

The Serenade Is Dead

Conflict

She wakes up in the morning; the sun is shining in her face
She turns her head around; she shares the blanket on which the
love embraced

She looks out of the window; it's a lovely day outside
She tells herself that things are fine, he pulls the sheets to
cover his eyes

The essence of the fresh air, that garden held the love affair
Thinking back their minds are torn in muddle and confusion
So far away another sits, who tries to make the best of it
He don't know quite what's hit him, it's another love illusion
He gazes in his empty room eyes fixed upon her picture
The loneliness, dejectedness, God how the fuck he's missed her
His eyes turn turn to the window, the military roar by
He wonders how much hatred could evolve out of the sky
What God had done for peace on earth, what man destroyed from d
ay of birth

They are concerned with feelings; they're just ashamed to cry
And one mans plan to push the button makes other sacrifice
The serenade is dead and now the only question's why?
Why when we are young, we're told it's right to love
Told it's human nature and that comes from God above
As time moves on we realise that we all look from the pit
While a plan hangs above us, to keep us in the shit
Because the minute we are born, we're told what's right and wro
ng

Raised with certain morals, never mentioned in their songs
As we grow up, we find out that the paths been neatly set
In a world of such destruction, we only can regret
Regret that is the word of it, as we look for our way out of it
Why can't they understand we don't want any part of it?
The pain they create everyday, that just ain't gonna go away
We've got to stick together, but still you're asking why?
The system stands strong, as our movement starts to crumble
The pressure we once held, has just turned into a rumble
They've got us where they want us, and you all just accept that
Well don't you think its time; we started to hit back
They are the enemy; they want a rope around your neck
And if they will go that far, then what the fuck is next?
Forget the revolution, we've heard it all before
Heard all of the promises of nineteen-eighty-four
Its an impossible task, "oh yes", it stands before us all
Well maybe you'll believe it when your back's against the wall