

Interference, Nowhere

I've heard them the orange drums
Rapping out the battle cry
Metaphoric guns cracking in July
Then the crucifixes and the beads
And the twisted hands weaving Brigid's reeds
Recalling the black and tans
Round the cemetery by the church
Flowers of hatred bloom
While the living march
To a dead piper's tune

I've heard them the orange drums
Rapping out the battle cry
Metaphoric guns cracking in July
Then the crucifixes and the beads
And the twisted hands weaving Brigid's reeds
Recalling the black and tans
Their dreams are old and senile
As the wreath marks the end of another life
The men in black shoot their salute
As the crowd turn from the wife
And the Prime Minister and the Brits go back
To where the others came from
Another death is offered to God
Belfast wakes to another dawn