

# Amebix, Spoils Of Victory

Look to the north, look to the east, look to the west and south  
On all horizons storm clouds loom and roll across the sky  
The river bursts its banks and vomits soil into the mouth  
As thunder breaks the silence, a young child cries!

Between the night and the days first light the leaders made a pact  
To raise the rotting corpse of war and set the wheels in motion  
The stage a heaving battlefield would support the final act  
While the authors hide in satellites or forts beneath the ocean

And in this play We're cast as fools  
To blindly play By others' rules

Now the dust has settled and the stench completely clear  
Then return the victors to claim their wretched crown  
But from the fleshheaps of the slain, there comes no cheer  
Their game is over, the chips are down

You arrived like a breath from the angel of death  
Famine, disease and a life on your knees, guaranteed  
When you put them in power