



The Bloodied Sword

NARRATOR

A bloodied sword
Stands up
To speak.
Proclaims...

SWORD

No refuge for the meek.

NARRATOR

... Cites
As witness,
History, where...
Reason never held the sway,
Nor conscience ever won the day.

SWORD

You mortals make me laugh!

NARRATOR

He sneered.

SWORD

Your...
God with us
Has been a creed
That's kept me dripping with this...
Gore,
Since time began...
So know the score,
You;
Pacifist,
Image of Christ,
Thou shalt not kill...?
Hah!
But still must fight
For the right
Not to kill...
... Or be killed.
Lucifer... demands the crown,
Yet, cannot claim it
On his own.
He needs my help,
And strong armed men,
To cast his dark cloak
O'er the throne.

So how can you
My gentle knight,
Defend
Your king
The prince of light,
If you won't take me up
And fight

For the right
Not to kill - or be killed.

You must
Persist to exist,
Resist to exist,
You pacifist,
Scion of peace.

NARRATOR

A gun for hire's
Staccato voice
Shouts,

GUN

Satan's not the only choice...
Four horsemen clamour at my gate,
Bereft of love,
They offer -
Hate...
As bounty for my deadly might,
To wrest from man
That God giv'd right...
Mortality...
Brief
Span of life
Decreed by fate and roll of die,
But oftimes ended
In a thrice...
By death's cold glance,
That ashen mask,
Which oversees
My thankless task.

NARRATOR

Then, nodding to the sword, he
smiles...

GUN

My colleague here,
And I,
Will hire
Our services to you,
With fire and steel at your command,
Men will embrace your gentle plan;
So compromise and truce -
Bedamned
- We offer: peace upon demand!

PROPAGANDA MACHINE

Worthless invective...
misinformed lies.

GUN. SWORD

(in unison)
Who speaks?

NARRATOR

The outraged weapons cry.

PROPAGANDA MACHINE

'Tis !!

NARRATOR

A contoured voice replies...

PROPAGANDA MACHINE

Propaganda machine,
Vendor... of dreams,
'Tis I reject your worthless schemes.
This proffered choice,
Twixt death and hell,
With death the prize,
Will never sell!
But,
Couched within my cliched guile,
With innuendo as a bride,
A cause
Can consummate
Mankind,
Seducing countless open minds.

Consider that
Non combatant,
Unclench thy balled, reluctant fists,
Defend thou with
My wordy
Grist.
Manipulate to bend men's wills...
Present your case;
THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

No campaign is too great a task,
Whilst bugles blare in ev'ry camp,
I orchestrate - cacophony,
Discordant chords form symphonies
... With overture composed by me,
And soloist,
Supplied...
By thee.

By unconfirmed reports
I hide
Pure simple truth,
Or
Myriad lies.

Continued...

By agent, prophet,
Raconteur,
Narrator, priest, provocateur,
Loquacious tongues shall spread thy
word...

For country,
God,

For good,
Or ill...

Depends whose finger's on the till!

So, peacemonger,

Be advised,

To dwell on... this,

With words I'd strive,

To quell the cannon's

Hungry roar,

And still the reaper's death hued
sword.

Thou,

Sage,

What think you of my plan,

To marry peace

And common man?

SEER

Whilst possible...

NARRATOR

The seer replied.

SEER

To change a river's course,

And hide,

All trace

Of former

Spring,

And neap,

Terra himself would never seek,

A course

Steer'd from

Oceana's reach.

And so it is, concerning men,

A bow,

Through all degrees can bend,

... The arrow though,

Must rest,

When spent.

NARRATOR

What strain of madness summoned
these

Foul visions to assault my sense?

What caste of diabolic spell

Raised these denizens of hell?

I'd run as liars flee from truth

Were I not held transfixed by this

Serpent's eye of sorcery.

Wise man, thou seems a gentle

wraith,

How may I exorcise this curse?

SEER

Mortal, seek within thyself

A fleeting stunning state of grace.

SWORD

Whose whispered obsequies are
these?

I'll sing his lay;

Moan his name;

Herald his wake!

With ringing peels of sharpened steel,

A clashing,

Sweeping,

Slashing,

Gashing,

Razored, crimson swathe I'll trace,

To stop his blurt,

I'll render hurt,

Hack his head,

Lame his leg,

Chop his cheek,

Clip his speech,

Spill corpuscles o'er his knees,

Watch where wit runs,

As he bleeds.

Wiseacre,

Cease this sybil's dirge,

Or swift as Atropos, my edge,

Will cut your thread.

GUN

Play statue Sword.

NARRATOR

Gun menaces.

GUN

Or else, in one depleting flash,

Thy shadow shape,

Will be recast,

To match this formless scheme thou
hatch.

I'll rend thy tempered spine, cutlass,

Should you but plant,

A single kiss,

Upon this sayer's hoary lips.

Such delphic discourse,

Should be blessed.

This oracle may profit... us!

SWORD

As Circe favoured Ulysees!

No banquets at the trough I seek,

First, dub me blunt,

I'll take that smear,

As yore's archaic King's stick did.

NARRATOR

To Edward's prick alludes sword now,

Dull blade of mercy, Curtana,

Who shamed his kind right royally,

Dispensing naught but clemency,

Gracing none 'cept majesty.

... Wait, he starts another speech.

