

Napalm Death

"Fall On Their Swords"

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Dubious and murky
What aligns all parties
Strike swifter, stealthier, neater.
Untraced conscience cleaner

But we're armed with an ethic,
So to speak

'Defence' and 'Ordnance'
as commodities
Satiated like food and drink
Prostrate in it
In it to win it

But we're armed with an ethic,
So to speak

Fall on their swords

Pragmatic in dissent
To curb the arms you circulated
Blacklists and short lists
Alternate them on grace and favour
At Barrel's end
There are no conventions
We fall on their swords

Die, die, die, die, die

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