

# WHERE NEXT COLUMBUS

## Crass

Another's hope, another's game  
Another's loss, another's gain  
Another's lies, another's truth  
Another's doubt, another's proof  
Another's left, another's right  
Another's peace, another's fight  
Another's name, another's aim  
Another's fall, another's fame  
Another's pride, another's shame  
Another's love, another's pain  
Another's hope, another's game  
Another's loss, another's gain  
Another's lies, another's truth  
Another's doubt, another's proof  
Another's left, another's right  
Another's peace, another's fight

Marx had an idea from the confusion of his head  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to be led  
The books are sold, the quotes are bought  
You learn them well and then you're caught  
Another's left, another's right  
Another's peace, another's fight

Mussolini had ideas from the confusion of his heart  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to play their part  
The stage was set, the costumes worn  
And another empire of destruction born  
Another's name, another's aim  
Another's fall, another's fame

Jung had an idea from the confusion of his dream  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to be seen  
You're not yourself, the theory says  
But I can help, your complex pays  
Another's hope, another's game  
Another's loss, another's gain

Sartre had an idea from the confusion of his brain  
Then there were a thousand more indulging in his pain  
Revelling in isolation and existential choice  
Can you truly be alone when you use another's voice?  
Another's lies, another's truth

Another's doubt, another's proof  
The idea born in someone's mind  
Is nurtured by a thousand blind  
Anonymous beings, vacuous souls  
Do you fear the confusion, your lack of control?  
You lift your arm to write a name  
So caught up in the identity game  
Who do you see? Who do you watch?  
Who's your leader? Which is your flock?  
Who do you watch? Who do you watch?  
Who's your leader? Which is your flock?  
Einstein had an idea from the confusion of his knowledge  
Then there were a thousand more turning to advantage  
They realised that their god was dead  
So they reclaimed power through the bomb instead  
Another's code, another's brain  
They'll shower us all in deadly rain  
Jesus had an idea from the confusion of his soul  
Then there were a thousand more waiting to take control  
The guilt is sold, forgiveness bought  
The cross is there as your reward  
Another's love, another's pain  
Another's pride, another's shame  
Do you watch at a distance from the side you have chosen?  
Whose answers serve you best? Who'll save you from confusion?  
Who will leave you an exit and a comfortable cover  
Who will take you oh so near the edge, but never drop you over?  
Who do you watch?

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