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**BURNING ROME RECORDS LTD.**  
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managing director terry razor



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IF IT'S WEDNESDAY, THIS MUST BE 1984.....

OK, BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE IN DISGUST AT YET ANOTHER PIECE ABOUT  
GEORGE ORWELL, READ ON AND TAKE HEED OF THE LESSONS WITHIN.....

A CONCERT WAS ARRANGED FOR SPEAR OF DESTINY IN SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN.  
THE PLANNED DATE WAS DECEMBER 31 1983, BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL 3.45am  
THAT THEY ACTUALLY GOT ON STAGE.....THE FIRST OF JANUARY 1984.  
THIS TURNED OUT TO BE SPEAR'S FINEST HOUR SO FAR, KIRK, IN A MOMENT  
OF THOUGHTFULNESS, IMPARTED THAT IT WAS INDEED THE BEST SHOW HE HAS  
EVER PLAYED. EVER.

THE ROAD TO SAN SEBASTIAN WAS A ROCKY ONE. BOMB SCARES, ROADBLOCKS,  
ROADBLOCKS ON FIRE AND A FEW SPANISH TANKS. BIG BROTHER OUT TO SETTLE  
A SCORE WITH ETA. BUT ON STAGE THAT NIGHT, SPEAR OF DESTINY BLEW AWAY THE  
MYTH THAT IS BIG BROTHER. NO DOUBT HE EXISTS? BUT SO LONG AS YOU KNOW HE  
IS THERE THEN HIS EFFECT UPON YOU IS DIMINISHED.

1984 IS THE YEAR OF THE PEOPLE. DON'T EVER FORGET THAT OR ELSE YOU'LL BE  
THE FIRST TO GO. REMEMBER WE NEED AN AUDIENCE FROM WHICH TO RECEIVE HOPE.  
AND TO GIVE IT.....



## THEATRE OF HATE : The begining of an epic

Theatre of Hate came together from the elements of three of the favourite so-called "punk" bands of the late 1970's.

Kirk Brandon had long been the front man with The Pack, a band which gained a large London following with numbers such as "King of Kings" and "Number Twelve".

Luke Rendle had been the drummer of the much misunderstood Crisis, another cult band in London and their homeland of Surrey. They wrote such classics as "UK 78" and "White Youth", before folding in May 1980.

Stan Stammers was recruited from Brixton band The Straps. Before that he had been bass player with the Epileptics, and turned down an offer to join Charlie Harper to join Theatre of Hate.

Steve Guthrie, an old mate of Kirk's was brought in as guitarist, and the nucleus of Theatre of Hate was formed in June 1980.

After two months of hard rehearsal, they played their first gig supporting Spizz at the Marquee on August 6 1980. It was very promising for a first gig and is best remembered for Stan falling of the stage.

A second gig soon followed, supporting Vaughn Toulouse's Dept. S at the notorious haunt, the Music Machine on one of the regular "entrance 20p" nights. Enter Mr. Terry Razor. He put up the funds for the band's first single, but before that could be recorded, a sax had to be found.

He came in the shape of John Lennard, a professional circuit squash player from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, who, complete with straw boater, played his first and the band's third gig at the Moonlight Club in West Hampstead. Due to a rapidly growing word-of-mouth reputation, this gig was very quickly sold out and the doors closed.

The first out of town gig was at the Stevenage Bowes Lyon House, a venue they have returned to since.

Theatre of Hate's first single was released in November 1980. A double -a sided single, "Legion/Original Sin" has subsequently become a classic single which is very difficult to get hold of due to it's being very quickly deleted.

Also in November came the band's first tour, partly supporting the Ruts and partly Killing Joke, neither of whom exist any more. In December 1980 ToH supported Ian Dury and the Blockheads at Friars in Aylesbury.

After the turn of the year, a tour was brought together under the banner "The 2002 Review", featuring Classix NouveauX, Theatre of Hate, Naked Lunch, Blancmange and Shock. It was this tour that firmly established ToH in the minds of the audiences, and it climaxed with a night at the (late) Finsbury Park Rainbow. Steve Guthrie left shortly after this and so the role of guitar was taken up by Kirk.







The second single "Rebel Without a Brain/My Own Invention" was cut and released in March 1981, produced by Mick Jones of the Clash, and in May 1981 a Dutch tour was scheduled, along with two dates in Berlin, one supporting the Clash. This tour lay some important groundwork as the band are now very popular in both these places.

When they returned, a British tour followed immediately entitled "The March of the Conquistadors" which climaxed with a night at London's Strand Lyceum after taking in almost all the major towns and cities in England and Scotland.

The third single "Nero/Incinerator", was released in 12" form on July 29 1981, the day of the Royal Wedding. "The world burns but Nero plays....." In August 1981 Theatre of Hate embarked on the recording of their first studio L.P., again produced by Mick Jones. This took about four weeks to complete, usually working through the night, but it was not to be released until six months later. After the album was finished, the search for a guitarist was begun.



He came in the form of Billy Duffy, previously of Lonesome No More, who heard about the situation through a friend. After only a week's rehearsal, his first gig was at the Stafford Futurama festival, and then straight into a second tour of Holland, with dates also in Berlin.

In October 1981, there followed another UK tour which began with Clash support slots at Manchester, Glasgow, Bridlington, St. Austell and the Lyceum, but which was mainly a headlining tour in their own right, again ending with a sell-out show at the Lyceum.

After a rest of ten hours, it all began again with a tour of Sweden (including one-off shows in Copenhagen and Oslo) and Holland, ending with three gigs in three days in three capital cities; The Hague, Brussels and London.

The London date at the Central London Poly was Luke's last gig with Theatre of Hate, so the process of finding a replacement began. After auditioning people for about two weeks, the finger of fate fell upon Nigel Preston from South London. At around the same time, the fourth single "Do You Believe in the Westworld" was being picked up on by national radio and gaining frequent airplay. It reached number 40 in the BRMB charts, so qualifying the band for an appearance on Top of the Pops, which was Nigel's first public appearance with Theatre of Hate.

What do you think of that?  
 a fascinating  
 b way above your head  
 c waffling



The "Westworld" album followed shortly after, and a tour was arranged to promote it. Starting at Gravesend on February 19 1982, and ending at Plymouth on April 7 it was a tiring but successful tour, especially as the L.P. went straight into the charts at number 18.

The next stage in the band's career was to record their fifth single, "The Hop" and make an accompanying video at the Zigzag Club in West London. After a fly-in/fly-out trip to Madrid, there followed an exhausting six week European marathon tour taking in West Germany, Berlin, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Holland, Belgium and France, dating from Köln on 1.5.82 to Lommel on 11.6.82.

Almost immediately on return they were on the road again for a tour billed as the "Holiday in Scotland" tour. After five of the six scheduled dates, "differences" led to the departure of Billy Duff, who stayed around to watch the final date at Glasgow Tiffany's. The four-piece, with Kirk playing guitar, did three English dates at St. Albans, Hammersmith Palais, and Guildford, which grew progressively better.

Two days later, it was on to another plane to the Land of the Midnight Sun, Finland, for two gigs and two festivals in four days. On return to London, there was several weeks solid rehearsals for a new L.P., this time produced by the band themselves.



Appearances on television and radio shows have been regular. There have been three John Peel sessions and one David Jensen session, 3 appearances on Thames T.V.'s "White Light", and one each on "Top of the Pops", Granada T.V.'s "Granada Reports", and Swedish, Belgian and Dutch T.V. amongst others.

