

## 1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Anthem For Doomed Youth"

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[ music: John Lombardo/lyric: John Lombardo adapts  
Wilfred Owen ]

For whom the bells toll  
When sentenced to die  
The stuttering rifles  
Will stifle the cry  
The monstrous anger  
The fear's rapid rattle  
A desert inferno  
Kids dying like cattle

Don't tell me  
We're not prepared  
I've seen today's marine  
He's eighteen and he's eager  
He can be quite mean

No mock'ries for them  
No prayers or bells  
The demented choirs  
The wailing of shells  
The boys holding candles  
On untraveled roads  
The fear spreads like fire  
As shrapnel explodes

I think it's wrong  
To conscript our youth  
Against their will  
When plenty of our citizenry  
Really like to kill

What sign posts will lead  
To armageddon's fires  
What bugles will call them  
From crowded grey shires  
The women sit quiet  
With death on their minds  
A slow dusk descending  
The drawing of blinds

Make the hunters all line up  
It's their idea of fun  
And let those be forgiven  
Who never owned a gun  
Was it him or me  
Or the wailing of the dead  
The laughing soldiers  
Cast their lots  
And you can cut the dread

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