

Theatre of Hate, The klan

The last reel of the film
The final scene of the dream
Inside the cinema (of the blind)
The audience are twisting and screaming
Racing out over the plain
As the sun goes down
Horseflesh, seating and streaming
The ground is beaten by hooves
Astride their horses they come
In their hands firebrands
Fearmongers writing the score
Warmongers prophets for war
Who is this Klan that rides
Without their masks?
Who is this Klan that rides
Each of a different race?
Who is this Klan?
Who are they, and why these munitions?
For this no edit was made
The producer has left us alone
Trapped here in the stalls
Only the soundtrack is heard
"Munitions", the word on their lips
As they flash past the screen
The voices are growing louder
Till the projection room becomes the Plain