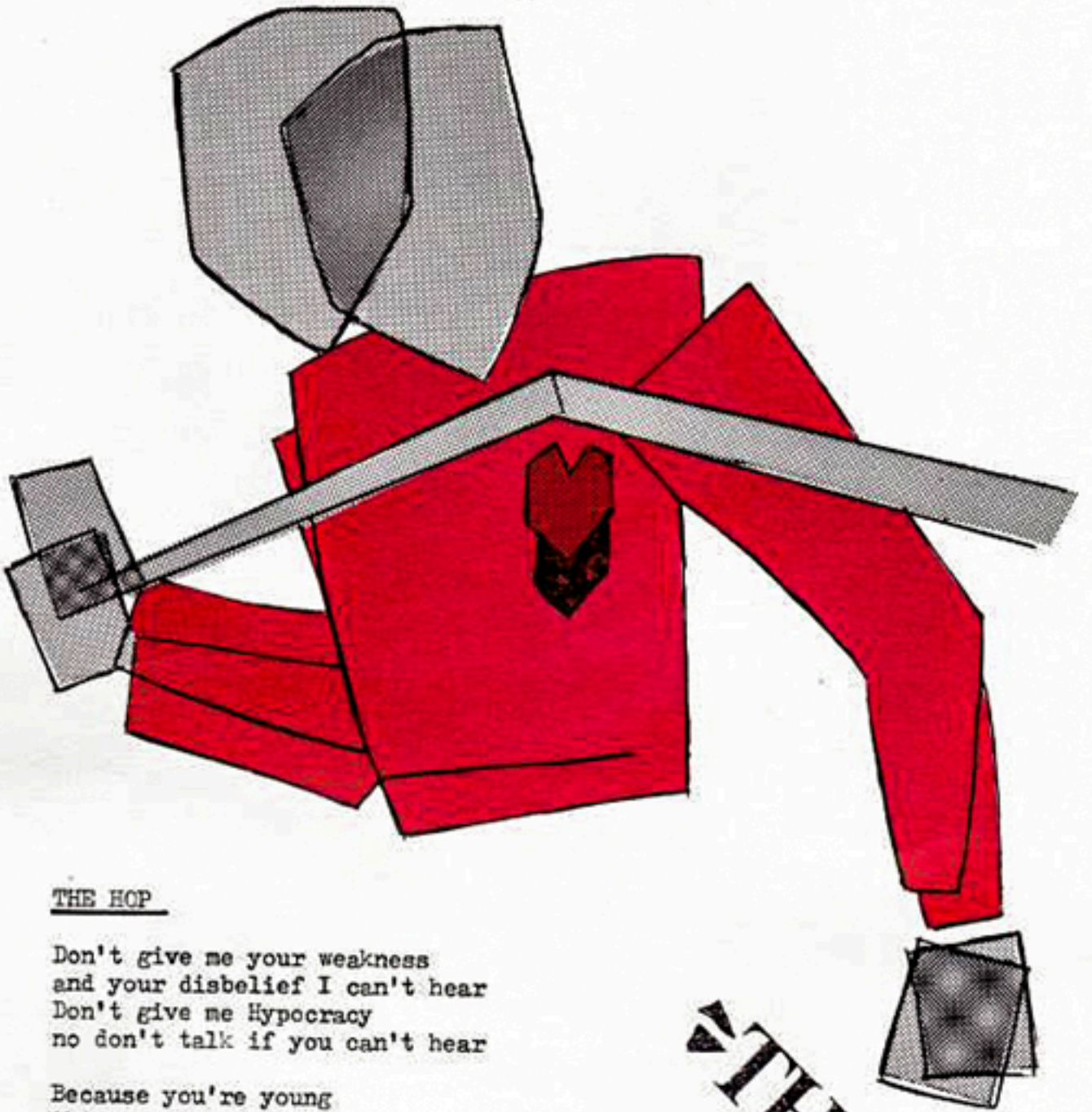
Under the guidance of manager and mentor Terry Razor, Theatre of Hate's own label BURNING ROME RECORDS has become a regular name in the independant charts, and after a brief flirtation with Stiff Records between January and July 1982, ToH have returned to being an independant band in all senses of the word.











### THE HOP

Don't give me your weakness  
and your disbelief I can't hear  
Don't give me Hypocrisy  
no don't talk if you can't hear

Because you're young  
this is the sixties revolutionary hop  
Because you're young  
this is the eighties revolutionary hop

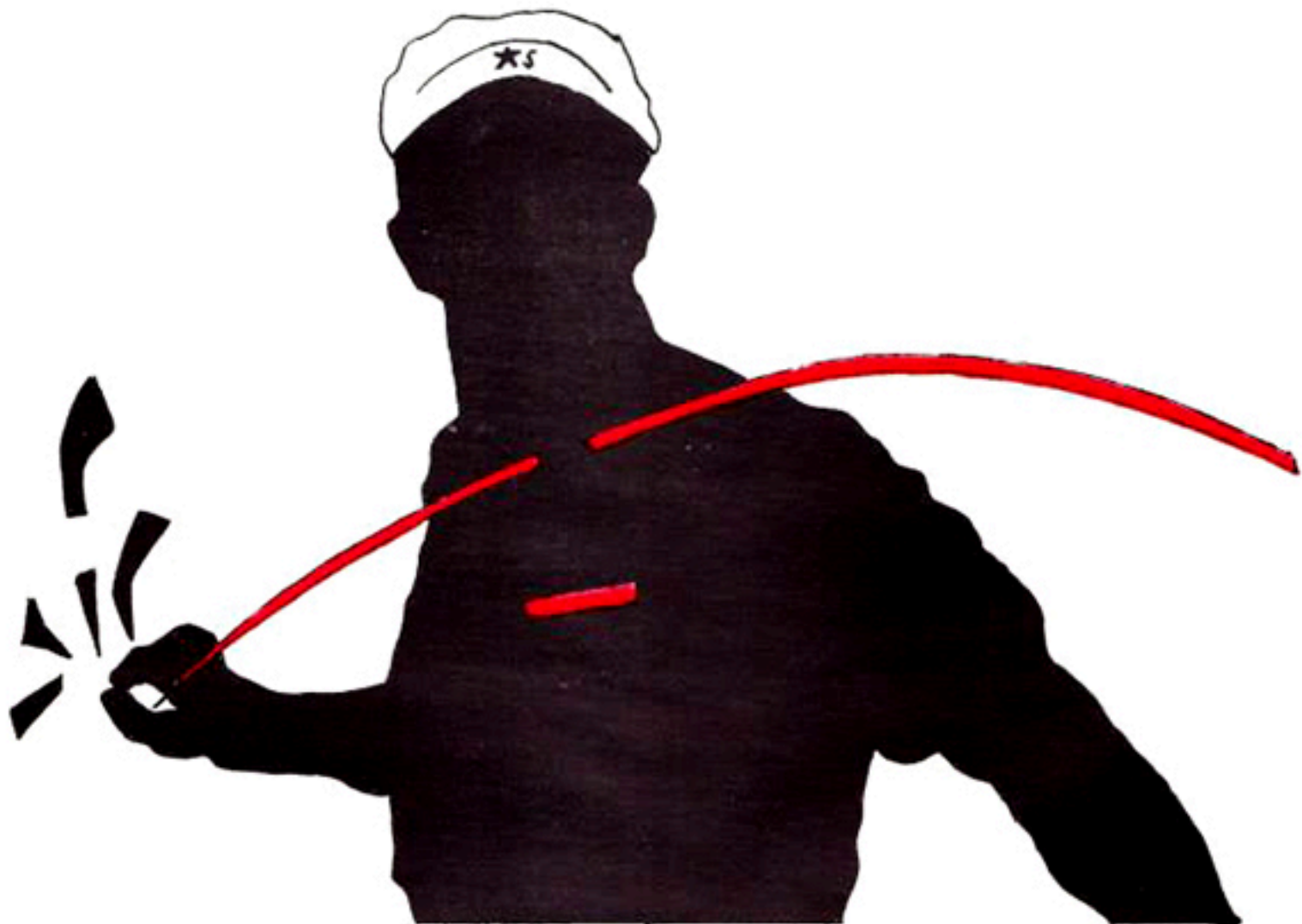
Do not wildly stare or play dumb  
Is your intention clean and your vision clear?  
This is not a rave or a game  
this party is for you  
and its for free if you dare