SWORD

Gun, I will embrace thy point,

'Tis loathsome that we two confront.

For now, I'll spare this wizard's neck,

Thus, to preserve thy patronage.

GUN

Sword, I laud thy classic shift,

A well placed paean to partnership.

You eye my sights,

I'll guide your tilt.

... Meantime, we can question this,

philosopher,

Who vies with us.

Ho, orator, what spew thou,

To treaty with our awesome power.

SEER

Adam, Eden's end entail'd

Yet still, to all men comes the day,

When choice, will, do not prevail;

A sun's span to be liv'd again,

Divine, enlightened, free of sin.

Man as God at one with man.

God as man at one with man.

God as God at one with man.

Man as man at one with God.

God as man at one with God.

Man as God at one with God.

Man as man at one with man.

SWORD

No new aspect of tepid norm,

Decreed by law and axiom,

Where man, unsatisfied as God,

Reshoes the hooves already shod?

GUN

To better stamp this transient sod of
hubris,

Mankind's tribal plot,

With Mephistos' rank cloven mark.

SWORD

Sage, what role exists for us,

Within thy world of inner peace?

SEER

No part for thy savagery.

SWORD

I'll gut thee guru,

Void thy veins,
Unfetter thy ephemeral chains,
Dispatch thee from thy worldly bane.

Stand back Gun,
I'll scoop his brain,
Into thy breach,
A fusillade from thee shall preach,
This no-naught's dictum into space.

GUN

Pastor, thou has prayed thy last,
Thy sermon timer's run its sand,
This blade will fuel thy quick
despatch.
Thy offering plate will sound no
more,
Of coins dropped for the needy poor;
Thy bells have rung their final
change,
Thy parsonage will be the grave.

PROPAGANDA MACHINE

Bastards, betrayed before birth,
Bloody bayonet,
Blasted bombard,
Beware bitterness,
Bias belittles,
Ban battles,
Bet baubles,
Betray brothers,
Bar brashness,
Badger badges,
Baffle bankers,
Break barricades,
Belie bombast,
Bedazzle bedfellows.

SWORD

Behead Banter.

GUN

Bestow bereavement.

NARRATOR

A jester enters with his team,
They laugh amid this nightmare
scene.

CLOWN

By bulldogs bent below belief,
By baited bears beringed by beasts,
This wordy propagandist here,
Has saved his grace, yon visionary,
Armed only with the letter B.
Bought off the bully weaponry,
With badinage and bafoonery;
Bites of boring dictionary,
Taken twixt the A and C,
Have quite entranced this murderous
team.

JESTER

Methinks this hellish spelling bee,

Looms to weave a spell or three,
Such warped cretonne of dark
design,
Will not twist me into its yarn,
'Tis curtains to be so entwined!

CLOWN

This morbid choir chants naught for
me,
A wise man's fool I'd rather be,
As Wolsey's Patche, or Dagonet,
A Wallet to Elizabeth.

JESTER

If womens' ears thou would'st
vouchsafe,
With comedie that stings of truth,
'Tis best to know of witchery;
Enlist the aid of alchemy,
This, least of all, thy craft will need,
To save thy rump from butchery.

There was a time Hecate was not so
drained,
Before burnt to the core,
Full coloured, she sailed,
Deploying thrice the orb now
displayed.
Untroubled till spore of distant clime,
Reduced her charm.

Can you, Clown, envisage moon,
As Jahweh's boon,
Before Canidia, sorceress,
Drew her down to such distress?

CLOWN

An age when moonbeams
Pulsed with life?
Huh, that story's taller than my wife;
Jester's rhyming riddle tripe!

JUGGLER

I placed that orb, part of my act,
I tossed so high, could not fall back.

JESTER

Juggler of balls, enough of it,
To bandy words would bring more
profit.

FIRE-EATER

I scorched the sphere whilst breathing
fire,
I'll singe the fool who calls me liar.

CLOWN

Immolate thy lips more like.

... Hey Jester, who's yon baleful tike?

Come, join us, with thy fretful frown,
Thou needs no mask to play sad
clown.

NARRATOR

The pageant tarried briefly
At my door;
By right in costume was I born.
Elemental garb, tellurian form,
Befitted me to join this entourage.
Yet, still I wait.
By increments of pleasure,
Increasing without measure,
Accoutrements of treasure could be
mine,
Yet, still I bide my time.

Does this cavalcade
Need another clown?

Side One

01. The Sword's Theme
02. Sword Speaks
03. Gun
04. Propaganda Machine
05. Seer
06. The Haunting
07. Warnings
08. Confrontation
09. Mercy
10. Alliance
11. Oceana's Theme

Side Two

01. One With Man
02. Damnation
03. Threats
04. Propaganda
05. The Jester's Theme
06. The Pageant
07. Soliloquy
08. The Swords Theme (Part II)

Words written and spoken by Maxwell Langdown
Music composed and performed by Midge Ure
and Chris Cross
Manual percussion Kenny Hyslop
Produced by Cross, Ure, Langdown

Recorded - 1979-1980 Rockstar Studios, London
Engineers - Steve Messer, John Springate
1980-1981 Trident Studios, London
Engineer - Stephen Stewart-Short
1981-1983 Mayfair Studios, London
Mix Engineer - John Hudson
Art Direction - John Pasch
Illustrations - Jim Gibson
Published by Sing Sing Songs / Mood Music /
Copyright Control