

# Skyclad, Jeopardy

As the daylight starts to fade -  
Twisting shadows all around.  
Dead soldiers on parade -  
The ghosts of Porton Down.

Hidden from the public eye, "A cause for regret"  
Wrote the Brigadier-General with the chemistry set.  
"Can't be more specific - the matter's confidential,  
Links with other incidents are just coincidental."

In jeopardy - welcome to the lion's den,  
We skate on thin ice - dice with death.  
While young boys drown in seas of poison -  
We are the plagiarists of breath.

We go left right left right left -  
They're left in the right again.  
We go right left right left right -  
We've no rights left anymore.

Military science picking the locks  
Of a 20th Century Pandora's box.

A father tells a son,  
"The army makes a man of you."  
Now all vital signs are gone -  
Another joins the countless few.

Mentioned in dispatches - they tell the same old story,  
'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,"  
They listened to him screaming -  
They sat and watched him writhe,  
Taking turns observing as his body burns alive.

Rifles firing at the sky -  
As the "Last Post" starts to play.  
Young soldiers often die -  
And the truth gets filed away.

Thomas Atkins (Private 20967),  
Now reports for duty -  
He's been posted up to heaven.  
Enlisted by conscription - a participant unwilling.  
Who didn't plan to give his life for taking the "King's Shilling".

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