

## **Amebix**

# **"Spoils Of Victory"**

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Look to the north, look to the east, look to the west and  
south  
On all horizons storm clouds loom and roll across the  
sky  
The river bursts its banks and vomits soil into the  
mouth  
As thunder breaks the silence, a young child cries!

Between the night and the days first light the leaders  
made a pact  
To raise the rotting corpse of war and set the wheels in  
motion  
The stage a heaving battlefield would support the final  
act  
While the authors hide in satellites or forts beneath the  
ocean  
And in this play We're cast as fools  
To blindly play By others' rules

Now the dust has settled and the stench completely  
clear  
Then return the victors to claim their wretched crown  
But from the fleshheaps of the slain, there comes no  
cheer  
Their game is over, the chips are down

You arrived like a breath from the angel of death  
Famine, disease and a life on your knees, guaranteed  
When you put them in power

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