

Napalm Death, Armagedon X 7

Lest we forget scorched earth policies, of megaton and hydrogen, and taut muscle of an armory that flexes, to show the world we mean business!

It's all smiles and handshakes, but who moves to disarm.

We've cheapened time and evolution.

To be violently erased is non - fiction.

Those summits and peace treaties are just worthless words.

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Radium, Uranium - one more isotope to add the collection.

The age of outrage has been reasoned into submission.

And cries for peace are no longer in fashion.

I wonder if we'll see the point through cataracted eyes.

Or draw breath from irradiated lungs, and sigh as we exit times seven.