

# Requiem

Arthur Brown

The missile is dead  
The missile is dead  
What shall we do in our nakedness?

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The missile is dead  
What shall we do in our nakedness?

Beautiful machine  
Guardian of space and time  
Your voice was feared  
To the very ends of the earth

Swift arbitrator  
Final judge and executioner  
You absolved us of guilt  
Yours is the arm that kills

Your mercy was unfathomable  
You were the peacemaker  
Of strength and protector  
Whose presence guaranteed our future

Here in the dark Earth please hide me  
You are my lover my mother my brother  
Anything will hold me and hide me  
Oh, don't let me find me  
Your cold bosom is warming my chill

Keep him on the drip-feed  
(Lie still)  
Keep him on the drip-feed  
(Lie still)  
Keep him on the drip-feed  
(Lie still)  
We're alone now

Swift arbitrator  
Final judge and executioner  
You absolved us of guilt  
Yours is the arm that kills

Your mercy was unfathomable  
You were the peacemaker  
Of strength and protector  
Whose presence guaranteed our future

(Missile is dead  
Missile is dead)

Peace is such a flimsy state of affairs