

## Crass "How Does It Feel?"

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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 shooting 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.

(We never asked for war, nor in the innocence of our  
birth were we aware of it.

We never asked for war, nor in the struggle to  
realisation did we feel there was a need for it.

We never asked for war, nor in the joyful colours of our  
childhood were we conscious of its darkness.)

### HOW DOES IT FEEL?

How does it feel to be the mother of a thousand death?  
Young boys rest now, cold graves in cold earth.  
How does it feel to be the mother of a thousand death?  
Sunken eyes, lost now; empty sockets in futile death.

Your arrogance has gutted these bodies of life,  
Your deceit fooled them that it was worth the sacrifice.  
Your lies persuaded people to accept the wasted  
blood,

Your filthy pride cleansed you of the doubt you should  
have had.

You smile in the face of the death cause you are so  
proud and vain,

Your inhumanity stops you from realising the pain  
That you inflicted, you determines, you created, you  
ordered -

It was your decision to have those young boys  
slaughtered.

You never wanted peace or solution,  
From the start you lusted after war and destruction.  
Your blood-soaked reason ruled out other choices,  
Your mockery gagged more moderate voices.  
So keen to play your bloody part, so impatient that your  
war be fought.  
Iron Lady with your stone heart so eager that the lesson  
be taught  
That you inflicted, you determines, you created, you  
ordered -  
It was your decision to have those young boys  
slaughtered.

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Sunken eyes, lost now; empty sockets in futile death.

Throughout our history you and your kind  
Have stolen the young bodies of the living  
To be twisted and torn in filthy war.  
What right have you to defile those birth?  
What right have you to devour that flesh?  
What right to spit on hope with the gory madness  
That you inflicted, you determines, you created, you  
ordered -  
It was your decision to have those young boys  
slaughtered.

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Sunken eyes, lost now; empty sockets in futile death.

You accuse us of disrespect for the dead,  
But it was you who slaughtered out of national pride.  
Just how much did you care? What respect did you  
have  
As you sent those bodies to their communal grave?  
You buried them rough-handed, they'd given you their  
all,  
That once living flesh defiled in the hell  
That you inflicted, you determines, you created, you  
ordered -  
It was your decision to have those young boys  
slaughtered.

You use those deaths to achieve your ends still,  
Using the corpses as a moral blackmail.  
You say "Think of what those young men gave"  
As you try to bind us in your living death,

Yet we do think of them, ice cold and silence  
In the snow covered moorlands, stopped by the  
violence  
That you inflicted, you determines, you created, you  
ordered -  
It was your decision to have those young boys  
slaughtered.

How does it feel to be the mother of a thousand death?  
Young boys rest now, cold graves in cold earth.  
How does it feel to be the mother of a thousand death?

1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - We don't want your fucking war!  
1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - We don't want your fucking war!  
1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - We don't want your fucking war!  
1 - 2 - 3 - 4 You can stop your fucking war!

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