

The War Dead

Litmus A Freeman

www.projectfreeman.com

All those people who died in a war
Are you really sure what they died for?
Fighting their fellows for some king or queen
And DEBT for the money-men behind the scenes

We're told they are heroes so we can be free
To pay for a passport to cross overseas
But gone are the days when the king took the lead
The politic realise they've no need to bleed

And many a poor soldier thinks he's noble indeed
But he commits murder for money men's greed
And all the blood shed in the name of the queen
Means war's a big business to feed the machine

With the War Dead

And Britain went bankrupt Eighteen Sixty-Nine
When the bankers took everything off our bottom line
And the debt gets a boost every seventy years
So each generation's presented new fears

Last time they called it 'The Second World War'
This time a 'Credit Crunch', more tax on the poor
So what in two thousand and seventy nine
Will be their excuse to add to their crime?

And the War Dead

And you know in your heart the debt will never be paid
But still you keep working to fill some more graves
'cause the fruit of your labour is death overseas
While you eat your pizza's and watch your T.V.'s

Your tax is the fuel for those fires abroad
And all of your "protests" will all be ignored
While some poor "Western" teenager 'saved' from the dole
Gets paid Sixteen Grand to raise the "Eastern" death toll

And fight in a hole, or die on patrol
Through this fear they control and like slaves we are sold
The lies we are told, and who of us knows
How far back it goes as the debt grows and grows
For the wars you oppose, as your conscience bellows
the all seeing eye glows

on

The War Dead...