

## Current 93

# "Falling Back In Fields Of Rape"

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War

In a foreign town  
In a foreign land  
Reaping time had come  
In fields of swaying rape  
It could not happen here  
Pushed to one side with the flick of a wrist  
Out of sight  
And out of mind  
Falling back in fields of rape  
In yellow heads of blossom  
Mothers babies bleeding  
You stand there laughing  
Unquestioning unconfounding  
Poetic lines on the art of dying  
Falling back in fields of rape  
That was the way  
Those were the horrors  
As daddy went a-reaping  
In nodding heads of rape  
No mark on your spotless conscience  
No blemish on your immaculate body  
Untouched by sight or sound of misery  
Close the eyes  
Shift the responsibility  
It was not you  
It was not you  
Falling back in fields of rape  
My children  
Falling back in fields of rape  
It could not happen here  
Pushed to one side with a flick of the wrist  
Out of sight  
And out of mind  
Falling back in fields of rape  
Poetic lines on the art of dying  
Falling back in fields of rape  
That was the way  
And those were the horrors  
As daddy went a-reaping  
In nodding heads of rape

No mark on your spotless conscience  
No blemish on your immaculate body  
Untouched by sight or sound of misery  
Close the eyes  
Shift the responsibility  
It wasn't you  
Falling back in fields of rape  
My children  
Falling back in fields of rape

Here we go round the mulberry bush  
The mulberry bush  
The mulberry bush  
Here we go round the mulberry bush  
On a cold and frosty morning

In a foreign town  
In a foreign land  
Reaping time had come  
Falling back in fields of rape  
My love  
And that was the way  
And those were the horrors  
As daddy went a-reaping  
Falling back in fields of rape  
My children  
Crushed, crushed, crushed  
In mud and wars  
Mother children bleeding  
You stand there laughing  
Falling back in fields of rape

Never eating  
Bags of bones dying quietly  
Homeless  
Drinking foul water  
Sorting garbage  
With flies in heat  
Raped  
Axed  
Burned with acid  
Locked away for thirty years  
Thrown out of a helicopter  
Forced to labour endlessly  
Castrated  
Burned alive  
Killed so easily by firing squads

In a foreign town  
In a foreign land  
Reaping time has come

They're falling back  
In fields of rape  
In fields of rape  
They're falling back  
In fields of rape  
My love  
And this is our way  
And these are the horrors  
As we go a-reaping  
They're falling back  
In fields of rape  
In fields of rape  
They're falling back  
In fields of rape  
My darling  
And crushed, crushed, crushed  
In mud and wars  
Still you stand there laughing  
They're falling back in fields of rape  
In fields of rape they're falling back  
My lovers

In fields of rape the ravens  
Descend. the yellow beak slashes  
Corn, the sickles are sharpened  
And the cattle bleed, and reaping  
Time has come, our voices grow  
Shriller, and our eyes glitter, but  
In this last summer the Rapture  
Descends, and father's mask has  
Turned to grey, and mother's  
Breasts are leper white, and  
Children's laughter cracks, and  
Reaping time has come, body and  
Blood, body and blood, body and  
Blood, body and mud, body and  
Blood, body and mud, and  
Christ's eyes, I am weary, and  
Christ's eyes, I want to melt  
Bleeding Jesus, be quick, be quick

(And what would you do, my gentlest  
One... ?)

Falling back in fields of rape...

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