

A MEMORIAL TO THE FALKLANDS WAR...LEST WE FORGET.

'FOR HE SO LOVED THE WORLD HE GAVE OUR ONLY BEGOTTEN SONS.'



YES SIR, I WILL.

The lyrics from Crass' album of the same name.



"Get well soon," the Prince said. And the heroic soldier replied: "Yes, sir, I will."

We receive at best only filtered truths.
Most of what we see and hear is lies.

The Falklands War was rewritten as it happened.
It was not a glorious victory for the British spirit,
Nor an heroic defeat of a fascist dictator.
It was a callous and savage piece of electioneering
Designed to cover up horrific domestic problems.
At a time when a peaceful settlement was a possibility,
Thatcher personally ordered the sinking of the General Belgrano
Killing over three hundred men
And horribly mutilating many more.
She did this because her political neck required bloodshed
To prove her wisdom in releasing the Task Force.
The history books will not document her as a cold-blooded murderer.

I'm tired of the dull rationalisation of the politicians.
Weighed down with their sums and inadequacies
I feel only anger and bellied hatred for them.
How can anyone become so distorted?
How can anyone be so far from real human values?
I feel only disgust for their twisted minds.
How can peace be achieved through threats of violence?
What kind of hope is there in that strait-jacket?

The authority of those who oppress us
Is supported, maintained and defended
By those who are themselves the most oppressed;
Those who, because they have no alternative, are in service to the rulers.

How can I feel anger towards the squaddy?
Weighed down with his guns and inadequacies
I can feel only pity and bellied compassion.
How can anyone be so distorted?
How can anyone be so far from real human values?
I can only feel pity for his twisted mind.
How can freedom be achieved if the poor fight to uphold
The privileges of those who directly oppress them?

We look through one eye hoping the other won't see,
That way we only need deal with a half of it.
Like bloody ostriches, oblivious,
Not because we are, but because we choose to be.
Most people see through the lies
But are too afraid to admit it.
It's so much easier to be the passive observer.
How much longer can people afford to just sit by like this?
All the indications are there.
Massive unemployment,
Recession, depression.
But who's looking? Who cares?
Tamely the population is being led down the road to total bondage.
Government is daily strengthening its powers.
Those who stand against it are ridiculed,
Discredited or abused and punished.
Those in power are totally cynical.
Rather than analysing the seriousness of the problem
They simply strengthen the army and police to combat it
They are ready for the inevitable response.
It happened in Brixton, Toxteth and Moss Side.
It happens daily in Northern Ireland.
Under Thatcher's regime there has been massive increases in police brutality.
In London police shot down a man
Only to find it was the wrong person.
We regret to inform you. Regret to inform you.

Where in reality they're nothing but passive observers.
Passive observers do nothing but passively observe,
Passively soak up creativity and say 'Wow, that's me',
Passively soak up destruction and say 'Oh no, not us, not me'.
There are those who strive for value and meaning,
Who search for reason and purpose;
Their efforts are negated by the passive observers.

They spend days before the TV set so burned out,
Is it any wonder they've lost all sense of vision and possibility?
What chance does anyone have when all the spaces are filled?
Sipping breakfast teas to the sound of Space Invaders.

Television is today's Nuremberg.
Bowling to its authority, they become it.
I've seen four year old children conforming to media roles,
Main-lining the gross theatre that will become their lives.
The television has so dampened people's anger.
The population is mesmerised by the flickering screen
And the streets, where the politics of reality were once created,
Are deserted at night and the rulers sleep secure.
They are under no threat as long as the people are sedated.
Those who suffer head-aches from excessive intake of electrons are prescribed
valium,
Or pay for a fix at the pub where men have to piss up the wall
And the stench of urine lasts well into the next pint.

Entertainment is designed to gloss over real problems
And very often those who profess dissent only add to the deception.
Words are banded about, but always at the whim of the puppeteer.
Actionless sloganeering is just another Punch and Judy show.

Any information that we receive concerning the real world is carefully
controlled,
Why else would fiction have such licence?
We are allowed to see endless theatrical deaths,
But when the real deaths started on the Falklands
Government censors prevented us from seeing them.
We were given the excuse of 'National Security'
By the lying shits who were interested only in saving their political skins.
It didn't matter a fuck to them how many died
As long as their popularity ratings didn't suffer,
For that reason alone we were shielded from the truth.
While the real violence is kept from us
We are exposed to constant pantomimes of death and destruction.
Those in power are rightly aware that if we had access to the real facts
We would cease to be simply passive observers.
Media coverage of Viet Nam created massive dissent in the USA.
Thatcher's government was aware of that when, embarking on the Falklands charade
They refused press cards to anyone who they knew would not support their line.
Those who did travel to the Falklands found their reports dramatically cut down.
Meanwhile, at home, we were fed fabrications of Britain's 'glorious war'.
The truth that is now filtering out paints a very different picture.

It's often been said that truth is the first casualty of war,
It is, but the same could be said of life.
From birth we are threatened and beaten into submission
By family, church, school and state.
From then on we're easy game for the powermongers.
Like pathetic circus dogs we hunt out praise
Or, when our true nature finds its way to the surface
We hide in the darkness, our tails between our legs.
At all costs we are prevented from realising our own potential.
We are conditioned into being passive observers.
If the ring-master offers war,
We have been conditioned to passively accept it.
War can only exist through passive acceptance.
It is nothing but a demonstration of the weakness of human will.

