

The Anarchists Pogo Party

"Punk Will Die"

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Fight as one in their eyes pigs taught how to terrorise
No one claims to organise sit back and enjoy the ride

Break a rule they take your head
Force the protest march to bed
Kill the man who never said all I believe in is dead

We don't like your grinning face
We don't need your saving grace
We don't want to be replaced
You make us all share this space

Are we marching out of time will it ever cross the line
You think everything is fine so take your life I'll keep mine
Satan dancing on my name like it's just a fucking game
Jesus only wants the fame
Punk is dead and you're to blame

Write another shitty song
Use the same four chord sarong
Make it rhyme like everyone don't use words like
volavon

Open open eleven times nine it's question time
How much will we pay
MP's expenses don't mean shit to me
Burn your temple your redundancy is all I want
Hung by your greed anarchy is lost
Seek permission to protest on the green kill the monarch

Take the chair and burn your fucking flag
Deaf from the sky five more syllables
You shake the filthy hand of the devil
This mass debate

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