

# Thirty Thousand Milk Bottles

James Dean Bradfield

Thirty thousand bottles  
In a generation's hands  
Holding all consistent  
Clutching cold nourishment

Thirty thousand bottles  
In a generation's hands  
Thirty thousand milk bottles  
For this is our demand

Thirty thousand bottles  
Shall remember the love  
Pouring back justice  
From all that was caught  
Reclaiming lives from the damned  
For this is our land  
For this is our land

Thirty thousand bottles  
One for each lonely death  
They must not be in vain  
For the memory of the dispossessed

Thirty thousand bottles  
They must not be in vain  
Forever they shall, they shall remain

Thirty thousand bottles

Building beliefs and bones  
A shared understanding  
Beneath their gilded thrones

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