

Birth Control 'n' Rock 'n' Roll

Crass

Industry on the mercenary bloodpath,
Military loves the gory warbath,
Economics shape the battle landscape,
All join together for the grand rape.
Moral intentions make a scapegoat,
Excuse the rotting corpse inside the trenchcoat.
Praise the rotting minds above the club tie
That sits in towers up in the blue sky,
Above the clouds, obscure the scarred earth,
Discuss manoeuvres, moves for more death,
Arms make profit from the crushed head,
Build the towers up on the ditch head.
Betrayal forms the formal skyline,
Tinted windows catch the sunshine,
Such ice cold beauty makes the heart sink,
Five thousand miles away the dead stink.
And here the graveyard to insult them,
The city shines with laughing tombstones.
The profiteers, the warcry butchers,
Stir up the lust for legal slaughter.
The living dead who look up to them,
Who accept authority that kills them,
Work for the corporation making napalm,
Workers watch the burning children on T.V.
As they eat their meat pie
With refusal in their minds
Eye to see their own lives in that cold death,
Their state of wealth upon that lost breath.
In the official offices of deathplan
Leaders of men work to betray man.
Stocks and shares declare the next war,
The torture starts behind the locked door,
Propaganda tops the big desk.
Compose an overture to fine death.
The hideous grey men of our nightmares
Dim the colour, foul the clean air,
Their eyes forsake all that they dwell on,
Drag the lover from the loved ones.
Patriots progress is a backstep,

A cruel noose around a young neck.
They teach our children in the classroom
To respect a madman on a rostrum,
To praise the dirty works of battle,
Bring out the ribbon, balloon and rattle,
To dig their own graves in the cold earth...
So sad and pointless now to give birth.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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