

## Someone Is Lying

Subhumans

Flowers that decay on the graves that are fresh  
The problem got buried alongside the flesh  
The contamination of body and soul  
By nuclear waste dumped along time ago  
When fther was thirty he worked for the state  
Producing the weapon to keep a stalemate  
Deterence by inference no one could win  
Balancing power but the knife edge was thin  
Father was paid so he didn't complain  
But felt that it was rather a dangerous game  
Producing a toy t destroy was it wrong?  
But problems came up so he had to stay on  
The production of waste was the problem to solve  
It wouldn't evaporate, rot or dissolve  
They used metal coffins to bury at sea  
The nuclear raioactivity  
They said it was safe for a very long time  
And paid off the papers to say that was fine  
And nobody worried about that anymore  
They were too busy worrying about the next war...

The wastage seeped out and diseases were found  
in the lungs of the men who worked underground  
"It's coaldust, it's cancer; it's normal" they said  
'Til somebody shouted "these people are dyine, someone is lying  
"  
And Father is dead.