

## Crashdog

### "Yes Sir, I Will"

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The door stands open -  
Across lines, invisible hands are held, golden  
streamers building in the night.  
Alone, the possibilities are enormous.  
Step outside and parasites, deprived of their meat,  
wait to suck on tiring flesh,  
Unending statistics that fatten leaders, prisoners of  
their morality.  
Afraid of death, we can not save ourselves.  
To breathe is not enough.

Yes sir, I Will.

When you woke this morning you looked so rocky-eyed,  
Blue and white normally, but strange ringed like that in  
black.  
It doesn't get much better, your voice can get just  
ripped up shouting in vain,  
Maybe someone hears what you say, but you're still on  
your own at night.  
You've got to make such a noise to understand the  
silence,  
Screaming like a jackass, ringing ears so you can't  
hear the silence  
Even when it's there. Like the wind seen from the  
window,  
Seeing it but not being touched by it.

\*

Words sometimes don't seem to mean much;  
Of anyone we've used more than most.  
Feelings from the heart that have been distorted and  
mocked,  
Thrown around in the spectacle, the grand social  
circus.

\*

Up against the rows of grey robots who control our  
lives  
The things we have to offer sometimes seem so frail.  
As they plan destruction and gain respectability,

We offer our creativity and are made outcasts.

\*

We didn't expect to find ourselves playing this part,  
We were concerned with ideas, not rock and roll,  
But we can't avoid that arena,  
It's become a part of us even if we don't understand it.

\*

In attempts to moderate they ask why we don't write  
love songs.  
What is it that we sing then?  
Our love of life is total, everything we do is an  
expression of that,  
Everything that we write is a love song.

\*

We look for alternatives,  
But the enormous power of the media makes it so  
difficult  
To establish foundations. Their lies and distortions are  
so extreme  
That everything becomes poisoned and corrupted.  
We can become media personalities, but it is always on  
their terms.  
We're tired of living up to other people's expectations  
when our own are so much higher.  
Intelligence seems so easily dismissed when it doesn't  
conform to mainstream values.  
Lennon said "They hate you if you're clever and they  
despise a fool",  
He was right. Social intelligence merely requires  
agreement and compromise.

\*

The boundaries are becoming narrower as the State  
becomes more paranoid.  
Under authoritarian rule, conformity becomes the only  
security.  
Fear is a powerful weapon against human  
development.  
Cowering in our temples of self there's little chance of  
change;  
The State is aware of that. The bomb serves many  
functions.  
If fear of the omnipotent God is no more,  
The nuclear Father will govern with his shepherd's  
crook,  
Drawing his flock closer to the valley of the shadow of  
death.

\*

Those of us who stand out against the status quo  
Do so against all odds.  
We cling so closely together  
Because we have little other than ourselves.  
Critics say that it's just punk rock or that we're just  
naive anarchists.  
They hope to discredit us with their labels and  
definitions.  
Throughout history societies have condemned those  
who are later celebrated as heroes,  
In so many bourgeois homes Van Gogh's sunflowers  
radiate from the walls,  
Yet he lived in utter misery, condemned by those very  
same people.  
Why is it that the kind and gentle are subjected to  
violence and ridicule?  
How is it that the small and mealy-minded have gained  
so much power?  
What perversion has taken place that we are governed  
by fools?

\*

We've had problems from self-appointed Gods from  
Bishops to MPs.  
They've tried to ban our records saying that we're a  
threat to decent society.  
Fuck them. I hope we are.  
What kind of depraved idiot thinks they can silence  
others by denying them their voice?  
For fucks sake, who are these lobotomists?  
As if walls only had one side.  
Whispered intimacies might not get through,  
But cries of anguish know no barriers.  
But how long do we shout for?  
Denied the airwaves, we trust in the wind to carry what  
we say.  
But sometimes we've found ourselves shouting into the  
wind  
When we should have been confiding in each other.  
It seems so absurd that we are denied the chance of  
ever being truly free.  
The terrible inequalities of the peoples of this earth  
Make freedom at best a dream, at worst an insulting  
privilege.  
What space is there for self-expression and personal  
development  
When over half the world's population is starving?  
There are so many things that might have been done,  
But rooted on this spot in the desire to find solution,  
There's little to see and feel but the sighing and dying

of our world.

