

X-Ray Spex, Melancholy

My mother the cow who still feeds me now is being tortured
Her son the bull who the fields should plough is being slaughtered
The human child in the womb who is never born for being unwanted
Melancholy in the Age of Kali
Melancholy in the Age of Kali
Kali Kali

My mother, the earth, man treats like dirt, her resources being exhausted
Ant-like astronauts, of the human race, scratch and scar the moon's beautiful face
My brother, the sun, he still shines on
He'll continue to shine for some time to come
Melancholy in the Age of Kali
Melancholy in the Age of Kali
Kali Kali

Lamentation Lamentation Lamentation (repeat)

Heavenly Father still waters the grains
Seems like tears fall as it rains
Little boy blue come blow on your horn
The sheeps in the meadow the cows in the corn
Oh sweet friend of mine from an ancient nursery rhyme
From a distant land once upon a time

Melancholy in the Age of Kali
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