

# Skyclad, Bewilderbeast

See the brave toreador  
just look at him thrive  
Off the crowd as they roar.

For death brings a thrill  
To the everyday lives of the  
"non-com" observers  
Who gloat and chastise  
My mind can't believe we maintain  
This barbarous blood thirsty game.

In their picturesque dwellings the aristo-classes  
Spill blood that's not claret from cut-crystal glasses.  
Never once pausing to contemplate why  
For vanity's victories innocents die.

No better than bloodhounds  
Hot on the scent  
They butcher their prey  
When its' energy's spent  
My mind can't believe we maintain  
This barbarous blood thirsty game.

Please show me this "sportsman";  
You mention with pride  
With his dog to defend him  
And his gun at his side  
If courage is the one thing  
Your kind do not lack  
Then why don't you hunt something  
That can fight you back?

I see only cowardice ridden by guilt  
And your hands won't wash clean of the blood they have spilt.  
What measure of madness makes you all so ill  
That your passport to pleaseure's a licence to kill?

So I won't waste my time trying to understand why  
For vanity's victories innocents die  
'Cus you're all vicious bastards I'm sick of your crap  
So I won't bat an eyelid when it's you in the trap.  
I still can't believe we maintain  
This barbarous blood thirsty game.