Bloodsports

New Model Army

There are boxes packed with bullets,
there are crates all stacked with boxes
There are uniforms and hardware,
there are meals all wrapped in plastic
Through the night the ships are loading,
every night these ships are loading
Beneath the glare of the burning floodlights
and the dancing of the swarmed mosquitoes

And into the fire and the blood red sun
the old and rich still send the young men
Into a world of twisted steel
and the acrid smell of metal burning
And on the streets of hometown now,
we watch each other as if we're strangers
But say it loud, scream it loud: I am not at war

He says: this body I have been given
shall be returned unto its maker
Beneath my clothes these secrets hidden,
the sacrifice that I have to offer
By the checkpoint there are
soldiers and the cypress branches waving
And the light is hard as glass
and the sky is blue and cool and waiting

And into the fire and the blood red sun
the old and rich still send the young men
Into a world of twisted steel
and the acrid smell of metal burning
And on the streets of hometown now,
we watch each other as if we're strangers
But say it loud, scream it loud: I am not at war

These stupid empty words could all be written
on the cold pale skin
Of the dead laid out in shallow graves
along the road of bombed out palm trees

And in the corners of the bars and cafes,
in every town, in every nation
There are these blood-sports on the TVs
and the loaded toneless voices
There are cameras by the gravesides
and in the executioners' chambers
There are cameras high above us
 to guide the missiles down from the heavens

And into the fire and the blood red sun
the old and rich still send the young men
Into a world of twisted steel and the acrid smell of oil burning
And on the streets of hometown now,
we watch each other just like strangers
But say it loud, scream it loud: I am not at war

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