

The Cholera Well

The Levellers

Down, down, come on down
Follow me down to the cholera well

Senator come take my hand
Here feel the flames you have fanned
A blood-red symphony in sand
Remember that Jonestown smell
It could have been Afghanistan
The slow destruction of Sudan
Not to be found in published plans
A covert genocide

By night the US planes descend
Deals are struck with pay-roll friends
An arms bazaar that never ends
And the Russians land by morning
The militia-men are throwing dice
For a days handful of beans and rice Wiring an old soviet device
Like a claymore mine

When everything is blown to hell
They'll sit down by the cholera well
And drink its poison from mortar shells Fired-off that day
Can you feel the stomach cramps?
Two million in internment camps
We're complicit in our negligence
Of all of these holocausts