But for suffering we might have been a part of it rather than apart from it.

\*

Making the compromises,  
Brave fronts, deceitful disguises. What did you know?  
What did you care?  
What did you know? What did you care?  
Turning a blind eye to the lies just to keep it all together,  
But sometimes when I'm alone like this I wonder whether it's worth it.

Smiling and socialising.  
Endless philosophising. What did you know? What did you care?  
What did you know? What did you care?  
Surface agreements, statements of fact, trying to prove we can do it,  
But sometimes when I'm alone like this I wonder just who can see through it.

Bargains and sacrifices.  
Cheap tricks, cheaper devices. What did you know?  
What did you care?  
What did you know? What did you care?  
Holding the vision, but losing our sight, endlessly searching solution,  
But sometimes when I'm alone like this I wonder how much it's just institution.

What did you know? What did you care?  
What did you know? What did you care?  
What did you know? What did you care?  
What did you know? What did you care?  
Anarchy's become another word for 'got 10p to spare?'  
What did you know? What did you care?  
Another way of saying 'I'm O.K., sod you out there'.  
What did you know? What did you care?  
Another token tantrum to cover up the fear. What did you know? What did you care?  
Another institution, another cross to bear. What did you know? What did you care?  
Etc. etc.

\*

Anything and everything can be so easily institutionalised,  
A poor parody of itself. Itself contained by itself.  
There's no point in just mouthing the words.

The token tantrums just aren't enough,  
Nor is speed and weed and the Positive Creed.  
Exclusive clubs where the various tribes congratulate  
each other for doing fuck all  
Will achieve nothing but the strengthening of the status  
quo.  
Punk has spawned another rock and roll elite,  
Cheap Rotten Vicious imitations thinking they'll change  
their world  
With dyed hair and predictable gestures. Nouveau  
wankers.  
There's a thousand empty stages waiting for their  
empty performances,  
A thousand empty faces waiting for their empty  
stances.  
How many times must we hear rehashed versions of  
Feeding of the 5000  
By jerks whose only fuck off to the system has been  
one off the wrist?  
It's the Feeding of the 5 Knuckle Shuffle.

\*

If there was no government, wouldn't there be chaos  
Everybody running round, setting petrol bombs off?  
And if there was no police force, tell me what you'd do  
If thirty thousand rioters came running after you?  
And who would clean the sewers? Who'd mend my  
television?  
Wouldn't people lay about without some supervision?  
Who'd drive the fire engines? Who'd fix my video?  
If there were no prisons, well, where would robbers go?

And what if I told you to Fxxk Off?

What if there's no army to stop a big invasion?  
Who'd clean the bogs and sweep the floors? We'd have  
all immigration.  
Who'd pull the pint at the local pub? Where'd I get my  
fags?  
Who'd empty out my dustbins? Would I still get plastic  
bags?  
If there were no hospitals, and no doctors too,  
If I'd broken both my legs, where would I run to?  
If there's no medication, if there were no nurses,  
Wouldn't people die a lot? And who would drive the  
hearses?

And what if I told you to Fxxk Off?

If there were no butchers shops, what would people  
eat?

You'd have everybody starving if they didn't get their meat.

If there was no water, what would people drink?

Who'd flush away the you-know-what? But of course MINE never stink.

What about the children? Who'd teach them in the schools?

Who'd make the beggars keep in line? Learn them all the rules?

Who's tell us whitewash windows? When to take down doors?

Tell us make a flask of tea and survive the holocaust?

\*

The rock and roll swindler says it's O.K. to plunder,  
So the pirates set sail to rape any ethnic culture they  
can plug a mike to.

The imperialists rub their hands in glee  
As the slave-boy hunts out butt-ends in the garbage  
cans.

Is it any wonder there was such sickening celebration  
over the Task Force

When so called radicals work hand in hand with the  
ruling elite?

Yesterday those wily creeps rejected the status quo,  
Today they smarm and charm passageways to it's very  
heart.

Where's the free individual in all that?

Where's the hope and aspiration?

