Berkshire Cunt

Conflict

Filled with love and compassion. As she fixes her make-up for a day of fun
He reads the news, it depresses her. With reports of death by bomb and gun
Astride their horses in the winter lanes. They smile at nature with tenderness
They hear the call, hold hands with pride. And look down at the bloody messAnd civilized upright citizens grin, as the dog's teeth tear at shrieking skin
This ain't savagery; it's jolly old culture. As they stand and wait for death like vultures
She laughs as the bloody fur's flying. Re-applies her lipstick as the animals crying
He claims the tail as privileged prize. And kicks the mangled corpse asideThe time has come when we all must turn around and start to think
No more standing in the corner. Question the missing link
The link that created the misery and pain. That sees the mistakes, but then makes them again
You've heard it once; you'll hear it again. Your blood, their blood serves the same
There they stand and there they grin. Never thinking or questioning
"Why blood of innocents must be spilt". They smile but they can't hide their guilt
That their life is built upon a pile of bodies. Slaughtered animals? Slaughtered squaddies?
The pleasure they take from another's death. Hides the truth that murder feeds their wealthShe smiles at him as dead eyes stare. He takes her hand and strokes her hair
His fingertips soaked in misery are the mark of aristocracy
And the broken form lying in the ditch. The handiwork of the dog and bitch
Bears the label of decency. The honour given so graciouslyAnd backs are slapped in celebration. The success of extermination
Freedom maintained so humanely. As they wipe their hands of blame so bravely
Back at home she wears the fur that proves his precious love for her
Death and glory on her shoulders sit. As the master takes what's rightfully his
Murder is committed in the guise of sport. Ripping flesh is given no thought
Glasses are raised in dedication. The crime is given a justification
Heart beats faster, eyes wide and staring. Death comes whistling cold, uncaring
Slaughtered animals, slaughtered squaddies. Their wealth is built from murdered bodies
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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