

Berkshire Cunt

Conflict

Filled with love and compassion. As she fixes her make-
up for a day of fun
He reads the news, it depresses her. With reports of death by b
omb and gun
Astride their horses in the winter lanes. They smile at nature
with tenderness
They hear the call, hold hands with pride. And look down at the
bloody mess

And civilised upright citizens grin, as the dog's teeth tear at
shrieking skin
This ain't savagery; it's jolly old culture. As they stand and
wait for death like vultures
She laughs as the bloody fur's flying. Re-
applies her lipstick as the animals crying
He claims the tail as privileged prize. And kicks the mangled c
orpse aside

The time has come when we all must turn around and start to thi
nk
No more standing in the corner. Question the missing link
The link that created the misery and pain. That sees the mistak
es, but then makes them again
You've heard it once; you'll hear it again. Your blood, their b
lood serves the same

There they stand and there they grin. Never thinking or questio
ning
"Why blood of innocents must be spilt". They smile but they can
't hide their guilt
That their life is built upon a pile of bodies. Slaughtered ani
mals? Slaughtered squaddies?
The pleasure they take from another's death. Hides the truth th
at murder feeds their wealth

She smiles at him as dead eyes stare. He takes her hand and str
okes her hair
His fingertips soaked in misery are the mark of aristocracy
And the broken form lying in the ditch. The handiwork of the do
g and bitch
Bears the label of decency. The honour given so graciously

And backs are slapped in celebration. The success of exterminat
ion
Freedom maintained so humanely. As they wipe their hands of bla
me so bravely
Back at home she wears the fur that proves his precious love fo
r her

Death and glory on her shoulders sit. As the master takes what'
s rightfully his

Murder is committed in the guise of sport. Ripping flesh is giv
en no thought

Glasses are raised in dedication. The crime is given a justific
ation

Heart beats faster, eyes wide and staring. Death comes whistlin
g cold, uncaring

Slaughtered animals, slaughtered squaddies. Their wealth is bui
lt from murdered bodies