Identities have become corporations,  
Social egos and media moulds,  
Scholars of ad-man's dreams. Prescribed futures;  
Must we all down aspirins and shine beneath borrowed  
tans?

Are we really so dumb, so cowered into submission

That not only are we prepared to eat shit

We're also prepared to say thanks for the privilege?

Why should we accept servility as a bargain for  
dignity?

Why should we passively accept death as a bargain for  
living?

Why accept this robbery of life? Why accept this  
pillage?

For Christ's sake take up your bed and walk.

Let the blind see and the deaf hear.

The rights of the individual are dependent upon

You realising your right as an individual.

People are so easily deluded into thinking they've  
instrumented choice

Where in reality they're nothing but passive observers.

Passive observers do nothing but passively observe,

Passively soak up creativity and say "Wow, that's me!",  
Passively soak up destruction and say "Oh no, not us,  
not me".

There are those who strive for value and meaning;  
Who search for reason and purpose;  
Their efforts are negated by the passive observers.

\*

They spend days before the T.V. set so burned out,  
Is it any wonder they've lost all sense of vision and  
possibility?  
What chance does anyone have when all the spaces  
are filled?  
Sipping breakfast teas to the sound of Space Invaders.

\*

Television is today's Nuremberg.  
Bowling to it's authority, they become it.  
I've seen four year old children conforming to media  
roles.  
Main-lining the gross theatre that will become their  
lives.  
The television has so dampened people's anger.  
The population is mesmerised by the flickering screen  
And the streets, where the politics of reality were once  
created,  
Are deserted at night and the rulers sleep secure.  
They are under no threat as long as the people are  
sedated.  
Those who suffer head-aches from excessive intake of  
electrons are prescribed valium,  
Or pay for a fix at the pub where men have to piss up  
the wall  
And the stench of urine lasts well into the next pint.

\*

Entertainment is designed to gloss over real problems  
And very often those who profess dissent only add to  
the deception.  
Words are banded about, but always at the whim of the  
puppeteer.  
Actionless sloganeering is just another Punch and Judy  
show.

\*

Any information that we receive concerning the real  
world is carefully controlled,  
Why else would fiction have such licence?  
We are allowed to see endless theatrical deaths,  
But when the real deaths started on the Falklands  
Government censors prevented us from seeing them.

We were given the excuse of 'National Security'  
By the lying shits who were interested only in saving  
their political skins.  
It didn't matter a fuck to them how many died  
As long as their popularity ratings didn't suffer,  
For that reason alone we were shielded from the truth.  
While the real violence is kept from us  
We are exposed to constant pantomimes of death and  
destruction.  
Those in power are rightly aware that if we had access  
to the real facts  
We would cease to be simply passive observers.  
Media coverage of Viet Nam created massive dissent  
in the U.S.A.  
Thatcher's government was aware of that when,  
embarking on the Falkland charade,  
They refused press cards to anyone who they knew  
would not support their line.  
Those who did travel to the Falklands found their  
reports dramatically cut down.  
Meanwhile, at home, we were fed fabrications of  
Britain's 'glorious war'.  
The truth that is now filtering out paints a very different  
picture.

\*

It's often been said that truth is the first casualty of  
war,  
It is, but the same could be said of life.  
From birth we are threatened and beaten into  
submission  
By family, church, school and state.  
From then on we're easy game for the powermongers.  
Like pathetic circus dogs we hunt out praise  
Or, when our true nature finds it's way to the surface  
We hide in the darkness, our tails between our legs.  
At all costs we are prevented from realising our own  
potential.  
We are conditioned into being passive observers.  
If the ring-master offers war,  
We have been conditioned to passively accept it.  
War can only exist through passive acceptance.  
It is nothing but a demonstration of the weakness of  
human will.

\*

If the clown offered peace  
We will have been conditioned to accept that too,  
But peace can not and will not be maintained through  
passive acceptance.  
Peace will require constant demonstrations of personal



strength,  
Constant effort, constant hard work,  
Reappraisal, consideration and devotion.  
Which of those qualities were you taught in  
schoolroom?  
Whereas war simply requires the masses as cannon-  
fodder,  
Peace requires individuals to realise their own  
potential,  
The odds are hopelessly against because the State  
deliberately destroys human will.

