Spoils of Victory

Amebix

Look to the north, look to the east, look to the west and south On all horizons storm clouds loom and roll across the sky The river bursts its banks and vomits soil into the mouth As thunder breaks the silence, a young child cries!

Between the night and the days first light the leaders made a p act

To raise the rotting corpse of war and set the wheels in motion The stage a heaving battlefield would support the final act While the authors hide in sattelites or forts beneath the ocean

And in this play We're cast as fools To blindly play By others' rules

Now the dust has settled and the stench completely clear Then return the victors to claim their wretched crown But from the fleshheaps of the slain, there comes no cheer Their game is over, the chips are down

You arrived like a breath from the angel of death Famine, disease and a life on your knees, guaranteed When you put them in power