

One Nation Under the Bomb

Conflict

Four minutes left in the game to play
Since that day in forty-five we've never had a say
Was it solution to combat the right?
Or just to stay ahead in the never-ending fight
The president's plaything in the name of Manhattan
Just another Hiroshima for him to flatten
The protest signs are spread across the earth
But will the protests pay their worth?
They keep us at bay with piles of businessmen's excuses
Planning hard, they've got us bored, but our blood will run like
juices
How long left now? The hands tick by
Will we get our answers to what, where or why?
Who'll press the button? Who'll start the war?
Who'll survive the slaughter? Who'll perish on the floor?
The part you play in this fucked up set leads to the overhead threat
you'll never forget
The times up now, no protest crowd
Just have you got your final shroud?
It's coming now. Now! Now! Now