

## WHERE NEXT COLUMBUS

Crass

Others hope, others game,  
Others loss, others gain,  
Others lies, others truth,  
Others doubt, others proof.  
Others left, others right,  
Others peace, others fight,  
Others name, others aim,  
Others fall, others fame.  
Others pride, others shame,  
Others love, others pain,  
Others hope, others game,  
Others loss, others gain.  
Others lies, others truth,  
Others doubt, others proof.  
Others left, others right,  
Others peace, others fight.

Marx had an idea from the confusion of his head,  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to be led.  
The books are sold, the quotes are bought,  
You learn them well and then you're caught.  
Others left, others right,  
Others peace, others fight.

Mussolini had an idea from the confusion of his heart,  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to play their part.  
The stage was set, the costumes worn  
And others empire of destruction born.  
Others name, others aim,  
Others fall, others fame.

Jung had an idea from the confusion of his dream,  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to be seen.  
You're not yourself the theory says,  
But I can help, your complex pays.  
Others hope, others game,  
Others loss, others gain.

Sartre had an idea from the confusion of his brain,  
Then there were a thousand more indulging in his pain,  
Revelling in isolation and existential choice;  
Can you truly be alone when you use others voice?  
Others lies, others truth,  
Others doubt, others proof.

The idea born in someones mind  
Is nurtured by a thousand blind  
Anonymous beings, vacuous souls,  
Do you fear the confusion, your lack of control?  
You lift your arm to write a name,  
So caught up in the identity game.  
Who do you see? Who do you watch?  
Who's your leader? Which is your flock?  
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?  
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?  
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?  
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?

Who's your leader? Which is your flock?  
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Who's your leader? Which is your flock?

Einsten had an idea from the confusion of his knowledge,  
Then there were a thousand more turning to advantage.  
They realised that their god was dead,  
So they reclaimed power through the bomb instead.  
Anothers code, anothers brain,  
They'll shower us all in deadly rain,

Jesus had an idea from the confusion of his soul,  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to take control.  
The guilt is sold, forgiveness bought,  
The cross is there as your reward.  
Anothers love, anothers pain,  
Anothers pride, anothers shame.

Do you watch at a distance from the side you have chosen?  
Whose answers serve you best? Who'll save you from confusion?  
Who will leave you an exit and a comfortable cover?  
Who will take you so near their edge, but never drop you over?  
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?  
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