I'm an SAS hit squad assassin. Protector of the state Protecting those in power from the terrorist cowards. Eliminati on's the game

Fulfilling Government aims and regulations. Our political war a gainst you

We are the enemy that's plain to see; we're watching you're eve ry move

Self disciplined? Who dares shall win? Terrifying? Or am I...?

The man next door? Your brother in law? Who's away working on the oilrigs?

The long distance lorry driver from on the corner? No one seems to know who he is

I could be the meter reader, or the temporary postman. Pushing greetings through the family door?

That's for us to know and you to guess, but make no mistakes, this is war

Self disciplined? Killing machine? But that's not the same? That's what you think?

Well here's a message to you, you are wrong

Can't you see you head strong super gobshite git? That as your bullets rip a mother's heart?

Each time you kill or maim again and again, your actions ignite a spark?

The flames then burn so fiercely, fuelled by anger from those w ho have nothing left!

Contradictions - superstitions - old traditions, in Northern Ir eland your Government's guilty of theft