

Crass, Where Next Columbus?

Anothers hope, anothers game,
Anothers loss, anothers gain,
Anothers lies, anothers truth,
Anothers doubt, anothers proof.
Anothers left, anothers right,
Anothers peace, anothers fight,
Anothers name, anothers aim,
Anothers fall, anothers fame.
Anothers pride, anothers shame,
Anothers love, anothers pain,
Anothers hope, anothers game,
Anothers loss, anothers gain.
Anothers lies, anothers truth,
Anothers doubt, anothers proof.
Anothers left, anothers right,
Anothers peace, anothers fight.

Marx had an idea from the confusion of his head,
Then there were a thousand more waiting to be led.
The books are sold, the quotes are bought,
You learn them well and then you're caught.
Anothers left, anothers right,
Anothers peace, anothers fight.

Mussolini had an idea from the confusion of his heart,
Then there were a thousand more waiting to play their part.
The stage was set, the costumes worn
And anothers empire of destruction born.
Anothers name, anothers aim,
Anothers fall, anothers fame.

Jung had an idea from the confusion of his dream,
Then there were a thousand more waiting to be seen.
You're not yourself the theory says,
But I can help, your complex pays.
Anothers hope, anothers game,
Anothers loss, anothers gain.

Sartre had an idea from the confusion of his brain,
Then there were a thousand more indulging in his pain,
Revelling in isolation and existential choice;
Can you trully be alone when you use anothers voice?
Anothers lies, anothers truth,
Anothers doubt, anothers proof.

The idea born in someones mind
Is nurtured by a thousand blind
Anonymous beings, vacuous souls,
Do you fear the confusion, your lack of control?
You lift your arm to write a name,
So caught up in the identity game.
Who do you see? Who do you watch?
Who's your leader? Which is your flock?
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?
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Who do you watch? Who do you watch?
Who's your leader? Which is your flock?
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Who's your leader? Which is your flock?

Einsten had an idea from the confusion of his knowledge,
Then there were a thousand more turning to advantage.

They realised that their god was dead,
So they reclaimed power through the bomb instead.
Anothers code, anothers brain,
They'll shower us all in deadly rain,

Jesus had an idea from the confusion of his soul,
Then there were a thousand more waiting to take control.
The guilt is sold, forgiveness bought,
The cross is there as your reward.
Anothers love, anothers pain,
Anothers pride, anothers shame.

Do you watch at a distance from the side you have chosen?
Whose answers serve you best? Who'll save you from confusion?
Who will leave you an exit and a comfortable cover?
Who will take you so near their edge, but never drop you over?
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?
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