The token tantrums just aren't enough,
Nor is speed and weed and the Positive Creed.
Exclusive clubs where the various tribes congratulate each other for doing fuck
all

Will achieve nothing but the strengthening of the status quo.
Punk has spawned another rock and roll elite,
Cheap Rotten Vicious imitations thinking they'll change their world
With dyed hair and predictable gestures. Nouveau wankers.
There's a thousand empty stages waiting for their empty performances,
A thousand empty faces waiting for their empty stances.
How many times must we hear rehashed versions of Feeding of the 5000
By jerks whose only fuck off to the system has been one off the wrist?
It's the Feeding of the 5 Knuckle Shuffle

If there was no government, wouldn't there be chaos
Everybody running round, setting petrol bombs off?
And if there was no police force, tell me what you'd do
If thirty thousand rioters came running after you?
And who would clean the sewers? Who'd mend my television?
Wouldn't people lay about without some supervision?
Who'd drive the fire engines? Who'd fix my video?
If there were no prisons, well, where would robbers go?

And what if I told you to Fxxk Off?

What if there's no army to stop a big invasion?
Who'd clean the bogs and sweep the floors? We'd have all immigration.
Who'd pull the pint at the local pub? Where'd I get my fags?
Who'd empty out my dustbins? Would I still get plastic bags?
If there were no hospitals, and no doctors too,
If I'd broken both my legs, where would I run to?
If there's no medication, if there were no nurses,
Wouldn't people die a lot? And who would drive the hearses?

And what if I told you to Fxxk Off?

If there were no butchers shops, what would people eat?
You'd have everybody starving if they didn't get their meat.
If there was no water, what would people drink?
Who'd flush away the you-know-what? But of course MINE never stink.
What about the children? Who'd teach them in the schools?
Who'd make the beggars keep in line? Learn them all the rules?
Who'd tell us whitewash windows? When to take down doors?
Tell us make a flask of tea and survive the holocaust?

The rock and roll swindler says it's OK to plunder,
So the pirates set sail to rape any ethnic culture they can plug a mike to.
The imperialists rub their hands in glee
As the slave-boy hunts out butt-ends in the garbage cans.
Is it any wonder there was such sickening celebration over the Task Force
When so called radicals work hand in hand with the ruling elite?
Yesterday those wily creeps rejected the status quo,
Today they smarm and charm passageways to its very heart.
Where's the free individual in all that?
Where's the hope and aspiration?
Identities have become corporations,
Social egos and media moulds,
Scholars of ad-man's dreams. Prescribed futures;
Must we all down aspirins and shine beneath borrowed tans?
Are we really so dumb, so cowered into submission
That not only are we prepared to eat shit
We're also prepared to say thanks for the privilege?
Why should we accept servility as a bargain for dignity?
Why should we passively accept death as a bargain for living?
Why accept this robbery of life? Why accept this pillage?
For Christ's sake take up your bed and walk.
Let the blind see and the deaf hear.
The rights of the individual are dependent upon
You realising your right as an individual.
People are so easily deluded into thinking they've instrumented choice

Regret to inform you. We regret to inform you
That today another Christ was shot in the back of the head.
We regret to inform you. Regret to inform you,
That another Christ, not yet ten years old, was shot today,
By agents of Her Majesty's Government, with a plastic bullet.
They say that plastic bullets are designed not to kill,
They do.
I say that human beings were not designed to kill, not us, not me;
We do.
We regret to inform you.

*

1984 is a book about the positive danger of totalitarianism,
Under Thatcher's unfeeling guidance the scenario is one year early.
With the cold mechanism of the pin ball arcade
We're flicked around as numbers by the hidden computers.
Software in the hardware. Documented and filed.
We have no access to the information that they have stored on us.
Ticker-tape alter egos, print-out portraits.
We are becoming another.
As individuals within that mechanical system we are arbitrary,
Wanted only for what can be taken from us.
Our future is of no concern to the mega-corporations
Who determine the nature of our economic well-being.
Thatcher's policies require massive unemployment
Which makes her order to 'support our boys' nothing but a fucking insult.
When they were eight thousand miles away dying for her arrogance
She fabricated what was a complete mockery of compassion.
When they're at home, jobless on the streets,
She doesn't give a fuck for them.
Self determination and self enterprise are her big lines,
But just how much of that does she offer to others
In her contemptible use of people?
She was prepared to risk world peace
Saying that it was for the self determination of the Falklanders,
Those very same people who over a year ago
She was prepared to abandon without a thought.
And now, for all her empty talk,
They are forced to live in a fortress waiting for further hostilities.
Thatcher has recently sanctioned a loan of one hundred million pounds to
Argentina
Claiming that it was to stabilise world economy.
The purchase of further Exocets and the development of nuclear potential
Should do much for world economy, but very little for world security.
Just what the fuck was all that bloodshed for?

*

Thatcher has signed away British self-determination in one single stroke.
She has agreed to install deadly cruise missiles on British soil
Over which the Americans have total control.
The American military presence is designed solely
To limit nuclear war with Russia to the 'European Theatre'.
Meanwhile we are sold the wicked lie of protection and deterrence.
American war planners have repeatedly stated that they intend
To fight the Third World War on European soil;
Cruise missiles greatly increase the danger of that happening.
Designed to avoid radar detection by skimming the earth's surface,
Cruise missiles are seen as the ideal 'first strike weapon',
They also guarantee a massive response that would make Britain into a nuclear
desert.
Military naivety is astounding. The experts seriously believe
That they will be able to limit war to the 'theatre'.
In this particular show the world will be the stage,
There'll be no encore.

