Heavy Metals

Ian Anderson

RIFF-it good.I am the smith. I feed my melt-pot,
fashion carbon steely blades
while coulter and the mouldboard stab
and break the clod in forest glades.
In sultry peace and blood-raised anger,
I hammer out my forging trade.Lockheed, Fokker, Curtis, Hawker,
Avro, Gloster, Handley Page,
Colt, Beretta, Walther, Mauser,
Springfield, Ruger in a rage.
Holland, Holland, Boss and Purdey,
Woodward, Greener: golden age.
Every atom ofthe arsenal forged
in distant dying sun
in unholy Trinity now lends new
form to plough and gun.
Harry S. and Oppenheimer, Fermi,
Teller, what have you done?
And did they pray that He may guide
us in His ways, now battle's won?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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