

## Crass "Immortal Death"

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Our boys have returned as men, our men.  
Our men have returned, amen.

The spoils of war. The hero, the lads, men pulled  
together for war.  
Set out to fight for the Great British flag that was  
waved by their thousands ashore.  
Waving farewell, the girls bare it all and pull up their  
jumpers and skirts.  
Carried away the crowd calls for more and the men felt  
it worth fighting for.  
It's all gone before, sexy Sue, saucy Jane, The pin-up  
that's carried to battle.  
The mascot that marks in every plane, every gun,  
markers of death,  
Symbols of men,  
In whose name we are slaughtered like cattle.

In every good war there's a nude on the wall, to keep  
the men happy and straight.  
A saucy ole joke lads, it's all harmless fun, when we hit  
land, who shall we rape?  
Ah, the spoils of war, the knickers, the bras, momentos  
to give you support.  
While the bombs drop around, you fumble in dreams,  
with blank eyes see the corpses you've fought.

Our boys have gone away, our boys,  
Our boys have gone away.  
Our men have returned all tattered and burned,  
Our men have returned, amen.

The guns point their muzzles away to the land and  
below deck the men throw darts  
The nipples are bullseyes, the head count for less and  
there's no points for hitting the heart.  
Shapely Jane, 25, said "Those lovely real he-men no  
red-blooded girl can deny  
Are there for the taking, but it's all so frustrating if your  
married and already tied".  
But bare it all girls and have all the dreams of dashing  
young soldiers so brave,

Send him a garter, a cross, love ever after, for soon he  
will be in his grave.

Ah, those rotting young men who all did their duty are  
sinking away in the sea

And they've missed, just for them, the 'Invincible  
panties', displayed in The Sun, page three,

The bodies of war, the pin-up, the corpses,  
Flesh that is perfect and torn,  
The breast that is curved, that is pink and seductive,  
The breast that is ripped and laid bare,  
The beckoning arms, the legs that are parted,  
The welcoming look and the wink,  
The arms that are shredded, the legs that are no more,  
The face that is rotten and stinks.  
(The sickness of war, the men gone before, good luck  
and God speed you away  
The madonna is there, stripped naked and bare on the  
door, she will show you the way.)

Our boys have gone away, our boys  
Our boys have gone away.  
Our men have returned all tattered and burned  
Our men have returned, amen.

User, abuser, the conquering man makes use of spoils  
of war,  
Confirming the glory, the woman is raped and the  
soldiers rename her as 'whore',  
Their bodies are torn and disfigured in their heads life  
is never the same,  
From the wall saucy Sal is still smiling as the nightmare  
is caught in his pain,  
Her body still perfect and tempting is blistered with  
blood of his tears,  
His body confused and still frightened turns from the  
truth that he fears,  
His friends that were killed for the reason of war that is  
fought over lies,  
The pin-up remains ever after immortal as all around  
dies.

Our boys have gone away,  
Our boys, our boys have gone away.  
Our men have returned all tattered and burned,  
Our men have returned, amen, amen, AMEN.

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