

## WOUNDED MOON

The tuff war  
It was a hard war  
Get me a coat of arms  
Cos it's a cold war  
A freezing cold war.

But we had a good war  
It was a good war  
A trendy war  
A funky war  
Not a bad war  
It was a cute war  
In many ways  
A sexy war  
It gave you the COME ON  
And the BRUSH OFF  
It was a famous war  
Celebrated with man slaughter  
A grand scale execution  
Useless institution.

The war to end all wars  
Wars the end of the beginning  
Not the beginning of the pre-emptive occupation  
Tissue of triple ply lies  
And a feeble none Finnish resistance.

War  
Like a toke and gesture  
A treaty which involves oil  
And a protracted surrender  
But you just can't wave no white flag  
Until you become  
An affiliated  
Fully paid up  
Cease fire member.

When the laughter died down  
As the fear and cynicism sets in  
It's war by any other name  
One man's ritual  
Is another man's sin.

It was the right war  
Not the wrong war  
It was a short war  
Not the long one.

Over bar Christmas  
Job and finish  
Be back before you know it  
I'll buy you a draught pint of Guinness.

It was a happy war  
The war we all wanted  
And the blood and the terror I saw  
Haunted faces  
Broken, twisted and gaunt.  
that was yer bone fide war

Entrails round the tank tracks  
Bullets pierce her womb  
Bones nailed to dawn's door  
Souls basking  
Under a Wounded Moon.

But it was a necessary war  
A sweet war  
God's will  
A righteous war  
Orgasms and throats cut  
War is war  
War is man's way of putting a value on life  
And freedom is the lull  
Before the politicians greed.