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 sattelites or forts beneath the oceanAnd in this play We're cast as fools
To blindly play By others' rulesNow 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 downYou arrived like a breath from the angel of death
Famine, disease and a life on your knees, guaranteed
When you put them in power

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