

# The Words That Maketh Murder

PJ Harvey

I've seen and done things I want to forget;  
I've seen soldiers fall like lumps of meat,  
Blown and shot out beyond belief.  
Arms and legs were in the trees.  
I've seen and done things I want to forget;  
coming from an unearthly place,  
Longing to see a woman's face,  
Instead of the words that gather pace,

The words that maketh murder.  
These, these, these are the words-  
The words that maketh murder.  
These, these, these are the words-  
The words that maketh murder.  
These, these, these are the words-  
Murder...

These, these, these are the words-  
The words that maketh murder.

I've seen and done things I want to forget;  
I've seen a corporal whose nerves were shot  
Climbing behind the fierce, gone sun,  
I've seen flies swarming everyone,  
Soldiers fell like lumps of meat.

These are the words, the words are these.  
death lingering, stunk,  
Flies swarming everyone,  
Over the whole summit peak,  
Flesh quivering in the heat.  
This was something else again.  
I fear it cannot be explained.  
The words that make, the words that make  
Murder.

What if I take my problem to the United Nations?