

Conflict

"Whichever Way You Want It"

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There's a place that's neatly tucked away, beyond the
other side
A place of which you'd never dream, there'd be a need
to hide
For the building is surrounded by pastures pure and
green
But the image hides reality and the distance kills the
scream

That comes from inside is never exposed to the air
For the place is packed with scientists who show how
much they care
While the guard stands bravely at the gate with guard
dog by his side
The same breed of animal is butchered inside

Well, what a fucking waste of money, what a fucking
waste of time
A fucking waste of money, what a fucking waste of
time
A fucking waste of money, it's a fucking waste of time
What a waste of human knowledge, what a fucking way
to die

There ain't no fucking truth in the inspector's files
As he walks down the death corridors, he covers his
sighs with smiles
He sees the pain and agony but remembering his
position
He's got his place, just another face but he's just not
paid to question

He thinks it's rather funny because he's earning lots of
money
When his eyes are forced aside as out slides another
trolley
Another tray of corpses, unlabeled and unmentioned
But it's no good asking why, why because they never
fucking listen

So, liberate

Animal testing to detect thalidomide
Torturing and killing while there's loads more things to
try
The suffering and the pain, the excruciating pain
It all goes over and over gain

This fucking witchcraft won't solve anything
For it's the same experiment over and over again
Over and over again, again

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