

Crass, Arlington 73

-D'ya know what I just realized?

-Hm

He ain't thick, its just a trick

-Ya that's good

-Hm

-Should we uhh play the whole lot now?

Their arms have been steel
Their blood, the oil of machinery
Their bodies are the ballast of war
Their souls are the blast of it
The power, the trickle of hope
The dreamy eyed bodies of lost time

Too many to respect
Too many to feel
Too many to know
Too many to remember

The distorted and the burnt
And the scarred
And the torn
And the squashed
And the cut
And the forgotten

Body, and flesh, and energy
The last makings of the future
Upon green banks of unseen battlefields
How quaint a tribute to such savage slaughter
Those young boys have been denied
The chance to realize and to become
They, too might have been standing here
I carry these bodies from the poppy fields
I lay them before you
Is this shame that you, too shall rot