Because you're young  
this is the sixties revolutionary hop  
Because you're young  
this is the eighties revolutionary hop

This is the eighties revolution.

**THE HOP**





DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WESTWORLD

The yellow sun was setting in Tombstone  
The citizens were gone but not to their homes  
By a freak a coin in the piano made it play  
But only the wind and the dust heard it say

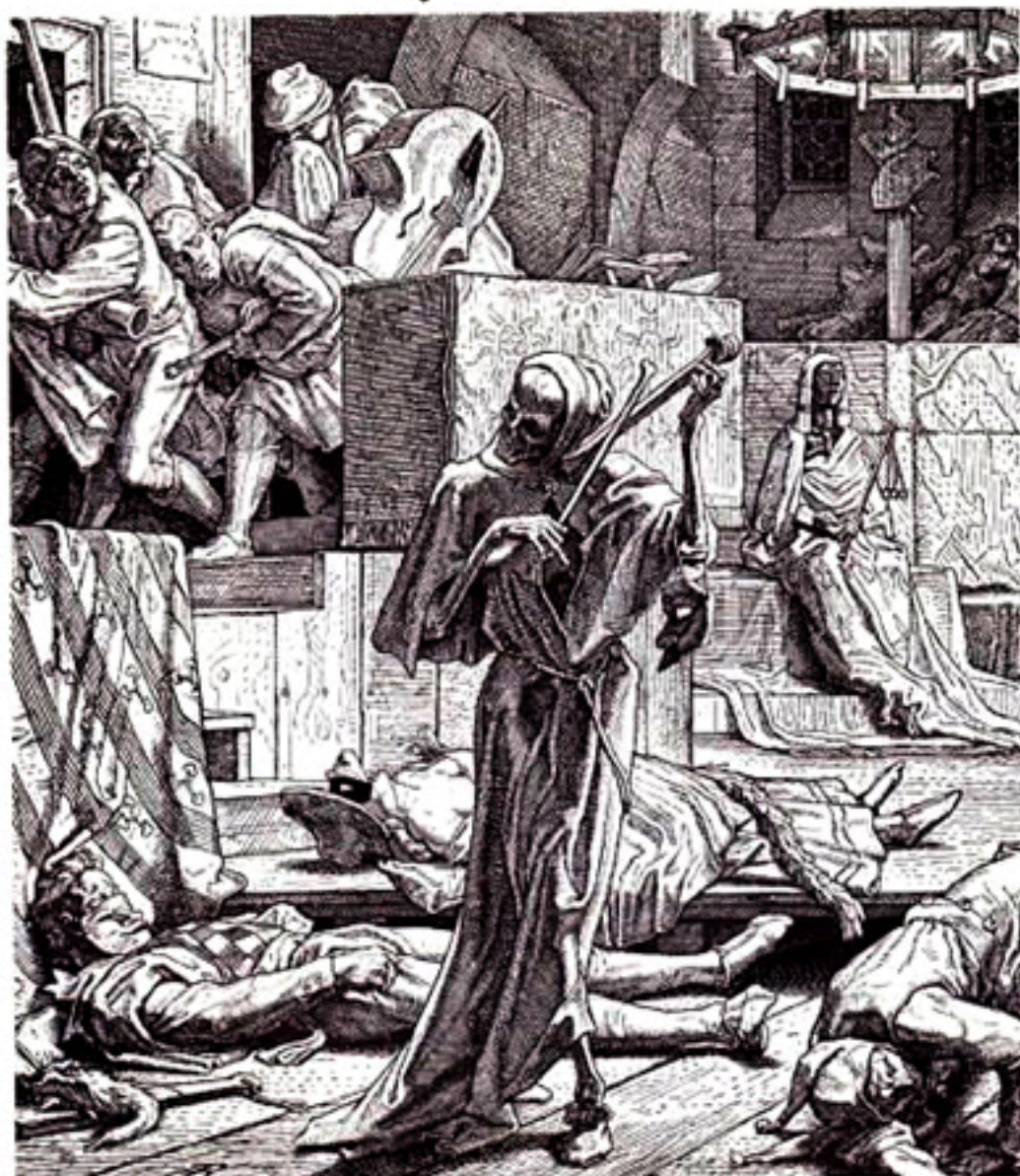
Do you believe in the Westworld

From the south on a wind in walked a cowboy  
The saloon was dry but his guns were well oiled  
Somehow he remembered when he kissed his wife  
And when he said goodbye  
But that was before the circus with the bear arrived  
Oh the bear it roared as the gun was fired  
Then the cowboy turned the gun on himself as he sang  
"No-one's" alive

Do you believe in the Westworld.

