

# The Style Council, A Gospel

Handed down from fathers to sons  
Was the hatred of weakness and the love of guns  
A talk of peace but not in our time  
To save our souls and stop the crime  
Onwards and upwards but going nowhere  
So how many now truthfully swear  
That they do no evil - see no wrong  
The ad-mass agents, the writers of song  
The bankers, the poets, the modern day seers  
Clouding an issue that was never quite clear

Sent through the ages of boy to man  
The living testament of making a stand  
Killing the wicked then raising the dead  
Eating propaganda and shit spoon fed  
Grasping for wisdom, but thick all the same  
So how many innocents now can claim  
That they play with fire - and get burnt  
And through the same mistakes never get learnt  
Hoping for a time it will fall to place  
Faith shall show as our saving grace

Handed down from God with love  
Was the whole wide world and some above  
But not content to share the land  
Greed was shown the winning hand  
And those whose greed was the strongest of all  
Took upon themselves to lead the call  
That some must work while other rest  
Without the question of what is best  
The leaders, the losers and the kings  
Pass the rifle butt that tyranny brings

Passed on over to the chosen few

Was the promise of freedom with a breadline queue  
Ghetto's, gateaux and eating it too  
Forcing it all down with a cola brew  
The first amendment and the hunt for reds  
A conscious contradiction with something said  
That they see no evil - with eyes shut tight  
A cocaine culture that offers no fight  
Dragged from birth - drugged to death  
The common excuse is 'just being yourself'

Hand us down before it's too late  
The strength and wisdom to change our state  
Governed by evil and all it will bring  
I can't wait for the day they do the lamppost swing  
And no mercy should they be shown  
For you cannot reason with the devil's own  
They say, they hear no evil - hands clasped tight  
To shut out the victims' screams of ol' Uncle Sam fights  
He sweats and he strains as his boney frame comes -

into the womb of an innocent one