

Roger Waters, To Kill The Child

The child lay
In the starlit night
Safe in the glow of his Donald Duck light
How strange to choose to take a life
How strange to choose to kill a child
Hoover, Blaupunkt, Nissan Jeep
Nike, Addidas, Lacoste and cheaper brands
Cadillac, Amtrak, gasoline, diesel
Our standard of living, could this be a reason
That we would choose to kill the child
That we would choose to kill the child

Allah, Jehovah, Buddah, Christ
Confucius and Kali and reds, beans and rice
Goujons of sole, ris de veau, ham hocks
Lox bagels and bones and commandments in stone
The Bible, Koran, Shinto, Islam
Prosciutto, risotto, falafel and ham
Is it dogma, doughnuts, ridicule faith
Fear of the dark, or shame or disgrace
That we would choose to kill the child
That we would choose to kill the child

It's cold in the desert
And the space is too big
The rope is too short
And the walls are too thick
I will show you no weakness
I will mock you in song
Berate and deride you
Belittle and chide you
Beat you with sticks
And bulldoze your home
You can watch my triumphant procession to Rome
Best seat in the house
Up there on the cross
Is it anger or envy, profit or loss
That we would choose to kill the child
That we would choose to kill the child

Take this child and hold him closely
Keep him safe from the holy reign of terror
Take this child hold him closely
Take this child to the moral high ground
Where he can look down on the bigots and bully boys
Slugging it out in the yard