*

Thatcher and her cronies talk of 'limited tactical response'
And 'executive action' causing 'collateral damage'.
These terms are borrowed from their American counterparts
And are designed to mask the ugly reality that they describe.
In everyday language 'collateral damage' simply means civilian deaths.
In the event of nuclear attack on Britain that would amount to thirty eight
million people.

Is it any wonder that these crazy psychotics
Invent jargon to assist them in their studied madness?
Every year hundreds of innocent people still die horrific deaths
As a result of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.
It is probable that an all out nuclear war
Would destroy all life on planet Earth.

We are not talking fantasy,
Nor preaching doom.
We are talking of an existing reality;
The one that we allow to exist around us.

Defence Secretary Heseltine disputes the kind of information that we offer
Claiming that it has 'no basis in fact'.
There are no words to describe the utter contempt
That we feel for people of his kind.
They sit in their seats of power
Distorting and perverting all human decency.
How can they dare be so blatant?
How can they dare be so hypocritical?
Who is this Heseltine with his corrupt lies?
Who is this Thatcher with her arrogant deceit?
These hideous mutants cast their shadows
Across all that is worthwhile and good.

Cruise missiles will be installed because Thatcher has created some kind of deal
with Reagan.

We will probably never know the details of that arrangement.
It will almost certainly involve some kind of economic juggling act,
The massive corporations turning political thumbscrews
On US investment in Britain.
Russian tanks in Afghanistan are nothing
Compared with the bargaining power of American capital in the UK.
Whatever the nature of that deal is,
It has made Britain into America's front line,
The Fifty Third State, with no rights of citizenship.
To many people that might not matter,
Fed from birth on American propaganda and Hollywood trash,
The resistance levels are low.
As long as we passively accept American domination
We can expect no real advance.
We are being sold down the line.

To many people the missiles and warheads might not matter.
To many people nuclear reality is too huge to contemplate,
Yet for all people the reality looms constantly in nightmares.
In the nuclear state we are expected to accept those nightmares.
Is this really all that we can hope for as life?
Is this really all that we can hope for as death?
Maybe our lives don't matter that much,
But why impose our madness on future generations?
Or is it perhaps that you no longer believe that there will be future
generations?

In your passive acceptance of it
You have already allowed the holocaust to happen.
The future is ended.

We are not talking fantasy,
Nor preaching doom.
We are talking of an existing reality,
The one that we allow to exist around us.

The nuclear hardware produced in the last three decades
Will pollute the Earth for thousands of years.
A nuclear war will destroy it.

If the clown offered peace
We will have been conditioned to accept that too,
But peace can not and will not be maintained through passive acceptance.
Peace will require constant demonstrations of personal strength,
Constant effort, constant hard work,
Reappraisal, consideration and devotion.
Which of those qualities were you taught in the schoolroom?
Whereas war simply requires the masses as cannon-fodder,
Peace requires individuals to realise their own potential,
The odds are hopelessly against because the State deliberately destroys human
will.

Passive observers offer nothing but decay.
The flowerbeds need weeding, the roses need cutting back before winter.
Freed from sedation, released from bondage,
People would demonstrate their own strength,
But the powerful elite are aware of this
And already have tabs on those who they regard as subversives.
It is easy for them to single out and intimidate us
And easier still for us simply not to bother.

It is impossible to gauge the effect that demands for peace may be having,
The authorities are skilled at concealing dissatisfaction.
For so long people have been saying 'no more war',
But for all those demands little has changed.
Seeing that the Peace Movement was growing in strength,
Thatcher appointed Heseltine as Minister of Defence.
One specific part of his job is to discredit CND,
Such is the nature of Conservative democracy.

As pacifists we are too easily forced back into tokenism,
Making hollow gestures against the wheels of the juggernaut.
The line is delicate.
The spaces have always been created by the gentle and caring,
To be later filled by bullies and egotists.
We can try to fill those spaces with the strength of our love.
Gandhi called it Ahimsa. The Greenham Women call it the 'Politics of Whimsy',
But it doesn't end there, neither is it enough.
Gandhi played a major role in liberating India from British rule,
But conditions in India are still appalling for the ordinary people.
Limiting Greenham Peace Camp to women only is a sensible political ploy,
But if it is a demonstration of sexual exclusivity it is a sham.
Aren't we seeking to destroy all forms of exclusivity?
Does our own oppression give us the right to oppress others?
Unless we are prepared to oppose all oppression,
We stand guilty of direct contribution to it.

The neo-fascists plunder our land
And we must resist them on every level.
As outsiders we have few rights with which to oppose them,
But on our own, together, we seek them.
They have their law and those who impose it.
We only have ourselves and each other.
They have their order and those who impose it.
We only have ourselves and each other.
It is easy to dismiss those who seek peace as dreamers,
But isn't our whole culture built on past dreams?
It is essential that our dreams become a reality
Or there will cease to be one.

