

## **Linton Kwesi Johnson**

### **"Five Nights of Bleeding"**

Visit "[Five Nights of Bleeding](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 in the blues dance  
Broke glass splintering, fire  
Axes, blades, brain blas'  
Rebellion rushin' down the wrong road  
Storm blowin' down the wrong tree  
And Leroy bleeds near death on the fourth night  
In a blues dance, on a black rebellious night, it's  
War amongs' the rebels  
Madness, madness, war

Night number five at the telegraph  
Vengeance walk thru de doors  
So slow, so smooth  
So tight and ripe and -smash!  
Broke glass, a bottle finds a head  
And the shell of the fire heard -crack!  
The victim feels fear  
Finds hands, holds knife, finds throat  
Oh, the stabbins and the bleedin' and the blood, it's  
War amongs' the rebels  
Madness, madness, war

Visit [Linton Kwesi Johnson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.