

# Hawkwind, Death Of War

(Brock Rowntree)

Ebbing eyesight in chlorine clouds  
stealing away barbed wire shrouds  
mowed down in mud by machine gun fire  
trapped and strangled in barbed wire  
silent nights smashed as big guns fill bodies full of shrapnel  
in their crusade to kill  
Far away, politicians, glasses of port  
meet in a toast to a war they've not fought  
Holy fire directed and idly discussed  
manufacturing hatred, engineering distrust  
trading clarity for confusion,  
the ruthless powerlust.  
with those on the battlefield fallen down everywhere  
and that is their wine, has good body and it is red  
draining away forever like the blood of those dead.