

The Words That Maketh Murder

Death and the Penguin

I've seen and done things I want to forget
I've seen soldiers fall like lumps of meat
Blown and shot out beyond belief
Arms and legs were in the trees
I've seen and done things I want to forget
Coming from an unearthly place
Longing to see a woman's face
Instead of the words that gather pace
The words that maketh murder
These, these, these are the words
The words that maketh murder
These, these, these are the words
The words that maketh murder
These, these, these are the words
The words that maketh murder
These, these, these are the words, murder
These, these, these are the words
The words that maketh murder
These, these, these are the words
The words that maketh murder
I've seen and done things I want to forget
(These, these, these are the words)
(The words that maketh murder)
I've seen a corporal whose nerves were shot
(These, these, these are the words)
(The words that maketh murder)
Climbing behind the fierce, gone sun
(These, these, these are the words)
(The words that maketh murder)
I've seen flies swarming everyone
(These, these, these are the words)
(The words that maketh murder)
Soldiers fell like lumps of meat
(These, these, these are the words)
(The words that maketh murder)
These are the words, the words are these
(These, these, these are the words)
Death lingering stunk
Flies swarming everyone

Over the whole summit peak
Flesh quivering in the heat
This was something else again
I fear it cannot be explained
The words that make
The words that make murder

What if I take my problem to the United Nations?
What if I take my problem to the United Nations?
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