\*

Passive observers offer nothing but decay.  
The flowerbeds need weeding, the roses need cutting  
back before winter.  
Freed from sedation, released from bondage,  
People would demonstrate their own strength,  
But the powerful elite are aware of this  
And already have tabs on those who they regard as  
subversives.  
It is easy for them to single out and intimidate us  
And easier still for us simply not to bother.

\*

It is impossible to gauge the effect that demands for  
peace may be having,  
The authorities are skilled at concealing  
dissatisfaction.  
For so long people have been saying "No more war",  
But for all those demands little has changed.  
Seeing that the Peace Movement was growing in  
strength,  
Thatcher appointed Heseltine as Minister of Defence.  
One specific part of his job is to discredit CND,  
Such is the nature of Conservative democracy.

\*

As pacifist we are too easily forced back into tokenism,  
Making hollow gestures against the wheels of the  
juggernaut.  
The line is delicate.  
The spaces have always been created by the gentle  
and caring,  
To be later filled by bullies and egotists.  
We can try to fill those spaces with the strength of our  
love.  
Gandhi called it Ahimsa. The Greenham Womans call it  
the 'Politics of Whimsy',  
But it doesn't end there, neither is it enough.  
Gandhi played a major role in liberating India from

Britain rule,  
But conditions in India are still appalling for the  
ordinary people.  
Limiting Greenham Peace Camp to women only is a  
sensible political ploy,  
But if it is a demonstration of sexual exclusivity it is a  
sham.  
Aren't we seeking to destroy all forms of exclusivity?  
Does our own oppression give us the right to oppress  
others?  
Unless we are prepared to oppose all oppression,  
We stand guilty of direct contribution to it.

\*

The neo-fascist plunder our land  
And we must resist them on every level.  
As outsiders we have few right with which to oppose  
them,  
But on our own, together, we seek them.  
They have their law and those who impose it.  
We only have ourselves and each other.  
They have their order and those who impose it.  
We only have ourselves and each other.  
It is easy to dismiss those who seek peace as  
dreamers,  
But isn't our whole culture built on past dreams?  
It is essential that our dreams become a reality  
Or there will cease to be one.

\*

Harrods boast that it can supply any whim that it's  
wealthy clients might express,  
Well let them supply me an Exocet missile and a  
starving Third World child  
And I'll tell them the politics of choice.  
Equality doesn't enter into the ghettos of wealth.  
Beneath the protective sheath of Thatcher's economy  
The right, rich and privileged get even richer  
And they, in turn, support her barbaric policies both at  
home and overseas.  
The Falklands war cost Britain over sixteen thousand  
million pounds - in whose pocket?

\*

Throughout the world millions of people are employed  
making armaments,  
Don't they realise that it's ordinary people like  
themselves who'll suffer the effects of their filthy  
labour?

\*

The wealthy obscene with their obscene wealth  
Applaud the carnage from their grandstand.  
It's as if they were at Ascot laying their bets;  
Five to one on the Four Horsemen.  
They believe that money can buy them out of the  
responsibility  
That they have for the world that they bleed dry.  
They are the true pornographers  
The real stylists in human perversion.  
Rich educated tarts sit dumbly by  
Watching their fortunes rise and fall  
In the neatly pressed pin-striped trousers of the City.  
Debutante whores in rich men's castles.

\*

The ruling elite with their puppet figurehead  
Queen Elizabeth the Second, Regina Virginia,  
Strut about on the million of bodies  
That they have sacrificed to gain their position.  
Who are these leaders but those who have made  
violence pay?  
Who are they but the inheritors of their ancestors  
greed and theft?  
Their blood stained flags are rags to our future,  
Tattered remnant of our individual rights.  
These rulers are common murderers and thieves,  
But still we bow before them.  
For how long will the masses be so pathetically  
manipulated by God, Queen and Country?

