

# 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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