

# Crass, Birth Control

Industry on the mercenary bloodpath  
Military loves the gory warbath  
Economics shape the battle landscape  
All join together for the grand rape  
Moral intentions make a scapegoat  
Excuse the rotting corpse inside the trenchcoat  
Praise the rotting minds above the club tie  
That sits in towers up in the blue sky  
Above the clouds, obscure the scarred earth  
Discuss manoeuvres, moves for more death  
Arms make profit from the crushed head  
Build the towers up on the ditch dead  
Betrayal forms the formal skyline  
Tinted windows catch the sunshine  
Such ice cold beauty makes the heart sink  
Five thousand miles away the dead stink  
And here the graveyard to insult them  
The city shines with laughing tombstones  
The profiteers, the warcry butchers  
Stir up the lust for legal slaughter  
The living dead who look up to them  
Who accept authority the kills them  
Work for the corporation making napalm  
Workers watch the burning children  
On T.V. as they eat their meat pie  
With refusal in their minds eye  
To see their own lives in that cold death  
Their state of wealth upon that lost breath  
In the official offices of deathplan  
Leaders of men work to betray man  
Stocks and shares declare the next war  
The torture starts behind the locked door  
Propaganda tops the big desk  
Compose an overture to fine death  
The hideous grey men of our nightmares  
Dim the colour, foul the clean air  
Their eyes forsake all that they dwell on  
Drag the lover from the loved ones  
Patriots progress is a backstep  
A cruel noose around a young neck  
They teach our children in the classroom  
To respect a madman on a rostrum  
To praise the the dirty works of battle  
Bring out the ribbon, balloon and rattle  
To dig their own graves in the cold earth  
So sad and pointless now to give birth