©





# The Wake

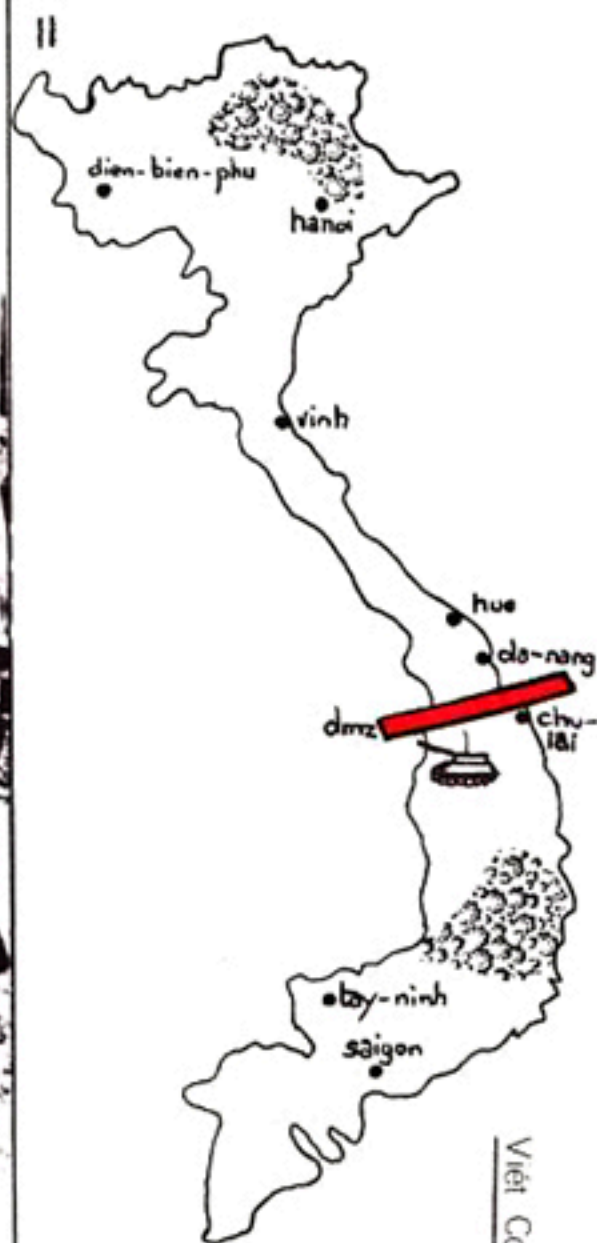
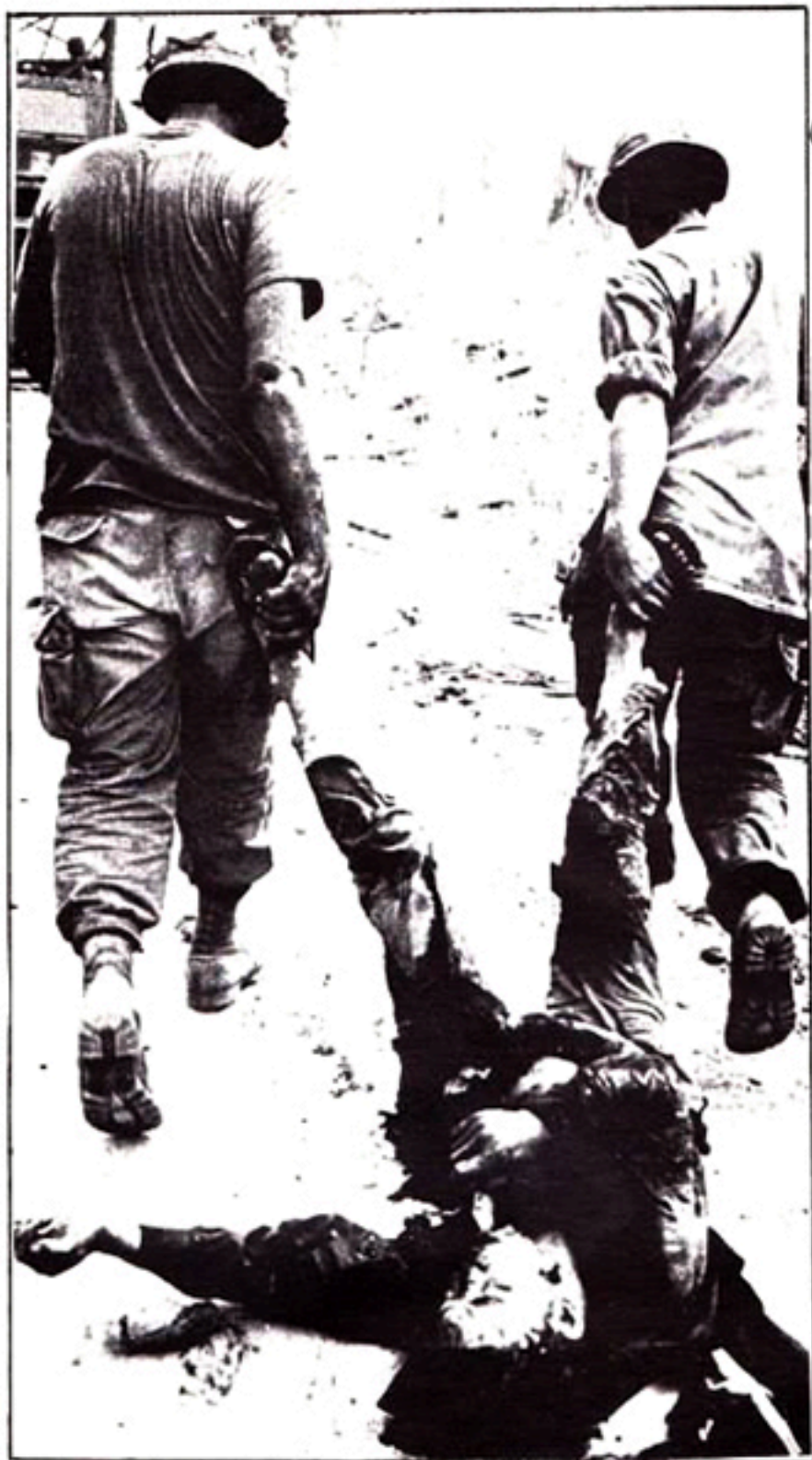
Unlike Pilate we can't wash our hands  
 for it was one of our relatives in the Black and Tans  
 From prisons and assylums happily we came  
 in the name of the King for a shilling that day  
 We did as we willed when we came out to play  
 Women and children in carts over cliffs  
 their emn swinging dead whilst taking the air

And if you think this is cardboard or a play for today  
 Unhappily for you, in your name it's done today

Poverty and ignorance, the fire the hearth  
 Too many in cemeteries, too many in dreams  
 Over the sea in the eye of a man there's greed  
 For he laughs as you kill as you sow his seed  
 Too many lie sleeping in Eire's clean earth,  
 too many lie sleeping in England's red earth

And if you think this is cardboard or a play for today  
 Unhappily for you in your name it's done today.