\*

For fucks sake where are we in all this?  
We're given life yet we court death.  
For Christ's sake how long? How long, oh Lord, how  
long?  
Still we lay prostrate before a stylised figure on a  
crucifix.  
As if the stone fool might be resurrected.  
We are expected to bargain our lives for his  
And join him in the ugliness of perpetual Christian guilt.  
He hangs there as a remainder of our own subjugation.  
Let it be known that he alone is Christ,  
Those who dare emulate him shall suffer thus.  
Each settlement is spiked with that stupid image,  
Each conscience nailed to that diet of corruption.

\*

Military acts are bathed in those gory tales.  
Tired Marines, edgy to fuck and sleep, are blessed in  
his name.  
Pious virgins in desire kneel in worship before the

myth.

In anticipation of their own death, they await his coming.

Sweet Jesus have mercy on me.

Sweet Jesus, they share his agony.

Sweet Jesus, they share his misery.

Fuck his loaded deity.

\*

Over half the world's population is starving,  
Crucified by the greed of landowners,  
Helpless against the imbalance of priorities  
Practiced by the major powers who, if they wanted to,  
could help.

Every minute of the day millions upon million of pounds  
Are spent on the machinery of war.

If only a half of that was spent on the machinery of  
peace,

There would be no more starvation on this planet.

Yet governments pay no heed to the cries of suffering,  
They perhaps make token gestures to appease their  
consciences,

But no real improvements are made

Because to ensure control the superpowers need to  
maintain the imbalance.

Natives are slaughtered in their homelands

By governments seeking out new possessions.

Most of the wealth of the so called developed nations  
Has been gained at the expense of the Third World

From whom natural resources, both mineral and  
human,

Have been unscrupulously exploited.

Peoples' pride and dignity is burnt in Napalm

And hand-held flame-throwers.

The poor and underprivileged are raped and  
tormented

By leaders who use their power not to assist, but to  
oppress.

At the wave of a gloved hand

These people can, and do,

Send young men to their death,

But not before others too have fallen from their  
bayonets and guns.

Such armies are invariably called 'peace keeping  
forces'.

The hypocrisy is as appalling as it is obvious.

The wealthy, educated, privileged and secure

Make the lives of those less fortunate a complete  
misery.

Million upon millions of people are dying from  
malnutrition

Because, to stabilise their economies, governments  
destroy food rather than giving it to the needy.

\*

"Let them eat cake" said Marie Antoinette  
As she wiped the calf's blood from her lips.

\*

"Proud to be British" said Margaret Thatcher  
As she wiped the Falkland's blood from her hands.

\*

The ruling elite have no concept of what it is to suffer  
want,  
Yet it is they who are directly responsible.  
In a world where there are people who can't afford a  
crust of bread,  
These arrogant scabs drive around in Bentleys and  
Rolls Royces.  
Perhaps it amuses them to rub shit into the faces of the  
poor,  
But there'll come a time when such overt displays of  
wealth  
Will not be tolerated by the people in the street.  
In a sane society wealth and possession would not be  
an asset.

\*

A few years ago a politician was on the radio  
Saying that no one in the UK suffered from want.  
Next day I saw an old man pleading for a handful of  
coal;  
His wife was dying of cold and he was penniless.  
Maybe in the morning, as the politician sipped  
breakfast tea,  
She lay cold and dead before the empty grate.  
Every year thousand of people die of hypothermia,  
Too hungry, too cold, too poor to stay alive.

\*

At times of national crisis it's always the poor who  
suffer.  
"Back Britain" we're told  
As the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.  
At times of international crisis it's the same story.  
"Back Britain" we're told  
As the rich get richer and the poor get killed.  
In the event of a nuclear crisis,  
The rich will retreat to private bunkers with their wealth  
and possessions.

\*

The injustice of inequality is sanctioned by the church.  
With it's tradition of finance from the gentry  
The church has always been obliged  
To ensure that it's flock remains servile.  
"Repent ye sinners or be devoured in the flames of  
hell."  
Those very same flames that devoured their enemies  
in countless religious wars.

\*

So often the church has marched hand in hand with the  
military  
Casting it's blessings upon the writhing bodies of the  
battlefield.  
Each stab of bayonet is God's word.  
Each crash of steel is God's word.  
Each torn limb and splash of blood is God's word.  
For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten  
sons.  
Each sodden grave and sodding death is God's word.  
For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten  
sons.  
For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten  
sons.

