

Crass "Mother-earth"

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Now that the sun have vowed is light
And bid the world good night;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where were shall my soul repose?

Mother? Mother? Mother? Mother? Mother? Mother?
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Mother? Mother? Mother? Mother? Mother? Mother?
Mother? She's the anti-mother, mommy is that you?
She's the anti-mother, mother, mother is that you?

It's Myra Hindley on the cover,
Your very own sweet anti-mother.
There she is on the pages of The Star,
Ain't that just the place you wish you were?
Let her rot in hell is what you said,
Let her rot, let her starve, you'd see her dead.
Let her out but don't forget to tell you where she is,
The chance to screw her is a chance you wouldn't miss.
Let her suffer, give her pain is the verdict you gave,
You just can't wait to piss on her grave.
You pretend that you're horrified, make out that you
care,
But really you wish that you had been there.
You say you can't bear the thought of what she did,
But you'd do it to her, you'd see her dead.
Tell me, what is the difference between her and you?
You say that you would kill her, well, what else would
you do?
Don't you see that violence has no end? Isn't limited by
rules?
Don't you see as angels preaching you're nothing but
the fools?
Fools step in, where angels fear to tread,
You see, to kill others is the ethic of the dead.

She's the anti-mother, mommy is that you?
She's the anti-mother, mother, mother is that you?

That single mug shot from the past
Ensures your fantasy can last and last.
It gives you the chance to air your hate

Because she got there first, you were too late.
Hindleys' crime was to do what others think,
Took her anger and her prejudice and pushed it to the
brink.
Then you goodly christian people, with your sickly mask
of love,
Would tear that woman limb from limb, you'd never get
enough.
So you keep the story alive,
So you can make yourselves believe,
That you are so much better than her.
But you aren't, that's YOUR GUILT laying there.

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