

Spoils of Victory

Amebix

Look to the north, look to the east, look to the west and south
On all horizons storm clouds loom and roll across the sky
The river bursts its banks and vomits soil into the mouth

As thunder breaks the silence, a young child cries! Between the night and the days first light the leaders made a pact

To raise the rotting corpse of war and set the wheels in motion
The stage a heaving battlefield would support the final act

While the authors hide in satellites or forts beneath the ocean And in this play We're cast as fools

To blindly play By others' rules Now the dust has settled and the stench completely clear

Then return the victors to claim their wretched crown
But from the fleshheaps of the slain, there comes no cheer
Their game is over, the chips are down

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