

## Conflict

# "To Whom It May Concern"

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Some still show strength, while others just show anger  
Holding back our only chance for the sake of never  
learning  
Just who and what is on our side? One thing that ain't is  
time  
They're just waiting for their movement, can't you see  
their guns are loaded?  
And pointing at our lives, ours they will destroy  
Without a second thought do you really think they care?  
They couldn't give a fuck, but why should they fucking  
bother?  
When we accept the shit they've shat, they think there's  
no change of attack  
Complacency creeps in, cracks form in the foundations  
Systems start to seize up - powermongers flee the  
nation  
All power's been abducted, it's protectors have  
abandoned  
The ship that sailed to no avail, the mutiny destroyed  
the sail  
Well if you think things change that easy, think those  
bastards will easy up  
Dream they'll end our nuclear nightmare, that they'll  
give our world back to us  
You better get an eyewash and wipe those illusions  
from your eyes  
For you must be fucking joking, **THEY WON'T GIVE UP  
WITHOUT A FIGHT**  
if it's a fight they want...**THEY'VE GOT IT**  
Yeh, that is the way it's going, but all paths can be  
diverted  
Directions can be changed - It's up to YOU to lay the  
surface  
You're not alone so how about trying to get up off your  
arse?  
Preaching ways and making statements, OK Final but  
that won't change the nation  
Piling on the pressure, with mass action as back up  
Yeg, let's take the fight to them! Why wait for them to  
come to us?  
Let's pull together and give the test that will never be -  
forget

Mother Thatcher orders meeting with the Arch-Angel  
Heseltine  
Discuss a plan they've been preparing - 'THE DREAM TO  
END ALL TIME'  
They pretend to shout, but whisper, as they plot their  
makepiece feud  
Preaching morality or Insanity, whichever one attracts  
the hordes  
Crushing revelations moving In on love and trust  
While slyly cornering our freedom Making sure it  
doesn't burst out  
To the manipulated mass of darkness that's been  
conquered and forgotten  
'Fucked hard' and left for hopeless, like the scum that  
passed before them  
The task of the almighty to prove the unbeatable hand  
of right  
encouraging the challenge to attmpt to slay their might  
These bastards that force rule and quell all hopes and  
pleas for peace  
Just can't walk to got their final chance to prove  
supremacy

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