BERKERTEX BRIBE

Crass

Berkertex bride or Berkertex bribe?
The object unsoiled is packed ready and waiting
For the moment of truth in this spiritual mating
The object unsoiled is packed ready and waiting
To be owned, cherished, to be fucked for the naming
The public are shocked by the state of society
But as for you, you're a breath of purity
Well don't give me your morals, they're filth in my eyes
You can pack them away with the rest of your lies
The painted mask of ugly perfection
the ring on your finger, the sign of protection
Is the rape on page 3, is the soldiers obsession
How well you've been caught to support your oppression
One god. One church. One husband. One wife.
Sordid sequences in brilliant life
Supports and props and punctuation
To our flowing realities and realisations
We're talking with words that have been used before
To describe us as goddesses, mothers and whores
To describe us as women, to describe us as men
To set out the rules of the ludicrous game
And it's played ver carefully, a delicate balance
A masculine/feminine perfect alliance
Does the winner take all? What love in your grasping?
What vision is left and is anyone asking?
What vision is left and is anyone asking?
She's a berkertex bride. Bride. Bribe.

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