

## 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 bomb 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 corpse aside

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

There they stand and there they grin. Never thinking or questioning  
"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 animals? Slaughtered squaddies?  
The pleasure they take from another's death. Hides the truth that at murder feeds their wealth

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

And backs are slapped in celebration. The success of extermination  
Freedom maintained so humanely. As they wipe their hands of blame so bravely  
Back at home she wears the fur that proves his precious love for 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