

Brighton Bomb

Angelic Upstarts

Are they at war, who can justify?
Are you so holy, have you got the right?
Who is the judge and who is your jury?
Or let them get it by decree?
What do you hold in front, hold in front of them?
It's only your Democracy.

There a killer on the street, a killer on the trigger.
And who is the winner, and who is the winner.
There's a bomb gone off in Brighton, a bomb gone off to kill.
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Killers Unite, killers with the right.
Do you hold the pistol or cut by the knife.
So cry to me of cowards, and countries with the right,
The right to take up a fight.
Wiped out in a sea of hate, as dust falls in the night.
Never to learn till disaster strikes.

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