Việt Cộng hãy rút khỏi miền Nam

63

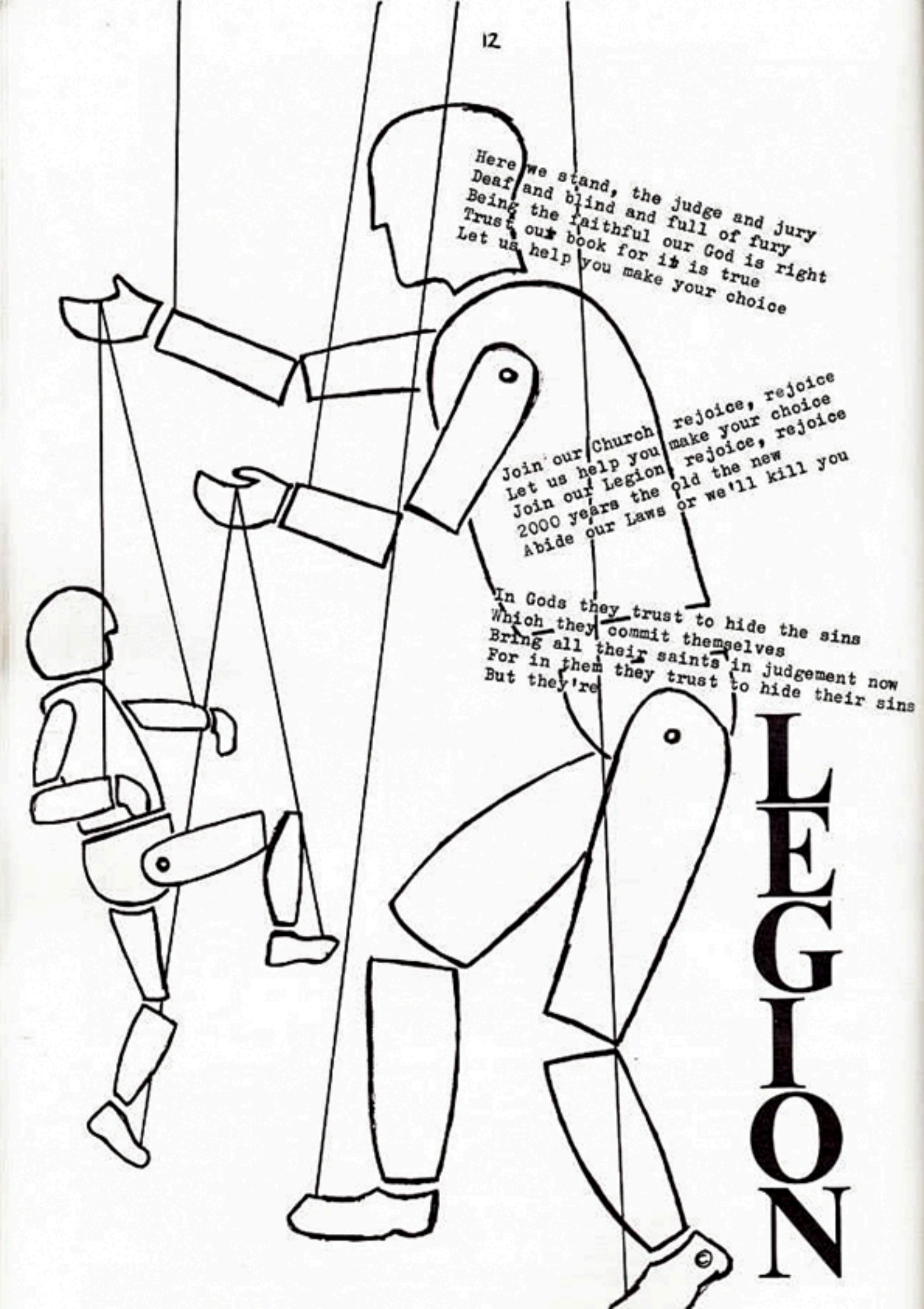
America to Vietnam, single day, single day  
Like a stupid child led away, led away,  
Twentieth century peasant, there's no laws to learn, no laws to learn  
Who ever you were will never go home, never go home

Now he's home for him he's found there is no change  
His skin is white but underneath there's still the Cong

One day they found him shooting his bed, shooting his bed  
Drugs couldn't stop the screaming in his head, in his head  
Son of Sam came marching home, in 63 , 63  
Whatever it was now it was free, it was free.

©





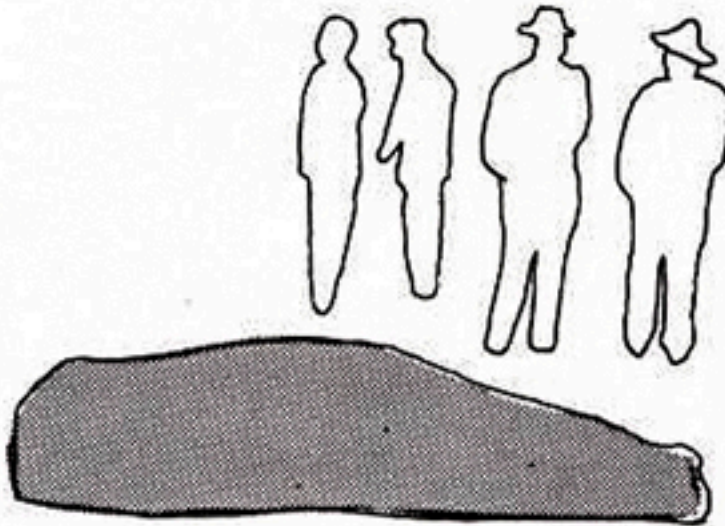
Here we stand, the judge and jury  
Deaf and blind and full of fury  
Being the faithful our God is right  
Trust our book for it is true  
Let us help you make your choice

Join our Church rejoice, rejoice  
Let us help you make your choice  
Join our Legion rejoice, rejoice  
2000 years the old the new  
Abide our Laws or we'll kill you

In Gods they trust to hide the sins  
Which they commit themselves  
Bring all their saints in judgement now  
For in them they trust to hide their sins  
But they're

# LEGION





REBEL WITHOUT A BRAIN

In this I am a God in my own rite  
Giving you the rituals you claim you need  
I am the dream merchant, selling lethal dreams

A rebel without a brain  
A rebel without a choice

Now something wicked this way comes  
The sickening thud of beating drums  
An insane messiah who cannot feel

A rebel without a brain  
A rebel without a choice

**REBEL**





BLACK » WHITE  
SEX » GUILT  
MAN » WOMAN  
LOVE » DEATH

#### ORIGINAL SIN

Since you came in my life  
 I've had to re-arrange my whole reality  
 Not sexuality, something cleaned  
 A pure mentality..... mentality..... mentality

#### Their Original Sin

Acid tears on your make-up  
 all illusion is gone  
 Impaled upon your mask  
 All delusion is shown..... is shown..... is shown

#### Their Original Sin

#### Die Erbsünde

Seit Du in mein Leben getreten bist  
 musste ich meine ganze Realität neu ordnen  
 nicht Sexualität  
 Etwas reinigte sich  
 eine reine Mentalität  
 die Erbsünde

Säure, Tränen auf deinem make-up  
 alle Illusionen sind verschwunden  
 und haben sich auf Deiner Maske geschält  
 Alle Illusionen werden sichtbar  
 die Erbsünde



# »NERO«



A personal invitation to dance  
As Nero plays for the last time  
Tonight you will mix with  
The prophets without honour

The criminals who were never convicted  
Those who fell from grace  
Recognise faces old and dead  
They know you and welcome you

Play, play, play Nero  
The world burns but Nero plays, plays on.





THE KLAN

The last reel of the film  
 The final scene of the dream  
 Inside the cinema (of the blind)  
 The audience are twisting and screaming  
 Racing out over the plain  
 As the sun goes down  
 Horseflesh, sweating and streaming  
 The ground is beaten by hooves  
 Astride their horses they come  
 In their hands firebrands  
 Fearmongers writing the score  
 Warmongers prophets for war

Who is this Klan that rides  
 without their masks?  
 Who is this Klan that rides  
 each of a different race?  
 Who is this Klan? Who are they, and why these munitions?



For this no edit was made  
 The producer has left us alone  
 Trapped here in the stalls  
 Only the soundtrack is heard  
 "Munitions", the word on their lips  
 As they flash past the screen  
 The voices are growing louder  
 Till the projection room becomes the Plain

# THE KLAN





An Afterthought

Theatre of Hate are an a-political band: neither left nor right, East or West. The only politics are the politics of the young against the rule of the old man: this, as ever, is the time of the old man- Brezhnev, Reagan, Thatcher, Benn- it will be brought to an end by their own demise. This magazine is aimed at pointing out the wrongs and injustices of the world, but not to preach about the ways to correct them.

The young of today and the unborn young of tomorrow will demand a say in their own future - more than just a say, but the power to act upon their own ideas and ideals without the constant threat of the old warmongers and the idle wasting rich.

Every year more people die from overeating in America than die from malnutrition in Africa - how long can this state of affairs continue before the young people of the world come forth and begin to decide their own destiny? Too much money in this world, all in multi-nationals and banks and the IMF, enough to give everybody a million pounds on the day they're born - to lack for nothing ever again.

