

# Crass, Berkertex Bribe

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The object unsoiled is packed ready and waiting,  
For the moment of truth in this spiritual mating.  
The object unsoiled is packed ready and waiting,  
To be owned, to be cherished, to be fucked for the naming.  
The public are shocked by the state of society,  
But as for you, you're a breath of purity.  
Well don't give me your morals, they're filth in my eyes,  
You can pack them away with the rest of your lies.  
Your painted mask of ugly perfection,  
The ring on your finger, the sign of protection,  
Is the rape on page 3, it the soldiers obsession,  
How well you've been caught to support your oppression.  
One god. One church. One husband. One wife.

Sordid sequences in brilliant life,  
Supports and props and punctuation  
To our flowing realities and realisations.  
We're talking with words that have been used before  
To describe us as goddesses, mother and whores,  
To describe us as women, describe us as men,  
To set out the rules of this ludicrous game,  
And it's played very carefully, a delicate balance,  
A masculine/feminine perfect alliance.  
Does the winner take all? What love in your grasping?  
What vision is left and is anyone asking?  
What vision is left and is anyone asking?

She's a Berkertex bribe... Bribe. Bribe...