\*

In Christian societies executions are attended by  
representatives of the church.  
Goggle-eyed before the gallows, the electric chair and  
the gas-chamber  
They administer their Christ's blessing.  
In America poison is injected into the blood-stream.  
Another Christ dies, jacked up by the state.  
Another glorious advance for civilisation.  
One small step for man.  
One giant step for mankind.  
For he so loved the world.  
He gave us his only begotten son  
And likewise we are expected so to do.  
For he so loved the world.

\*

Violent, vicious hypocrisy.  
How is anyone supposed to deal with these  
contradictions,  
Confusions and lies? They defy reason.  
Oh yes, you can inwardly laugh at the absurdity,  
Satirise the obscenity, but the hysteria soon wears thin  
And the tears wear a colder complexion.  
Humour can offer diversion,

But it dilutes real anger  
And nothing gets confronted.  
We are ruled by dangerous mad-people,  
What's funny about that for fucks sake?  
The world is daily threatened with annihilation,  
Is that really something to be trivialised?  
The world is under constant threat.  
Against this background of fear  
We struggle to create our own authority.  
While being bludgeoned into conformity  
We struggle to find our inner selves.  
Of course I feel uncomfortable when I'm laughed at in  
the streets,  
But I don't want to be one of them.  
I want to be an outsider,  
At the same time I'd like to come in out of the cold.

\*

Urgency overrules personal fears.  
Against the scenario of total destruction  
We demand a sanity that might save the world.  
That alone excludes us from the mainstream of  
thought.  
History offers no solutions,  
Quotes from Mao or Stalin, Hitler or Marx  
Simply confirms the oppression.  
I'm tired of political experts,  
Tired of 'if onlys'.  
They have always been the same people,  
Grey visionless robots  
Who would have us all share their death.  
History is simply a justification for oppression,  
Written by those who practice it.  
It is being constantly changed and rewritten  
To conform to the requirements of the ruling elite.  
A tempest of convenience that blasts across the  
blistered bodies of the dead.  
We receive at best only filtered truths.  
Most of what we see and hear is lies.

\*

The Falklands War was rewritten as it happened.  
It was not a glorious victory for the British spirit,  
Nor an heroic defeat of a fascist dictator.  
It was a callous and savage piece of electioneering  
Designed to cover up horrific domestic problems.  
At a time when a peaceful settlement was a possibility,  
Thatcher personally ordered the sinking of the General  
Belgrado  
Killing over three hundred men  
And horribly mutilating many more.

She did this because her political neck required  
bloodshed  
To prove her wisdom in releasing the Task Force.  
The history books will not document her as a cold-  
blooded murderer.

\*

I'm tired of the dull rationalisation of the politicians.  
Weighed down with their sums and inadequacies  
I feel only anger and bellied hatred for them.  
How can anyone become so distorted?  
How can anyone be so far from real human values?  
I feel only disgust for their twisted minds.  
How can peace be achieved through threats of  
violence?  
What kind of hope is there in that strait-jacket?

\*

The authority of those who oppress us  
Is supported, maintained and defended  
By those who are themselves the most oppressed;  
Those who, because they have no alternative, are in  
service to the rulers.

\*

How can I feel anger towards the squaddy?  
Weighed down with his guns and inadequacies  
I can feel only pity and bellied compassion.  
How can anyone be so distorted?  
How can anyone be so far from real human values?  
I can only feel pity for his twisted mind.  
How can freedom be achieved if the poor fight to  
uphold  
The privileges of those who directly oppress them?

\*

We look through one eye hoping the other won't see,  
That way we only need deal with a half of it.  
Like bloody ostriches, oblivious,  
Not because we are, but because we choose to be.  
Most people see through the lies  
But are too afraid to admit it.  
It's so much easier to be the passive observer.  
How much longer can people afford to just sit by like  
this?  
All the indications are there.  
Massive unemployment,  
Recession, depression.  
But who's looking? Who cares?  
Tamely the population is being led down the road to  
total bondage.



