

## Crass "Arlington 73"

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-D'ya know what I just realized?

-Hm

He ain't thick, its just a trick

-Ya that's good

-Hm

-Should we uhh play the whole lot now?

Their arms have been steel  
Their blood, the oil of machinery  
Their bodies are the ballast of war  
Their souls are the blast of it  
The power, the trickle of hope  
The dreamy eyed bodies of lost time

Too many to respect  
Too many to feel  
Too many to know  
Too many to remember

The distorted and the burnt  
And the scarred  
And the torn  
And the squashed  
And the cut  
And the forgotten

Body, and flesh, and energy  
The last makings of the future  
Upon green banks of unseen battlefields  
How quaint a tribute to such savage slaughter  
Those young boys have been denied  
The chance to realize and to become  
They, too might have been standing here  
I carry these bodies from the poppy fields  
I lay them before you  
Is this shame that you, too shall rot

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