

Henry Cow, War

"Invocation:"

Tell of the birth

Tell how war appeared on earth

Thunder and herbs

Conjugated sacred Verbs

Musicians with gongs

Fertilised an egg with song

Asleep in the sphere

Her foetus was a Knot of fear.

She butted with her horn

Split an egg and war was born

A miracle of hate

She banged her spoon against her plate.

Upon her spoon this motto

Wonderfully designed:

"Violence completes the partial mind."

Stacking the bones

On the empty aerodrome

Tinted turtle green

She haunts the slender submarine

She shakes her gory locks

Over the deserted docks

Come follow me

Out of dark obscurity

Follow my torch

Pilgrims at the double march

Through meadows & seas

Abattoirs and libraries

The pilgrims increase

Boasting they are led by peace

They gut huts with gusto

Pillage villages with verve

War does what she has to

People get what they deserve.