Harrods boasts that it can supply any whim that its wealthy clients might
express,
Well let them supply me an Exocet missile and a starving Third World child
And I'll teach them the politics of choice.
Equality doesn't enter into the ghettos of wealth.
Beneath the protective sheath of Thatcher's economy
The right, rich and privileged get ever richer

"Repent ye sinners or be devoured in the flames of hell."
Those very same flames that devoured their enemies in countless religious wars.

So often the church has marched hand in hand with the military
Casting its blessings upon the writhing bodies of the battlefield.
Each stab of bayonet is God's word.
Each crash of steel is God's word.
Each torn limb and splash of blood is God's word.
For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten sons.
Each sodden grave and sodding death is God's word.
For he so loved the world he gave our only begotten sons.

In Christian societies executions are attended by representatives of the church.
Goggle-eyed before the gallows, the electric chair and the gas-chamber
They administer their Christ's blessing.
In America poison is injected into the blood-stream.
Another Christ dies, jacked up by the state.
Another glorious advance for civilisation.
One small step for man.
One giant step for mankind.
For he so loved the world.
He gave us his only begotten son
And likewise we are expected so to do.
For he so loved the world.

Violent, vicious hypocrisy.
How is anyone supposed to deal with these contradictions,
Confusions and lies? They defy reason.
Oh yes, you can inwardly laugh at the absurdity,
Satirise the obscenity, but the hysteria soon wears thin
And the tears wear a colder complexion.
Humour can offer diversion,
But it dilutes real anger
And nothing gets confronted.
We are ruled by dangerous mad-people,
What's funny about that for fucks sake?
The world is daily threatened with annihilation,
Is that really something to be trivialised?
The world is under constant threat.
Against this background of fear
We struggle to create our own authority.
While being bludgeoned into conformity
We struggle to find our inner selves.
Of course I feel uncomfortable when I'm laughed at in the streets,
But I don't want to be one of them.
I want to be an outsider,
At the same time I'd like to come in out of the cold.

Urgency overrules personal fears.
Against the scenario of total destruction
We demand a sanity that might save the world.
That alone excludes us from the mainstream of thought.
History offers no solutions,
Quotes from Mao or Stalin, Hitler or Marx
Simply confirms the oppression.
I'm tired of political experts,
Tired of 'if onlys'.
They have always been the same people,
Grey visionless robots
Who would have us all share their death.
History is simply a justification for oppression,
Written by those who practice it.
It is being constantly changed and rewritten
To conform to the requirements of the ruling elite.
A tempest of convenience
That blasts across the blistered bodies of the dead.

There would be no more starvation on this planet.
Yet governments pay no heed to the cries of suffering,
They perhaps make token gestures to appease their consciences,
But no real improvements are made
Because to ensure control the superpowers need to maintain the imbalance.
Natives are slaughtered in their homelands
By governments seeking out new possessions.
Most of the wealth of the so called developed nations
Has been gained at the expense of the Third World
From whom natural resources, both mineral and human,
Have been unscrupulously exploited.
Peoples' pride and dignity is burnt in Napalm
And hand-held flame-throwers.
The poor and underprivileged are raped and tormented
By leaders who use their power not to assist, but to oppress.
At the wave of a gloved hand
These people can, and do,
Send young men to their deaths,
But not before others too have fallen from their bayonets and guns.
Such armies are invariably called 'peace keeping forces'.
The hypocrisy is as appalling as it is obvious.
The wealthy, educated, privileged and secure
Make the lives of those less fortunate a complete misery.
Millions upon millions of people are dying from malnutrition
Because, to stabilise their economies, governments destroy food rather than
giving it to the needy.

*

"Let them eat cake" said Marie Antoinette
As she wiped the calf's blood from her lips.

*

"Proud to be British" said Margaret Thatcher
As she wiped the Falkland's blood from her hands.

*

The ruling elite have no concept of what it is to suffer want,
Yet it is they who are directly responsible.
In a world where there are people who can't afford a crust of bread,
These arrogant scabs drive around in Bentleys and Rolls Royces.
Perhaps it amuses them to rub shit into the faces of the poor,
But there'll come a time when such overt displays of wealth
Will not be tolerated by the people in the street.
In a sane society wealth and possession would not be an asset.

*

A few years ago a politician was on the radio
Saying that no one in the UK suffered from want.
Next day I saw an old man pleading for a handful of coal;
His wife was dying of cold and he was penniless.
Maybe in the morning, as the politician sipped breakfast tea,
She lay cold and dead before the empty grate.
Every year thousands of people die of hypothermia,
Too hungry, too cold, too poor to stay alive.

*

At times of national crisis it's always the poor who suffer.
'Back Britain' we're told
As the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.
At times of international crisis it's the same story.
'Back Britain' we're told
As the rich get richer and the poor get killed.
In the event of a nuclear crisis,
The rich will retreat to private bunkers with their wealth and possessions.

*

The injustice of inequality is sanctioned by the church.
With its tradition of finance from the gentry
The church has always been obliged
To ensure that its flock remains servile.

*

And they, in turn, support her barbaric policies both at home and overseas.
The Falklands War cost Britain over sixteen thousand million pounds - in whose
pocket?

Throughout the world millions of people are employed making armaments,
Don't they realise that it's ordinary people like themselves who'll suffer the
effects of their filthy labour?

The wealthy obscene with their obscene wealth
Applaud the carnage from their grandstand.
It's as if they were at Ascot laying their bets;
Five to one on the Four Horsemen.

