

Terrorvision, Oblivion

If all the people in the world camped out in your back garden,
Would you write and tell the king or would you grab a tent and join 'em,
I can see that all the possibilities for freedom,
Could just sway your first decision to subject them all to oblivion.

And do you feel your life is threatened by fabricated stories,
Dreamt up by the sons of campers that you killed back in the forties,
I could see that all the possibilities for conflict,
Could just back up your decision to subject them all to oblivion.

I can't stand the things that they do to me,
I won't wait for Jesus to prove to me.

When all the people in the world move out of your back garden,
Would you celebrate the passing of your life as Mr. Badman,
You could see that all the possibilities in peacetime,
Should force a new decision don't subject them all to oblivion.

I can't stand the things that they do to me,
I won't wait for Jesus to prove to me.
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Oh goodness, my gracious, I hope its not contagious,
Although it seems its catching it's best not to get careless.
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Although it seems its catching it's best not to get careless.

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