

Peter Hammill

"Porton Down"

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Won't hear a sound at Porton Down,
The clear liquids keep their silence,
Buried underground at Porton Down
The fast form of the final violence.
Quite right to be worried about the proliferation
Of nuclear bombs and power stations,
But there's a deterrent that's going to
Unearth us yet..
Hurry on round about Porton Down,
A quick glimpse of the future warfare
Hidden under ground at Porton Down;
Far too frightening to utter what you saw there.
They got bacteria to drop us where we stand,
They got diseases still unknown to man,
They got the virus and a microgram's enough
To do in a continent.
The ultimate madness,
Just one shattered test-tube to wipe out the world.
It begins with the mustard gas,
It proceeds to Hiroshima.
The culture moves on -
Now it's bacterial, truly insane.
Porton Down waits to fever the brain.
Won't hear a sound at Porton Down,
The clear liquids keep their silence
Buried underground at Porton Down,
The fast form of the final violence.
Hurry on round about Porton Down
A quick glimpse of the future warfare,
Hidden underground at Porton Down,
Far too frightening to say what you saw there.
No sound at Porton Down,
From Porton Down,
After Porton Down

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