

## **Barnabas**

# **"Suite For The Souls Of Our Enemies"**

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Late at night I used to sit  
Alone, for one last cigarette  
Brooding over what's to come  
What in God's name have we done?  
Missiles springing up like weeds  
Doomsday subs patrol the seas  
East and west are poised to kill  
While me and Igor pay the bill

The war machine will never stop  
Dogs will fight until they drop  
From Poland to Afghanistan  
A menace to the common man  
But what about the little men  
Who have no recourse given them  
It seems unlikely they're the ones  
Whose fingers twitch on willing guns

Little man, my enemy  
What makes you so much worse than me?  
Could it be we're all the same  
Small fry in a larger game  
I believe the one to blame  
Plans his schemes in bitter flames  
Whose soldiers crushed the bourgeoisie  
To form their own plutocracy

Stalin, Trotsky, Marx and Lenin  
Scorned the blessed hope from heaven  
Pompous men with lofty schemes  
They gnash their teeth with futile screams  
But now their godless legacy  
Has festered long across the sea  
Implanted in the tender youth  
They come to know the lie as truth

So Holy Father hear my cry  
For untold millions doomed to die  
Without You, when the rockets roar  
Hurling them through satan's door

Late at night I sit and pray

Not always certain what to say  
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men" ?  
Or "crush them Lord, they're better dead"?

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