They believe that money can buy them out of the responsibility
That they have for the world that they bleed dry.
They are the true pornographers
The real stylists in human perversion.
Rich educated tarts sit dumbly by
Watching their fortunes rise and fall
In the neatly pressed pin-striped trousers of the City.
Debutante whores in rich men's castles.

The ruling elite with their puppet figurehead
Queen Elizabeth the Second, Regina Virginia,
Strut about on the millions of bodies
That they have sacrificed to gain their position.
Who are these leaders but those who have made violence pay?
Who are they but the inheritors of their ancestors greed and theft?
Their blood stained flags are rag to our future,
Tattered remnants of our individual rights.
These rulers are common murderers and thieves,
But still we bow before them.
For how long will the masses
Be so pathetically manipulated by God, Queen and Country?

For fucks sake where are we in all this?
We're given life yet we court death.
For Christ's sake how long? How long, oh Lord, how long?
Still we lay prostrate before a stylised figure on a crucifix,
As if the stone fool might be resurrected.
We are expected to bargain our lives for his
And join him in the ugliness of perpetual Christian guilt.
He hangs there as a reminder of our own subjugation.
Let it be known that he alone is Christ,
Those who dare emulate him shall suffer thus.
Each settlement is spiked with that stupid image,
Each conscience nailed to that diet of corruption.

Military acts are bathed in those gory tales.
Tired Marines, edgy to fuck and sleep, are blessed in his name.
Pious virgins in desire kneel in worship before the myth.
In anticipation of their own death, they await his coming.
Sweet Jesus have mercy on me.
Sweet Jesus, they share his agony.
Sweet Jesus, they share his misery.
Fuck his loaded deity.

Over half the world's population is starving,
Crucified by the greed of landowners,
Helpless against the imbalance of priorities
Practiced by the major powers who, if they wanted to, could help.
Every minute of the day millions upon millions of pounds
Are spent on the machinery of war.
If only a half of that was spent on the machinery of peace,

The door stands open -
Across lines, invisible hands are held, golden streamers building in the night.
Alone, the possibilities are enormous.
Step outside and parasites, deprived of their meat, wait to suck on tiring flesh,
Unending statistics that fatten leaders, prisoners of their morality.
Afraid of death, we can not save ourselves.
To breathe is not enough.

Yes Sir, I Will.

When you woke this morning you looked so rocky-eyed,
Blue and white normally, but strange ringed like that in black.
It doesn't get much better, your voice can get just ripped up shouting in vain,
Maybe someone hears what you say, but you're still on your own at night.
You've got to make such a noise to understand the silence,
Screaming like a jackass, ringing ears so you can't hear the silence
Even when it's there. Like the wind seen from the window,
Seeing it but not being touched by it.

Words sometimes don't seem to mean much;
Of anyone we've used more that most.
Feelings from the heart that have been distorted and mocked,
Thrown around in the spectacle, the grand social circus.

Up against the rows of grey robots who control our lives
The things we have to offer sometimes seem so frail.
As they plan destruction and gain respectability,
We offer our creativity and are made outcasts.

We didn't expect to find ourselves playing this part,
We were concerned with ideas, not rock and roll,
But we can't avoid that arena,
It's become a part of us even if we don't understand it.

In attempts to moderate they ask why we don't write love songs.
What is it that we sing then?
Our love of life is total, everything we do is an expression of that,
Everything that we write is a love song.

We look for alternatives,
But the enormous power of the media makes it so difficult
To establish foundations. Their lies and distortions are so extreme
That everything becomes poisoned and corrupted.
We can become media personalities,
But it is always on their terms.
We're tired of living up to other people's expectations
When our own are so much higher.
Intelligence seems so easily dismissed
When it doesn't conform to mainstream values.
Lennon said 'they hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool',
He was right. Social intelligence merely requires agreement and compromise.

The boundaries are becoming narrower as the State becomes more paranoid.
Under authoritarian rule, conformity becomes the only security.
Fear is a powerful weapon against human development.
Cowering in our temples of self there's little chance of change;
The State is aware of that. The bomb serves many functions.
If fear of the omnipotent God is no more,
The nuclear Father will govern with his shepherd's crook,
Drawing his flock closer to the valley of the shadow of death.

Those of us who stand out against the status quo
Do so against all odds.
We cling so closely together
Because we have little other than ourselves.

Is that why the cherry trees blossom?
You are destroying and corrupting.
In condemning them to the nuclear nightmare
Are you willing to accept the burning of tomorrow's unborn?
They know nothing of this sorrow.

Suffer little children to come unto me.
Suffer little children to come unto me.
Suffer little children to come unto me.
Suffer little children to come unto me.

In your refusal to act against these hideous dangers
You are guilty of being the gutless passive observer.
Are you so inhuman that you will let this happen?
Just a helpless bystander waving your flag in mute acceptance?
Take up your eyes and see.
Take up your ears and hear.
Take up your mind and think.
Take up your life and act.

It is up to us all as responsible citizens of Earth
To work towards the downfall of the powerful elite.
Their rule has created dreadful suffering.
Their insanity precludes all reason and compassion,
They lie, trick and manipulate.
They are the maggots in the flesh of decency,
The vultures that pick at the bones of hope,
The carriers of famine, war, pestilence, and death.

