Death of War

Hawkwind

Ebbing eyesight in chlorine clouds
Stealing away barbed wire shrouds
Mowed down in mud by machine gun fire
Trapped and strangled in barbed wire
Silent nights smashed as big guns fill bodies full of shrapnel
In their crusade to kill
Far away, politicians, glasses of port
Meet in a toast to a war they've not foughtHoly fire directed and idly discussed
Manufacturing hatred, engineering distrust
Trading clarity for confusion,
The ruthless powerlust.
Only one thing in common do leaders share
With those on the battlefield fallen down everywhere
And that is their wine, has good body and it is red
Draining away forever like the blood of those dead.

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