Government is daily strengthening it's powers.  
Those who stand against it are ridiculed,  
Discredited or abused and punished.  
Those in power are totally cynical.  
Rather than analysing the seriousness of the problem  
They simply strengthen the army and police to combat  
it  
They are ready for the inevitable response.  
It happened in Brixton, Toxteth and Moss Side.  
It happens daily in Northern Ireland.  
Under Thatcher's regime there has been massive  
increases in police brutality.  
In London police shot down a man  
Only to find it was the wrong person.  
We regret to inform you. Regret to inform you.  
Regret to inform you. We regret to inform you  
That today another Christ was shot in the back of the  
head.  
We regret to inform you. Regret to inform you,  
That another Christ, not yet ten years old, was shot  
today,  
By agents of Her Majesty's Government, with a plastic  
bullet.  
They say that plastic bullets were designed not to kill,  
They do.  
I say that human beings were not designed to kill, not  
us, not me;  
We do.  
We regret to inform you.

\*

1984 is a book about the positive danger of  
totalitarianism,  
Under Thatcher's unfeeling guidance the scenario is  
one year early.  
With the cold mechanism of the pin ball arcade  
We're flicked around as numbers by the hidden  
computers.  
Software in the hardware. Documented and filed.  
We have no access to the information that they have  
stored on us.  
Ticker-tape alter egos, print-out portraits.  
We are becoming another.  
As individuals within that mechanical system we are  
arbitrary,  
Wanted only for what can be taken from us.  
Our future is of no concern to the mega-corporations  
Who determine the nature of our economic well-being.  
Thatcher's policies require massive unemployment  
Which makes her order to 'support our boys' nothing  
but a fucking insult.

When they were eight thousand miles away dying for  
her arrogance  
She fabricated what was a complete mockery of  
compassion.  
When they're at home, jobless on the streets,  
She doesn't give a fuck for them.  
Self determination and self enterprise are her big  
lines,  
But just how much of that does she offer to others  
In her contemptible use of people?  
She was prepared to risk world peace  
Saying that it was for the self determination of the  
Falklanders,  
Those very same people who over a year ago  
She was prepared to abandon without a thought.  
And now, for all her empty talk,  
They are forced to live in a fortress waiting for further  
hostilities.  
Thatcher has recently sanctioned a loan of one  
hundred million pounds to Argentina  
Claiming that it was to stabilise world economy.  
The purchase of further Exocets and the development  
of nuclear potential  
Should do much for world economy, but very little for  
world security.  
Just what the fuck was all that bloodshed for?

\*

Thatcher has signed away British self-determination in  
one single stroke.  
She has agreed to install deadly cruise missiles on  
British soil  
Over which the Americans have total control.  
The American military presence is designed solely  
To limit nuclear war with Russia to the 'European  
Theatre'.  
Meanwhile we are sold the wicked lie of protection and  
deterrence.  
American war planners have repeatedly stated that  
they intend  
To fight the Third World War on European soil;  
Cruise missiles greatly increase the danger of that  
happening.  
Designed to avoid radar detection by skimming the  
earth's surface,  
Cruise missiles are seen as the ideal 'first strike  
weapon',  
They also guarantee a massive response that would  
make Britain into a nuclear desert.  
Military naivety is astounding. The experts seriously  
believe

That they will be able to limit war to the 'theatre'.  
In this particular show the world will be the stage,  
There'll be no encore.

\*

Thatcher and her cronies talk of 'limited tactical  
response'  
And 'executive action' causing 'collateral damage'.  
These terms are borrowed from their American  
counterparts  
And are designed to mask the ugly reality that they  
describe.  
In everyday language 'collateral damage' simply  
means civilian deaths.  
In the event of nuclear attack on Britain that would  
amount to thirty-eight million people.  
Is it any wonder that these crazy psychotics  
Invent jargon to assist them in their studied madness?  
Every year hundreds of innocent people still die horrific  
deaths  
As a result of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and  
Nagasaki.  
It is probably that an all out nuclear war  
Would destroy all life on planet Earth.

\*

We are not talking fantasy,  
Nor preaching doom.  
We are talking of an existing reality;  
The one that we allow to exist around us.

