

Gang Of Four, 5. 45

How can I sit and eat my tea,
With all that blood flowing from the television.
At a quarter to six,
I watch the news,
Eating, eating all my food
As I sit watching the red spot
In the egg which looks like
All the blood you don't see on the television.

Still body now, no movement yet
Five men lie die flat on their backs
Were they born to lie in state
Defend the ever stagnate great?

Down on the street assassinate
All of them look so desperate
Declared blood war on the bourgeois state

Watch new blood on the 18 inch screen
The corpse is a new personality
Ionic charge gives immortality
The corpse is a new personality

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Guerilla war struggle is a new entertainment
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