

As the daylight starts to fade -
Twisting shadows all around.
Dead soldiers on parade -
The ghosts of Porton Down.

Hidden from the public eye, "A cause for regret"
Wrote the Brigadier-General with the chemistry set.
"Can't be more specific - the matter's confidential,
Links with other incidents are just coincidental."

In jeopardy - welcome to the lion's den,
We skate on thin ice - dice with death.
While young boys drown in seas of poison -
We are the plagiarists of breath.

We go left right left right left -
They're left in the right again.
We go right left right left right -
We've no rights left anymore.

Military science picking the locks
Of a 20th Century Pandora's box.

A father tells a son,
"The army makes a man of you."
Now all vital signs are gone -
Another joins the countless few.

Mentioned in dispatches - they tell the same old story,
'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,'
They listened to him screaming -
They sat and watched him writhe,
Taking turns observing as his body burns alive.

Rifles firing at the sky -
As the "Last Post" starts to play.
Young soldiers often die -
And the truth gets filed away.

Thomas Atkins (Private 20967),
Now reports for duty -
He's been posted up to heaven.
Enlisted by conscription - a participant unwilling.
Who didn't plan to give his life for taking the "King's Shilling".

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