

"And so it came to pass that a flag flew in every window and widows handed poppies out in the square... And squares were bashed and majors barked and marching music laughed from the airwaves. The waves were there to rule again. We had the ambition. We had the ammunition... A mission in the name of God... In the name of "democracy", demo-crazy. Die down! Lie down! You forfeited your right to survive.

I clutched at your sleeve and we danced in the fire. Just a pair of spastic swingers on a melting plastic floor... But you crumbled in my hands as I fumbled in your blouse, slipping through my fingers to my feet. It felt like mustard -- hot like custard.

And in the dust that was once an arm, a kra-zee wrote the 13th Psalm. The final gesture.... He did it with calm precision, he dotted every eye. A lullaby for lovers on the last day.

Paying last respects with cups of poison... Pointed passive at the blood sky... Lying lifeless at their doors. Clawing craters in the shelters. Helter-skelter in the lift shafts, blasting brains out in the dark. LIE DOWN!! Lie down!

"Crime is crime is crime" [Thatcher's voice]

A dog defaced a baby; knawed a rattle, smashed a pram. He was yelping wildly in a vacuum. No-one really gave a damn. They were thinking only of themselves... Yes, they searched for a release. They hid in cupboards, under tables; they cabled Jesus, called the police.

And the radio screams out, "We're winning!" And about how the loss was minimal and how the gallant sacrifice will live on in memorials, and how we'll respect again. We're no playground anymore. You cannot keep this country down for long, because we win so many fucking wars ---/