They must be stopped.
Why should people die for their insanity?
Why should people starve for their insanity?
Why should people suffer the spitefulness of their greed?
We must not be intimidated by the authority
That they appear to have.
We must be prepared to oppose them on every level,
To fight back in the knowledge that if we don't
We will have failed in our responsibility to life itself.
It has happened before
That the powerless have risen against the oppressor
Only to be beaten back.
But there have been cases
Where they have succeeded.
Ours is a just cause,
It is up to each one of us, alone, to do our best.
We must learn to overcome our fears.
We must realise that the strength that they have
Is the strength that we give them.
It is you, the passive observer who has given them this power.
You are being used and abused
And will be discarded as soon as they've bled what they want from you.

You must learn to live with your own conscience,
your own morality,
your own decision,
your own self.

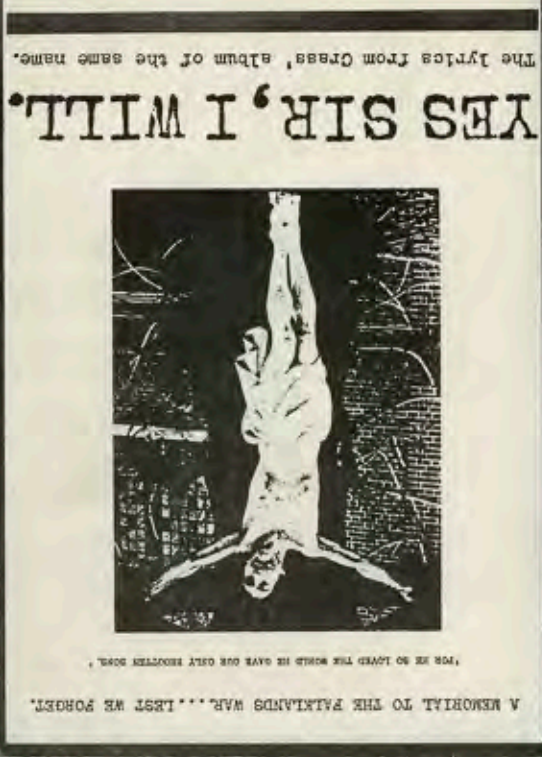
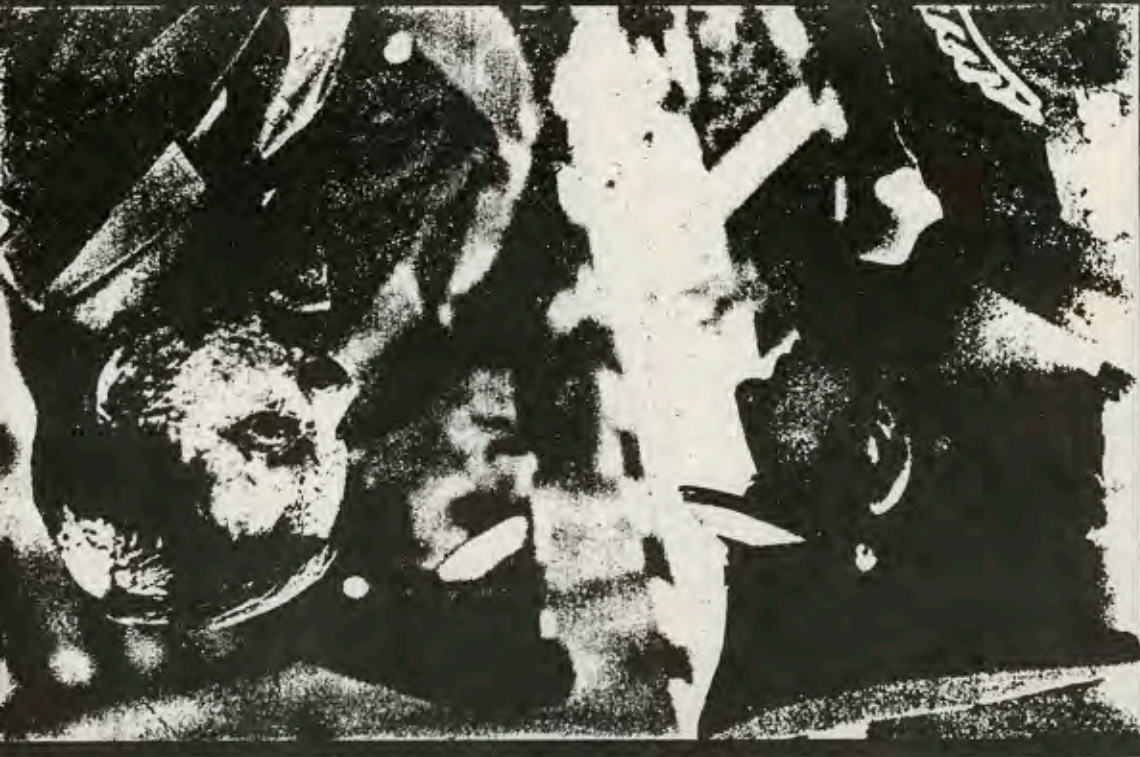
You alone can do it.
There is no authority but yourself.

One squaddy, horrifically burnt in the Falklands War,
Was approached by Prince Charles during a presentation.
"Get well soon" said the Prince, to which the squaddy replied,
"Yes Sir, I will".



**BE WARNED!
THE NATURE OF YOUR
OPPRESSION
IS THE AESTHETIC
OF OUR
ANGER**





A REMORIAL TO THE FALKLANDS WAR... LEST WE FORGET.

