Someone Is Lying

Subhumans

Flowers that decay on the graves that are fresh
The problem got buried alongside the flesh
The contamination of body and soul
By nuclear waste dumped along time ago
When fther was thirty he worked for the state
Producing the weapon to keep a stalemate
Deterence by inference no one could win
Balancing power but the knife edge was thin
Father was paid so he didn't complain
But felt that it was rather a dangerous game
Producing a toy t destroy was it wrong?
But problems came up so he had to stay on
The production of waste was the problem to solve
It wouldn't evaporate, rot or dissolve
They used metal coffins to bury at sea
The nuclear raioactivity
They said it was safe for a very long time
And paid off the papers to say that was fine
And nobody worried about that anymore
They were too busy worrying about the next war...The wastage seeped out and diseases were found in the lungs of the men who worked underground
"It's coaldust, it's cancer; it's normal" they said
'Til somebody shouted "these people are dyine, someone is lying"
And Father is dead.

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