Five Nights Of Bleeding

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Madness, madness
Madness tight on the heads of the rebels
The bitterness erup's like a heart blas'
Broke glass, ritual of blood an' a-burnin'
Served by a cruelin' fighting
5 nights of horror and of bleeding
Broke glass, cold blades as sharp as the eyes of hate
And the stabbin', it's
War amongs' the rebels
Madness, madness, warNight number one was in Brixton
Sofrano B sound system
'im was a-beatin' up the riddim with a fire
'im comin' down his reggae reggae wire
It was a sound checkin' down your spinal column
A bad music tearin' up your flesh
An' the rebels dem start a fighting
De youth dem just tun wild, it's
War amongs' the rebels
Madness, madness, warNight number two down at Sheppard's
Right up Railton road
It was a night name friday when ev'ryone was high on brew or drew(?)
A pound or two worth of Kali
Sound comin' down of the king's music iron
The riddim just bubblin' an' backfirin'
Ragin' an' risin'
When suddenly the music cut -
Steelblade drinkin' blood in darkness, it's
War amongs' the rebels
Madness, madness, warNight number three, over the river
Right outside the Rainbow
Inside James Brown was screamin soul
Outside the rebels were freezin' cold
Babylonian tyrants descended
Bounced on the brothers who were bold
So with a flick of the wris', a jab and a stab
The song of hate was sounded
The pile of oppression was vomited
And two policemen wounded
Righteous, righteous warNight number four at the blues dance, abuse dance

Two rooms packed and the pressure pushin' up
Hot, hotheads
Ritual of blood in the blues dance
Broke glass splintering, fire
Axes, blades, brain blas'
Rebellion rushin' down the wrong road
Storm blowin' down the wrong tree
And Leroy bleeds near death on the fourth night
In a blues dance, on a black rebellious night, it's
War amongs' the rebels
Madness, madness, warNight number five at the telegraph
Vengeance walk thru de doors
So slow, so smooth
So tight and ripe and -smash!
Broke glass, a bottle finds a head
And the shell of the fire heard -crack!
The victim feels fear
Finds hands, holds knife, finds throat
Oh, the stabbins and the bleedin' and the blood, it's
War amongs' the rebels
Madness, madness, war

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