The lyrics from Grass, album of the same name.

YES SIR, I WILL.

The rock and roll swindler says it's OK to blunder. He's the private and all the rest of the culture they can play a role to. The imperialists rub their hands in glee. As the slave-boy hunkles out but-wade in the garbage cans. Even so called radicals were hand in hand with the ruling elite! Yesterday those silly creeps rejected the status quo. Today they wear and share passageways to the very heart. Where's the free individual in all that! Where's the hope and aspiration? Identities have become corporations. Social egos and media messes. Soldiers of all-men's breasts. Prescribed futures; Just as all down aspirins and urine became borrowed time? Are we really so dumb, so covered into submission That not only are we prepared to eat shit We're also prepared to eat diamonds for the privilege? My should we accept servility as a bargain for dignity? My should we passively accept death as a bargain for living? My accept of life? My accept of this village? For Christ's sake take up your bat and walk. Let the blind see and the deaf hear. The rights of the individual are dependent upon You realising your right as an individual. People are so easily deluded into thinking they've instrumented choice

will achieve nothing but the strengthening of the status quo. Punk has spawned another rock and roll while it has spawned riotous imitations thinking they'll change their world with dyed hair and predictable gestures. However, whenever there's a stressed empty stage waiting for their empty performances, a thousand empty faces waiting for their empty stances. How easy times must we have remained versions of feeding of the 5000 by Jesus those only back-off to the system that been one off the script! It's the feeding of the 5 Muckie Shuffie

If there was no government, wouldn't there be chaos everybody running round, setting petrol bombs off? And if there was no police force, tell me what you'd do if thirty thousand rioters came running after you? And who would clean the streets? Who'd mend my television? Wouldn't people lay about without some supervision? Who'd drive the fire engines? Who'd fix our cars? If there were no prisons, well, where would robbers go?

And what if I told you to Fuck Off?

What if there's no army to stop a big invasion? Who'd clean the bugs and sweep the floors? We'd have all immigration. Who'd pull the pint at the local pub? Who'd I get my bag? Who'd empty out my Subliminal? Who'd I still get plastic bags? If there were no hospitals, and no doctors too. If I'd broken both my legs, where would I run to? If there's no medication, if there were no nurses, Wouldn't people die a lot? And who would drive the hearse?

And what if I told you to Fuck Off?

If there were no butchers shops, what would people eat? You'd have everybody starving if they didn't get their meat. If there was no water, what would people drink? Who'd flush away the poo? But of course I'll never stink. What about the children? Who'd teach them in the schools? Who'd make the beggars keep in line? Learn them all the rules? Who'd tell us whitewash winners when to take some dough? Will we make a flask of tea and survive the holocaust?

It's often been said that truth is the first casualty of war, it is, but the same could be said of life. From birth we are threatened and beaten into submission by family, church, school and state. From then on we're easy game for the powerbringers. Like pathetic circus dogs we tail out praise Or, even our true nature finds its way to the surface so hide in the darkness, our tails between our legs. At all costs we are prevented from realising our own potential. We are conditioned into being passive observers. If the ring-master offers war, we have been conditioned to passively accept it. War can only exist through passive acceptance. It is nothing but a demonstration of the weakness of human will.

We receive at least one filtered truth. Most of what we see and hear is lies.

The Falklands war was rewritten as it happened. It was not a glorious victory for the British spirit. Not the heroic defeat of a fanatic dictator. It was a callous and savage piece of electioneering designed to cover up, horrific domestic problems. How can anyone blame so distorted? Thatcher personally ordered the staging of the general belgrano killing over three hundred men. And horrible mutilating many more. She did this because her political neck required bloodshed to prove her wisdom in releasing the Task Force. The history books will not document her as a cold-blooded murderer.

I'm tired of the dull rationalisation of the politicians. Weighed down with their cues and inadequacies I feel only anger and belated hatred for them. How can anyone be so distorted? How can anyone be so far from real human values? I feel only disgust for their twisted minds. How can peace be achieved through threats of violence? What kind of hope is there in that Strait-Jacket?

The authority of those who oppress us is supported, maintained and defended by those who are themselves the most oppressed; Those who, because they have no alternatives, are in service to the rulers.

How can I feel anger towards the equally weighed down with his guns and inadequacies? I can feel only pity and belated compassion. How can anyone be so distorted? How can anyone be so far from real human values? I can only feel pity for his twisted mind. How can freedom be achieved if the poor fight to uphold the privileges of those who directly oppress them?

We look through one eye hoping the other won't see. That way we only need deal with a half of it. Like bloody ostriches, oblivious. Not because we are, but because we choose to be. Most people see through the lies. Not are too afraid to admit it. It's so much easier to be the passive observer. How much longer can people afford to just sit by like idiot? All the indications are there. Massive unemployment, recession, depression. But who's looking? Who cares? Timely the population is being led down the road to total bondage. Government is daily strengthening its powers. Those who stand against it are ridiculed, intimidated or abused and punished. Those in power are totally cynical. Timely the seriousness of the problem They simply strengthen the army and police to combat it. They are ready for the inevitable response. It happened in Britain, Sovietly and West side. It happens daily in Northern Ireland. Under Thatcher's regime there has been massive increases in police brutality. In London police went down a sea. Only to find it was the wrong person. We regret to inform you. Regret to inform you.

where in reality they're nothing but passive observers. Passive observers do nothing but passively observe. Passively soak up creativity and say 'Yes, that's me'. Passively soak up destruction and say 'Oh no, not us, not us'. There are those who strive for value and meaning. Who search for reason and purpose; Their efforts are negated by the passive observers.