So you go mug another old lady or go fight somebody else's war in the Falklands or Afghanistan - it's all the same, another mindless act. Denis Thatcher is an important nothing in the running of Coalite who happen to own the Falklands. Just another old man whose time will come very soon, a time that will co-incide with the time of the young. And to all you heroes who mug old ladies - go mug a politician instead. They, and we, can afford it.

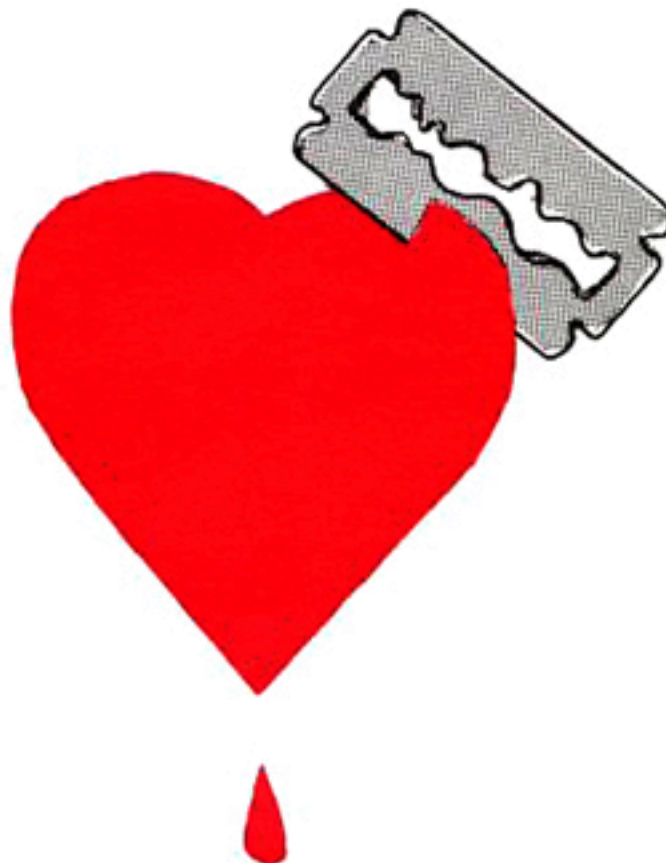
The greatest murder of all time was the murder of free thought.

The Man Who Tunes the DrumsSide One

The Flying Scotsman  
Cold War Affair  
The Hop  
The Omen  
Eastworld

Side Two

The Man Who Tunes the Drums  
The Solution  
The Aria  
Grapes of Wrath  
Black Madonna









So - we were all obviously unhappy that Theatre of Hate had to come to an end, but as they say, every cloud has a silver lining.

The conclusion of Theatre of Hate came shortly after their tour of Finland in September 1982. However, their final show in Britain was something that will be remembered for a long time to come by all who were lucky enough to be there. It was at Sheffield Poly, the entrance fee was a mere 50p, and needless to say the house was sold out. No-one knew at the time this was to be the last ToH show, but with hindsight I suppose it was pretty obvious.

When the end eventually (inevitably) came, the line-up was;

KIRK BRANDON (guitar)

STAN STAMMERS (bass)

NIGEL PRESTON (drums)

JOHN LENNARD (sax)



John decided to go back to his native Canada, rejoining the squash circuit and playing with a band called The Diodes. Nigel, after a short lay-off, is still plaguing the stages of Britain (just a joke Nige) with the Sex Gang Children.

Meanwhile Kirk and Stan went out of the public eye for a few months and re-surfaced with a new drummer, Chris Bell, previously with the Thompson Twins and King Trigger. Adverts were placed in the major music papers and these led to the inclusion of Jamaican sax player Lascelles James.

Spear of Destiny played their first show at St. Albans City Hall on December 11 1982, mainly doing the old ToH numbers such as Westworld, Judgement, 63 etc. On December 16 they headlined Brixton's Ace cinema, supported by Big Country, a show filmed for Channel 4's "Whatever You Want".

After Christmas the band retreated into the Manor Studios in Oxfordshire and over the next six weeks recorded the album later to be released as "The Grapes of Wrath". This was basically a reworking of the never released second Theatre of Hate LP, the track listing of which is shown elsewhere in this biography.

The first single from Spear of Destiny was taken from this LP entitled "The Flying Scotsman". It was released in both 7" and 12" versions. When the LP was released, it contained the following tracks;

The Wheel  
Flying Scotsman  
Roof of the World  
Aria  
Solution

The Murder of Love  
The Preacher  
Omen of the Times  
The Man Who Tunes the Drums  
Grapes of Wrath

From it a second single was taken, "The Wheel", which was cut with a re-recorded version of "The Hop", and a limited edition contained a free single of tracks recorded live in Aberdeen.

"The Wheel" received quite extensive play in the clubs and on the airwaves, and during this time the band set out on a long tour of the UK and Europe. The "Grapes of Wrath" tour started in Glasgow on







well its upon us 1984 that is. everybody seems to be expecting some kind of nuclear war or something but thats not what george orwell said whatsoever in fact he only called his book 1984 because he wrote it in 1948 and was short of a title so he reversed the year number. 1984 is merely a name that can be conveniently used when you cant think of anything else to use to describe the covert activities of big brother the various organisations that run the world today and influence your very thought processes. big brother hasnt actually got the resources yet to build a telescreen into your apartment but what better way to install one than to get you to install it yourself under a different guise maybe and the thought police arent actually a reality yet are they. you may think that orwells view of 1984 was a bit extreme i think he just got the date wrong its started already believe me in this magazine are just a few examples all you have to do is look around yourself look beneath the newpeak reports read between the newpeak lines remember war is peace freedom is slavery ignorance is strength.

It was a bright cold day in April, and the  
clocks were striking thirteen.....





THE WHEEL

Lullaby from heaven, as the wheel goes round,  
 Echoes from your future, as the wheel goes round,  
 There's love inside the circus,  
 There's fun on the carousel.

There's magic inside the melody  
 There's laughter with the clowns,  
 As the wheel goes round  
 As the wheel goes round.

©

**L**OOK at these *four* *frighten-*  
*ing facts!* During the Prime  
 Minister's first four  
 years in office:  
 1. Total British output dropped  
 3.5%.  
 2. Business bankruptcies reached  
 record levels.  
 3. The unemployment rate rose from  
 5.4% to 13.3%.  
 4. The total number of unemployed  
 reached 3 million plus.

THE MAN WHO TUNES THE DRUMS

Throughout the world, his steel band plays  
 He hears with his hands, in the dirt far away

The man on the hill today he tunes his drums  
 In the heat he hammers till he gets your sound

The smell is fear of the happy island sound  
 The people dance, the people sway  
 Yes wickedness comes today.

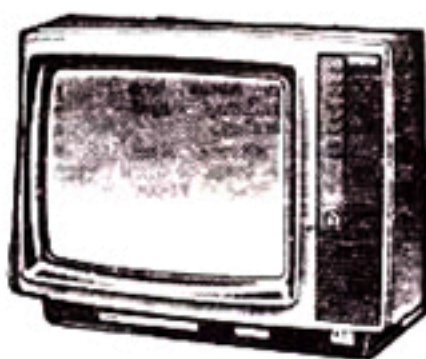
©

"So long as ordinary people could be  
 kept sweet by ever larger pay packets,  
 new cars, fridges, and so on, so long  
 could their rulers expect to get away  
 with *debauching all the proletarian*  
*moral proprieties*. The elites were  
 able to buy the privilege of transform-  
 ing Britain in their progressive inter-  
 nationalist image by bribing the  
 masses with consumer goods..."



