

## Song In The Blood

There are great puddles of blood on the world  
 Where is it all going? all this spilled blood?  
 Is it the earth that drinks it and gets drunk?  
 Funny kind of drunkography then,  
 So wise,  
 So monotonous,  
 No,  
 The earth doesnt get drunk  
 The earth doesnt turn askew  
 It pushes its little car regularly, its four seasons,  
 Rain, snow, hail, fair weather,  
 Never is it drunk  
 Its with difficulty it permits itself from time to time  
 An unhappy little volcano  
 It turns, the earth,  
 It turns with its trees, its gardens, its houses  
 It turns with its great pools of blood  
 And all living things turn with it and bleed

It doesnt give a damn the earth  
 It turns  
 And all living things set up a howl,  
 It doesnt give a damn,  
 It turns  
 It doesnt stop turning  
 And the blood doesnt stop running

Wheres it going all this spilled blood?  
 Murders blood, wars blood, miserys blood,  
 And the blood of men tortured in prisons,  
 And the blood of children calmly tortured by their papa and their mama  
 And the blood of men whose heads bleed in padded cells  
 And the roofers blood when the roofer slips and falls from the roof  
 And the blood that comes and flows in great gushes with the newborn  
 The mother cries,  
 The baby cries,  
 The blood flows  
 The earth turns  
 The earth doesnt stop turning,  
 The blood doesnt stop flowing

Wheres it going all this spilled blood?  
 Blood of the blackjacked,  
 Of the humiliated,  
 Of suicides  
 Of firing squad victims  
 Of the condemned  
 And the blood of those that die just like that  
 By accident

In the street a living being goes by with all his blood inside  
 Suddenly there he is, dead  
 And all his blood outside  
 And other living beings make the blood disappear  
 They carry the body away  
 But its stubborn the blood  
 And there where the dead one was,  
 Much later, all black,  
 A little blood still stretches  
 Coagulated blood,  
 Lifes rust, bodys rust  
 Blood curdled like milk,  
 Like milk when it turns,  
 When it turns like the earth,  
 Like the earth it turns with its milk,

With its cows,  
With its living,  
With its dead,  
The earth that turns with its trees,  
With its living beings, its houses  
The earth that turns with marriages,  
Burials,  
Shells,  
Regiments,  
The earth that turns and turns and turns  
With its great streams of blood.