They spend days before the TV set so burned out, it is as if they've lost all sense of vision and possibility? What chance does anyone have when all the spaces are filled? Snipping breakfast teas to the sound of Space Invaders.

Television is today's surebarg. bowing to its authority, they become it. I've seen four year old children conforming to media roles, Main-lining the gross theatre that will become their lives. The population is mesmerised by the flickering screens. And the streets, where the police of reality were once created, are deserted at night and the rulers sleep secure. They are under no threat as long as the people are sedated. Those who suffer head-aches from excessive intake of electronics are prescribed value.

Or pay for a fix at the pub where men have to piss up the wall. And the stench of urine lasts well into the next pint.

Entertainment is designed to gloss over real problems. And very often those who profess dissent only add to the deception. Some are banded about, but always at the whim of the puppeteer. Anticlimax allegorising is just another punch and Judy show.

Any information that we receive concerning the real world is carefully controlled.

Why else would fiction have such license? We are allowed to see endless theatrical deaths. But when the real deaths started on the Falklands government censors prevented us from seeing them. We were given the excuse of 'national security'. By the lying media who were interested only in saving their political skins. It didn't matter how many died. As long as their popularity ratings didn't suffer. For that reason alone we were misled from the truth. While the real violence is kept from us. We are exposed to constant postures of death and destruction. Those in power are rightly aware that if we had access to the real facts we would cease to be simply passive observers. Media coverage of Viet Nam created massive dissent in the USA. Thatcher's government was aware of that even, embarking on the Falklands charade they refused press cards to anyone who they knew would not support their line. Those who did travel to the Falklands found their reports dramatically cut down. Meanwhile, at home, we were fed fabrications of Britain's 'glorious war'. The truth that is how filtering out paints a very different picture.

It's often been said that truth is the first casualty of war, it is, but the same could be said of life. From birth we are threatened and beaten into submission by family, church, school and state. From then on we're easy game for the powerbringers. Like pathetic circus dogs we tail out praise Or, even our true nature finds its way to the surface so hide in the darkness, our tails between our legs. At all costs we are prevented from realising our own potential. We are conditioned into being passive observers. If the ring-master offers war, we have been conditioned to passively accept it. War can only exist through passive acceptance. It is nothing but a demonstration of the weakness of human will.

Regret to inform you. We regret to inform you. Under Thatcher's unfeeling guidance the scenario is one year early. That today another Christ was shot in the back of the head. We regret to inform you. Regret to inform you. That another Christ, not yet ten years old, was shot today. By agents of her Majesty's government, using plastic bullets. They say that plastic bullets are designed not to kill. They do. I say that human beings were not designed to kill, not us, not us; We do. We regret to inform you.

20th is a book about the positive danger of totalitarianism, under Thatcher's unfeeling guidance the scenario is one year early. With the cold penetration of the pin ball arcade. We're flicked around as numbers by the hidden computers. Software in the hardware. Documentation and files. We have no access to the information that they have stored on us. Tiger-tape alter egos, print-out portraits. We are becoming another. As individuals within that mechanical system we are arbitrary. Wanted only for what can be taken from us. Our future is of no concern to the mega-corporations who determine the nature of our economic well-being. Thatcher's policies require massive unemployment. Which makes her order to 'support our boys' nothing but a fucking insult. When they were eight thousand miles away flying for her approval. She fabricated what was a complete mockery of compassion. She doesn't give a fuck for them. Self determination and self enterprise are her big lines. But just how much of that does she offer to others in her contemptible use of people? She was prepared to risk world peace. Saying that it was for the self determination of the Falklanders. Those very same people who over a year ago she was prepared to abandon without a thought. And now, for all her empty talk, they are forced to live in a fortress waiting for further hostilities. Thatcher has recently sanctioned a loan of one hundred million pounds to Argentina.

Claiming that it was to stabilise world economy. The purchase of further secrets and the development of nuclear potential should do much for world economy, but the level of world security. Just what the fuck was all that bloodied fort?

Thatcher has signed away British self-determination in one single stroke. She has agreed to install deadly cruise missiles on British soil. Over which the Americans have total control. The American military presence is designed solely to limit nuclear war with Russia in the 'European Theatre'. Reasonable we are told the spread of protection and deterrence. American war planners have repeatedly stated that they intend to fight the Third World war on European soil. Cruise missiles greatly increase the danger of that happening. Designed to avoid radar detection by skimming the earth's surface. Cruise missiles are seen as the ideal 'first strike weapon'. They also guarantee a massive response that would make Britain into a nuclear desert.

Military nauty is astounding. The experts seriously believe that they will be able to limit war to the 'European Theatre'. In this particular show the world will be the stage. There'll be no Encore.

Thatcher and her crooked talk of 'limited tactical responses' and 'collateral damage' causing 'collateral damage'. These terms are borrowed from their American counterparts and are designed to mask the ugly reality that they describe. In everyday language 'collateral damage' simply means civilian deaths. In the event of nuclear attack on Britain that would amount to thirty eight million people.

