

# Crass, Don't Tell Me You Care

You shit-head slimy got it all  
You crap-eyed ghosts with greasy balls  
You wicked matron stabbing hard,  
Grabbing while the going's good  
Administrators vicious smile  
Dancing on the body pile  
Slipping your sly fingernails  
Impaling flesh on battlefields  
The decaying corpses help you up  
To your position at the top

You shit-head slimy want it all  
You bind the baby as it crawls  
And crush its head, the soft new scull  
Burst its brain and keep it dull.  
You own its mind, you murderous thief  
Grind it down with bloodied teeth  
And feed it up with national pride...  
Progress through self-sacrifice  
Not for themselves, but you, you scab  
You raid the bodies of the dead

You shit-head slimy make it all  
With dead meat dripping as you walk  
Don't talk of justice or respect  
You shit soaked armchair moralist...  
What right is yours that others lives  
Are yours to smash and kill and bind?  
It's your security that they bleed for  
Your definitions that they die for  
You stack your dead heroes with no more thought  
Than some accountant at their work

You shit-head slimy got it all  
Crap-eyes ghosts were maggots crawl  
Tired old jerk-offs with your bodyguards  
Those muscle-pimps with forty-fives  
You gutless automatic butchers  
Bullet shitting dumbhead hookers  
It's your heartless failure they protect  
While you deny the shame of your neglect  
All you can see is your brutal success  
And damn the dead and fear the mess

You shit-head greedy have it all  
You cheat and lie and jargonise  
That your success is also ours  
That what you take you take for us  
While your ambition scrapes the living dry  
And your solutions are archaic battlecries

You dead meat eyesore death pushers  
Look elsewhere for your arselickers...  
The face that stares back from the mirror  
Reflects the reality of your horror  
So don't tell me you care, shit-head  
You betray the dead as you curse life  
Eat you own shit leader of this nation  
Piss off to your Downing Street fortress  
Leave us out of your madness  
Buy your own vaseline, grease your own arse  
Shit in your own back yard, suck your own turds...  
THIS IS OUR WORLD

When you woke this morning you looked so rocky-eyed,  
Blue and white normally, but strange ringed like that in black.  
It doesn't get much better, your voice can get just ripped up shooting in vain,  
Maybe someone hears what you say, but you're still on your own at night.  
You've got to make such a noise to understand the silence.  
Screaming like a jackass, ringing ears so you can't hear the silence  
Even when it's there - like the wind seen from the window,  
Seeing it, but not being touched by it.