

# Blood

## The Astronauts

In the hemisphere of hypothesis  
A simple sort of chap can get down on his knees  
No linguist can decipher the strange aching tone  
So it's straight together to the tower we march  
Our eyes all reddened and our tinsils are parched  
Faded banners bearing slogans of peace  
As a decadent loser assures our release  
And in the Indies, in the Andes, in Zimbabwe, and in Asia  
There is blood

As conditions on an island look bleak  
The rich and the strong crush the poor and the weak  
When the money's gone and you're out of grace  
Do you seek comfort in a violent embrace  
So to the parliament together we'll run  
Now the laws of the land can be changed by a gun  
The gentry of old with their feudal tradition  
Are sitting0duck targets for live ammunition  
And in the ghetto, in the front line, in the police force, in W  
est-minster  
When the talking's abandoned  
There always is blood

A man can be walking alone down the road  
As the rockets and mortars in Bahrein explode  
In the corner a gaggle of whispering heads  
That bastard looks weird, let's go slice him to shreads  
So they came up behind and lifted his scarf  
He didn't turn round, but pretended to laugh  
Shoved the knife into the base of his spine  
They twisted it round 'til the blood flowed like wine  
And on the corner, in the bedroom, in your localc, in the class  
room  
In the most domestic affair, there is blood

In the whipping, in the beating, in the sordid board room meeti  
ng,  
In the most intellectual crisis there is blood  
But we're conditioned, stuff your welfare,  
Don't need no sympathy, no education,  
We're the new superhumans and now we want blood