

## Fall on Their Swords

### Napalm Death

Dubious and murky,  
what aligns all parties  
Strike swifter, stealthier, neater.  
Untraced conscience cleaner

But we're armed with an ethic,  
so to speak

'Defence' and 'Ordnance'  
as commodities  
Sate like food and drink  
Prostrate in it  
In it to win it

But we're armed with an ethic,  
so to speak

Fall on their swords

Pragmatic in dissent  
To curb the arms you circulated  
Blacklists and short lists  
Alternate them on grace and favour  
At Barrel's end  
there are no convention  
We fall on their swords

Die, die, die, die, die