# SPEAR OF DESTINY

24

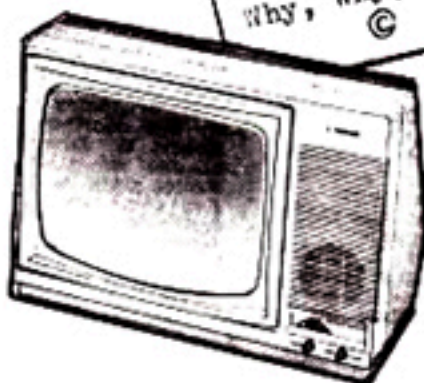
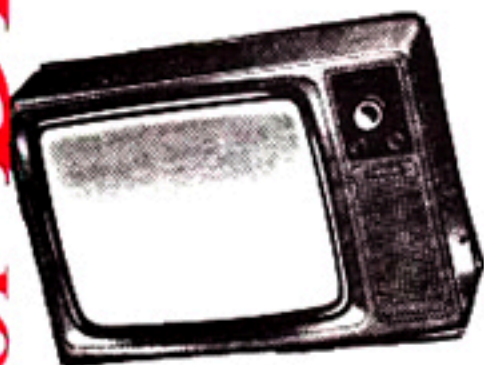


## THE PREACHER

I saw a preacher  
Standing by the river  
He said, you ain't goin' nowhere  
Without my say so  
Said only one of us is going there  
and I aim it's going to be me  
But ain't nobody goin' to a heaven  
cos nobody wants to die

I saw the devil  
Standing by his side  
He said, no Jesus or Mohammed  
could ever save my hide  
But I said God, God I do believe  
I do believe in thee  
Cos when I saw your body it had  
hands and feet like me

Why, why, why, won't you die.  
©



ARIA

The arena vibrates to Wagner  
 As the Spear is passed around  
 The night the past eclipsed the sun  
 The loser became the victor  
 No triumph of the will  
 The arena vibrates to sound  
 As the light is reflected round  
 As heavens open to reveal  
 Life through sound  
 The victor became the loser  
 No triumph of the will  
 No triumph of the will

©

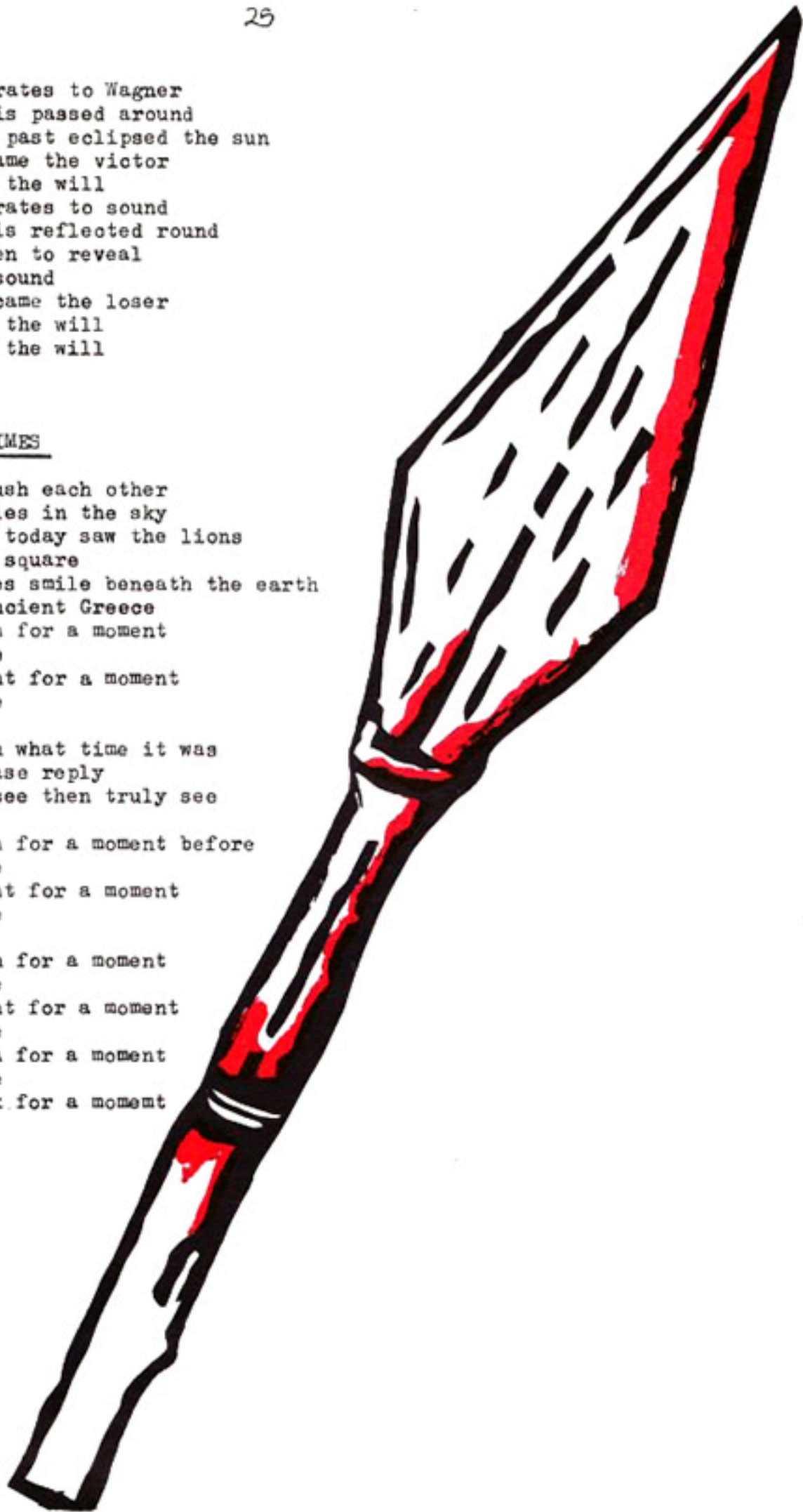
OMEN OF THE TIMES

Two comets crush each other  
 50 million miles in the sky  
 Numb prophets today saw the lions  
 In the market square  
 Briefly statues smile beneath the earth  
 Far away in ancient Greece  
 Would you sigh for a moment  
 Before you die  
 Would you fight for a moment  
 Before you die

If I asked you what time it was  
 Could you please reply  
 If you would see then truly see  
 See today  
 Would you sigh for a moment before  
 Before you die  
 Would you fight for a moment  
 Before you die

Would you sigh for a moment  
 Before you die  
 Would you fight for a moment  
 Before you die  
 Would you sigh for a moment  
 Before you die  
 Will you think for a moment

©





## THE MURDER OF LOVE

You and I have lived and loved each other  
Like no story in any book has ever,  
I'm no prince, you'd never make an angel  
Love like ours was never made in Heaven  
Together we've achieved the murder of love.

