

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