

Crass "What The Fuck?"

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What now? Now you would destroy the earth,
Dry the river beds.
What now? Now in your control, birth and death,
Dry the bodies, incadescent in the heat.

Your fire is melting both soil and soul,
In plan maybe, is that not enough?
Your war and raving of it is so total,
You're consumed by it as you'd consumed us.
Would you see the fire from your sanctuary of death?
What terrible pain you need to hide,
In your hatred you'd seek to destroy the earth,
What is it that you have been denied?
Your mind and it's rantings are so barren,
What the fuck are you thinking? What the fuck?
Your eyes and their vision, empty, staring,
What the fuck are you seeing? What the fuck?

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What now? Now in your control, birth and death,
Dry the bodies, incadescent in the heat.

So singular your motives, yet impossible to define,
How finely lined my destiny in the cobwebs of your
crime.
So insular your future, so alien your plan,
Take all of this if you will and I'll take what I can.

A town that is no more,
"My god", you say, "what have I done?"
But you won't heed what's gone before,
"What pity?", you say, "There is none."
And so you drive the world to war,
But this war will not be lost or won,
The desolation that you've seen but never saw
Is the lesson that you teach, but never learn.
But would you see the fire in the world where you exist?
Will your hard eyes register the pain?
Are you so cold that there is no distress?
Where there's death would you give death again?
No flowers in your landscape, some withered rose

Kicked amongst the corpses where they lay,
Halted where all hope died, froze,
By the horror of your acts compelled to stay.

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What now? Now in your control, birth and death,
Dry the bodies, incandescent in the heat.

Unnoticed all this in your lusting after death,
How determined that your darkness should be shared.
Unnoticed in your blindness this miracle of breath,
What element of beauty attracts your cruel desire?
Would you see the burning? Is that your delight?
Would you have me see it in your stead?
Would you feel my yearning? Peace, life light,
Body, breath. Would you take all this?

What now? Now you would destroy the earth,
Dry the river beds.
What now? Now in your control, birth and death,
Dry the bodies, incandescent in the heat.

What is it that you're seeking, so cold & so deprived?
What is it that you dream of in your empty eyeless
head?
Why must I share your lust of death? Can you not die
alone?
Why must I share your fear of breath, light, life, PEACE?

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