

Country Joe & The Fish "An Untitled Protest"

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Red and swollen tears tumble from her eyes
While cold silver birds who came to cruise the skies
Send death down to bend and twist her tiny hands
And then proceed to target "B" in keeping with their
plans
Khaki priests of Christendom interpreters of love
Ride a stone Leviathan across a sea of blood
And pound their feet into the sand of shores they've
never seen
Delegates from the western land to join the death
machine
And we send cards and letters.
The oxen lie beside the road their bodies baked in mud

And fat flies chew out their eyes then bathe themselves
in blood
And super heroes fill the skies, tally sheets in hand
Yes, keeping score in times of war takes a superman
The junk crawls past hidden death it's cargo shakes
inside
And soldier children hold their breath and kill them as
they hide
And those who took so long to learn the subtle ways of
death
Lie and bleed in paddy mud with questions on their
breath
And we send prayers and praises.

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