Bewilderbeast

Skyclad

See the brave toreador
Just look at him thrive
Off the crowd as they roar.
For death brings a thrill
To the everyday lives of the
"non-com" observers
Who gloat and chastise
My mind can't believe we maintain
This barbarous blood thirsty game.
In their picturesque dwellings the aristo-classes
Spill blood that's not claret from cut-crystal glasses.
Never once pausing to contemplate why
For vanity's victories innocents die.
No better than bloodhounds
Hot on the scent
They butcher their prey
When its' energy's spent
My mind can't believe we maintain
This barbarous blood thirsty game.
Please show me this "sportsman"
You mention with pride
With his dog to defend him
And his gun at his side
If courage is the one thing
Your kind do not lack
Then why don't you hunt something
That can fight you back?
I see only cowardice ridden by guilt
And your hands won't wash clean of the blood they have spilt.
What measure of madness makes you all so ill
That your passport to pleaseure's a licence to kill?
So I won't waste my time trying to understand why
For vanity's victories innocents die
'Cus you're all vicious bastards I'm sick of your crap
So I won't bat an eyelid when it's you in the trap.
I still can't believe we maintain
This barbarous blood thirsty game.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/