

Style Council

"A Gospel"

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Handed down from fathers to sons
Was the hatred of weakness and the love of guns
A talk of peace but not in our time
To save our souls and stop the crime

Onwards and upwards but going nowhere
So how many now truthfully swear
That they do no evil, see no wrong
The ad-mass agents, the writers of song
The bankers, the poets, the modern day seers
Clouding an issue that was never quite clear

Sent through the ages of boy to man
The living testament of making a stand
Killing the wicked then raising the dead
Eating propaganda and shit spoon fed

Grasping for wisdom, but thick all the same
So how many innocents now can claim
That they play with fire and get burnt
And through the same mistakes never get learnt
Hoping for a time it will fall to place
Faith shall show as our saving grace

Handed down from God with love
Was the whole wide world and some above
But not content to share the land
Greed was shown the winning hand

And those whose greed was the strongest of all
Took upon themselves to lead the call
That some must work while other rest
Without the question of what is best
The leaders, the losers and the kings
Pass the rifle butt that tyranny brings

Passed on over to the chosen few

Was the promise of freedom with a breadline queue
Ghetto's, gateaux and eating it too
Forcing it all down with a cola brew

The first amendment and the hunt for reds

A conscious contradiction with something said
That they see no evil with eyes shut tight
A cocaine culture that offers no fight
Dragged from birth, drugged to death
The common excuse is just being yourself

Hand us down before it's too late
The strength and wisdom to change our state
Governed by evil and all it will bring
I can't wait for the day they do the lamppost swing

And no mercy should they be shown
For you cannot reason with the devil's own
They say, they hear no evil, hands clasped tight
To shut out the victims' screams of ol' Uncle Sam fights
He sweats and he strains as his boney frame comes

Into the womb of an innocent one

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