged lies, presented like a
present
And the time it's taken in is as your team is winning
A person's died, another's lied, but there's no sign of

the killing