\*

Defence Secretary Heseltine disputes the kind of  
information that we offer  
Claiming that it has 'no basis in fact'.  
There are no words to describe the utter contempt  
That we feel for people of his kind.  
They sit in their seats of power  
Distorting and perverting all human decency.  
How can they dare be so blatant?  
How can they dare be so hypocritical?  
Who is this Heseltine with his corrupt lies?  
Who is this Thatcher with her arrogant deceit?  
These hideous mutants cast their shadows  
Across all that is worthwhile and good.

\*

Cruise missile will be installed because Thatcher has  
created some kind of deal with Reagan.  
We will probably never know the details of that  
arrangement.

It will almost certainly involve some kind of economic  
juggling act,  
The massive corporations turning political  
thumbscrews  
On U.S. investment in Britain.  
Russian tanks in Afghanistan are nothing  
Compared with the bargaining power of American  
capital in the UK.  
Whatever the nature of that deal is,  
It has made Britain into America's front line,  
The fifty-third State, with no rights of citizenship.  
To many people that might not matter,  
Fed from birth on American propaganda and  
Hollywood trash,  
The resistance levels are low.  
As long as we passively accept American domination  
We can expect no real advance.  
We are being sold down the line.

\*

To many people the missiles and warheads might not  
matter.  
To many people nuclear reality is too huge to  
contemplate,  
Yet for all people the reality looms constantly in  
nightmares.  
In the nuclear state we are expected to accept those  
nightmares.  
Is this really all that we can hope for as life?  
Is this really all that we can hope for as death?  
Maybe our lives don't matter that much,  
But why impose our madness on future generations?  
Or is it perhaps that you no longer believe that there  
will be future generations?  
In your passive acceptance of it  
You have already allowed the holocaust to happen.  
The future is ended.

\*

We are not talking fantasy,  
Nor preaching doom.  
We are talking of an existing reality,  
The one that we allow to exist around us.

\*

The nuclear hardware produces in the last three  
decades  
Will pollute the Earth for thousands of years.  
A nuclear war will destroy it.  
Is that why the cherry trees blossom?  
You are destroying and corrupting.

In condemning them to the nuclear nightmare  
Are you willing to accept the burning of tomorrow's  
unborn?  
They know nothing of this sorrow.

\*

Suffer little children to come unto me.  
Suffer little children to come unto me.  
Suffer little children to come unto me.  
Suffer little children to come unto me.

\*

In your refusal to act against these hideous dangers  
You are guilty of being the gutless passive observer.  
Are you so inhuman that you will let this happen?  
Just a helpless bystander waving your flag in mute  
acceptance?  
Take up your eyes and see.  
Take up your ears and hear.  
Take up your mind and think.  
Take up your life and act.

\*

It is up to us all as responsible citizens of Earth  
To work towards the downfall of the powerful elite.  
Their rule has created dreadful suffering.  
Their insanity precludes all reason and compassion,  
They lie, trick and manipulate.  
They are the maggots in the flesh of decency,  
The vultures that pick at the bones of hope,  
The carriers of famine, war, pestilence, and death.

\*

They must be stopped.  
Why should people die for their insanity?  
Why should people starve for their insanity?  
Why should people suffer the spitefulness of their  
greed?  
We must not be intimidated by the authority that they  
appear to have.  
We must be prepared to oppose them on every level,  
To fight back in the knowledge that if we don't  
We will have failed in our responsibility to life itself.  
It has happened before  
That the powerless have risen against the oppressor  
Only to be beaten back.  
But there have been cases where they have  
succeeded.  
Ours is a just cause,  
It is up to each one of us, alone, to do our best.  
We must learn to overcome our fears.

We must realise that the strength that they have  
Is the strength that we give them.  
It is you, the passive observer who has given them this  
power.  
You are being used and abused  
And will be discarded as soon as they've bled what  
they want from you. You must learn to live with your  
own conscience,  
Your own morality,  
Your own decision,  
Your own self.  
You alone can do it.  
There is no authority but yourself.

\*

One squaddy, horrifically burnt in the Falklands War,  
Was approached by Prince Charles during a  
presentation.  
"Get well soon" said the Prince, to witch the squaddy  
replied,  
"Yes Sir, I will".

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