

# Crass, The Immortal Death

Our boys have returned as men, our men.  
Our men have returned, amen.

The spoils of war. The hero, the lads, men pulled together for war.  
Set out to fight for the Great British flag that was waved by their thousands ashore.  
Waving farewell, the girls bare it all and pull up their jumpers and skirts.  
Carried away the crowd calls for more and the men felt it worth fighting for.  
It's all gone before, sexy Sue, saucy Jane, The pin-up that's carried to battle.  
The mascot that marks in every plane, every gun, markers of death,  
Symbols of men,  
In whose name we are slaughtered like cattle.

In every good war there's a nude on the wall, to keep the men happy and straight.  
A saucy ole joke lads, it's all harmless fun, when we hit land, who shall we rape?  
Ah, the spoils of war, the knickers, the bras, momentos to give you support.  
While the bombs drop around, you fumble in dreams, with blank eyes see the corpses you've fought

Our boys have gone away, our boys,  
Our boys have gone away.  
Our men have returned all tattered and burned,  
Our men have returned, amen.

The guns point their muzzles away to the land and below deck the men throw darts  
The nipples are bullseyes, the head count for less and there's no points for hitting the heart.  
Shapely Jane, 25, said "Those lovely real he-men no red-blooded girl can deny  
Are there for the taking, but it's all so frustrating if your married and already tied";  
But bare it all girls and have all the dreams of dashing young soldiers so brave,  
Send him a garter, a cross, love ever after, for soon he will be in his grave.  
Ah, those rotting young men who all did their duty are sinking away in the sea  
And they've missed, just for them, the 'Invincible panties', displayed in The Sun, page three,

The bodies of war, the pin-up, the corpses,  
Flesh that is perfect and torn,  
The breast that is curved, that is pink and seductive,  
The breast that is ripped and laid bare,  
The beckoning arms, the legs that are parted,  
The welcoming look and the wink,  
The arms that are shredded, the legs that are no more,  
The face that is rotten and stinks.  
(The sickness of war, the men gone before, good luck and God speed you away  
The madonna is there, stripped naked and bare on the door, she will show you the way.)

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User, abuser, the conquering man makes use of spoils of war,  
Confirming the glory, the woman is raped and the soldiers rename her as 'whore',  
Their bodies are torn and disfigured in their heads life is never the same,  
From the wall saucy Sal is still smiling as the nightmare is caught in his pain,  
Her body still perfect and tempting is blistered with blood of his tears,  
His body confused and still frightened turns from the truth that he fears,  
His friends that were killed for the reason of war that is fought over lies,  
The pin-up remains ever after immortal as all around dies.

Our boys have gone away,  
Our boys, our boys have gone away.  
Our men have returned all tattered and burned,  
Our men have returned, amen, amen, AMEN.