

Linton Kwesi Johnson

"Five Night Bleeding"

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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, war
Night 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, war
Night 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, war
Night 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 war
Night number four at the blues dance, abuse dance
Two rooms packed and the pressure pushin' up
Hot, hotheads
Ritual of blood

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