I believe that love was good,  
Never in a million years this evil together  
So it seems our lives are open  
Wounds of love that never heal together  
Together, together we've achieved  
The murder of love

I believe that love was good,  
Never in a million years evil together  
So it seems our lives are open  
Wounds of love that never heal together  
Together we've achieved  
The murder of love.

©



POOF OF THE WORLD



Just when you thought you had it made,  
Some-one came along and now it's gone  
I know it's how the world gets along  
But somehow it's wrong.

You know the strong take it from the weak  
Then the smart take it from the strong  
I know it's how the world gets along  
But somehow it's wrong

You'll get along standing on the roof of  
the world  
You'll get along standing on the roof of  
the world

Standing on the roof of the world  
I can see you girl  
I can see you go  
I can see you  
I can see you getting along in some  
other guy's world

©





## SOLUTION

O waxing moon, O waning sun,  
I am the memory that cannot be erased  
I can speak and you, you will not hear  
Quietness, raped by the solution in it's scheme

You will rid me of my doubt,  
You will rid me of my ghost.

The silence in a lover's ecstasy  
Inside when time ceases to dream  
Through Death to Life in a scream  
Quietness raped by solution in it's scheme.

©

## **Computers**

ALTHOUGH the computer is a 20th century innovation, the idea came from Victorian mathematician and inventor, Charles Babbage. He had invented a calculator that could multiply, divide, add and subtract, and dreamt of a machine that could perform any mathematical calculation and store the answer in a memory.

In 1834 Babbage made the first drawings of his 'Analytical Engine', as he called it, which consisted of hundreds of gear wheels that would process information contained in a programme of punched cards, but the machine was beyond the capabilities of Victorian technology and was never finished.

**A GADGET** from the world of James Bond may soon be stopping car thieves in their tracks.

It is an electronic tag that sends out signals to be picked up by police.

The device, hidden so crooks can't rip it out, is built into the bodywork right from the start. Each has its own code, giving each vehicle its own identity.

The makers Eureka Systems, of Slough, Buckinghamshire, say: 'The car's movements could

be logged when it leaves the factory, goes to the showroom, and after it is sold.

'If it is stolen sensors placed at road junctions, filling stations, MOT centres and car parks could be programmed to flash warnings to police immediately the tag is identified.'

Whether this warning will be a bleep-bleep or a flickering light has not yet been decided but Austin-Rover, Ford and Volvo are said to be interested.

The device — postage stamp size — is being considered, it is believed, for the joint Rover-Wanda special due out in 1985.

The invention could not only reduce thefts in Britain — 1,000

every day—but also, it is claimed, in the Common Market whose Transport Ministers have expressed their 'alarm' over a growing international trade in stolen cars.

Every vehicle crossing every border within the EEC could pass through an electronic scan to see if it is on the wanted list.

The gadget could have other uses such as stopping drivers of 'lives' runabouts on the firm at the same time as their own. A new petrol pump now being tried out in Britain could be programmed to feed fuel only into a car with an acceptable code.

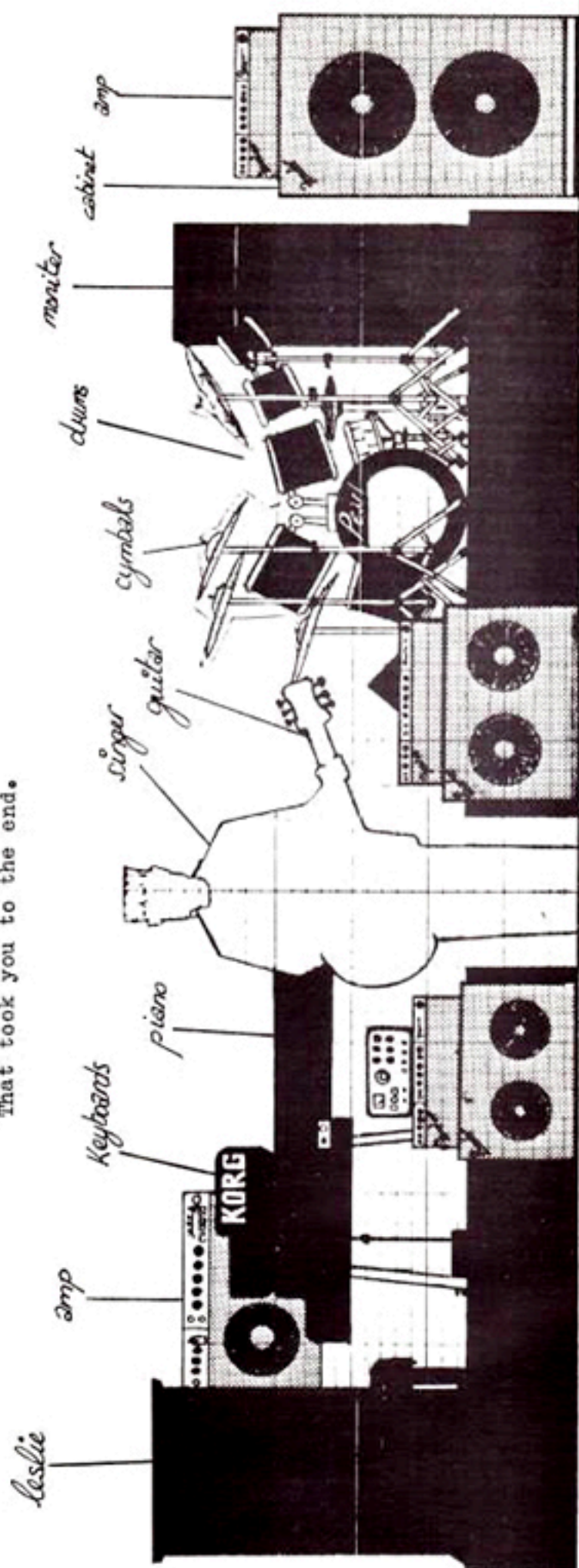
Do you actually believe this device  
only operates if your car is stolen?



# FLYING SCOTSMAN

Standing on the beach in France  
 With the Mistral in our soul  
 I heard you crying it's all over  
 And you could not go home  
 So you took the train  
 That took you to the end  
 So you took the train  
 That took you to the end  
 We took in cities, prophets  
 and the Holy Land  
 Yes, some fell off Tay Bridge  
 A-listening to McGonagle  
 So between here and there  
 On the bridge we sighed, said goodbye  
 So you took the train  
 That took you to the end.

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# THE GRAPES OF WRATH

Shuddering his wife lay  
Hid in her bed  
As in fever her man  
Rushed to the press  
Grapes cried and shrieked  
In the crush  
His vine of rage  
Are the grapes of wrath  
His vine of rage

Carts of iron  
Rattled through his field  
Fish of steel  
Had clogged his well  
Time is harvest  
Time to harvest now he spoke

His vines of rage  
are the Grapes of Wrath  
His vines of rage  
are the Grapes that became  
The seeds of his truth

And he learned  
As he sows  
So shall he reap

Ah child  
It's not a rave or a game  
Give us back our land.

©





BLACK MADONNA

From Africa as if hands joined  
across an ocean  
In this time, in this era  
without fear it sails in motion  
I perceive, I perceive, I perceive.

The seas of sand will ever shift  
as does the mind of the mariner  
Aboard his ship.

His skin did fade  
as does life enslave  
For in his step  
life soon comes  
With the mariner dead  
I perceive, I perceive, I perceive.

His day is done  
life from ←  
Has just begun.

©

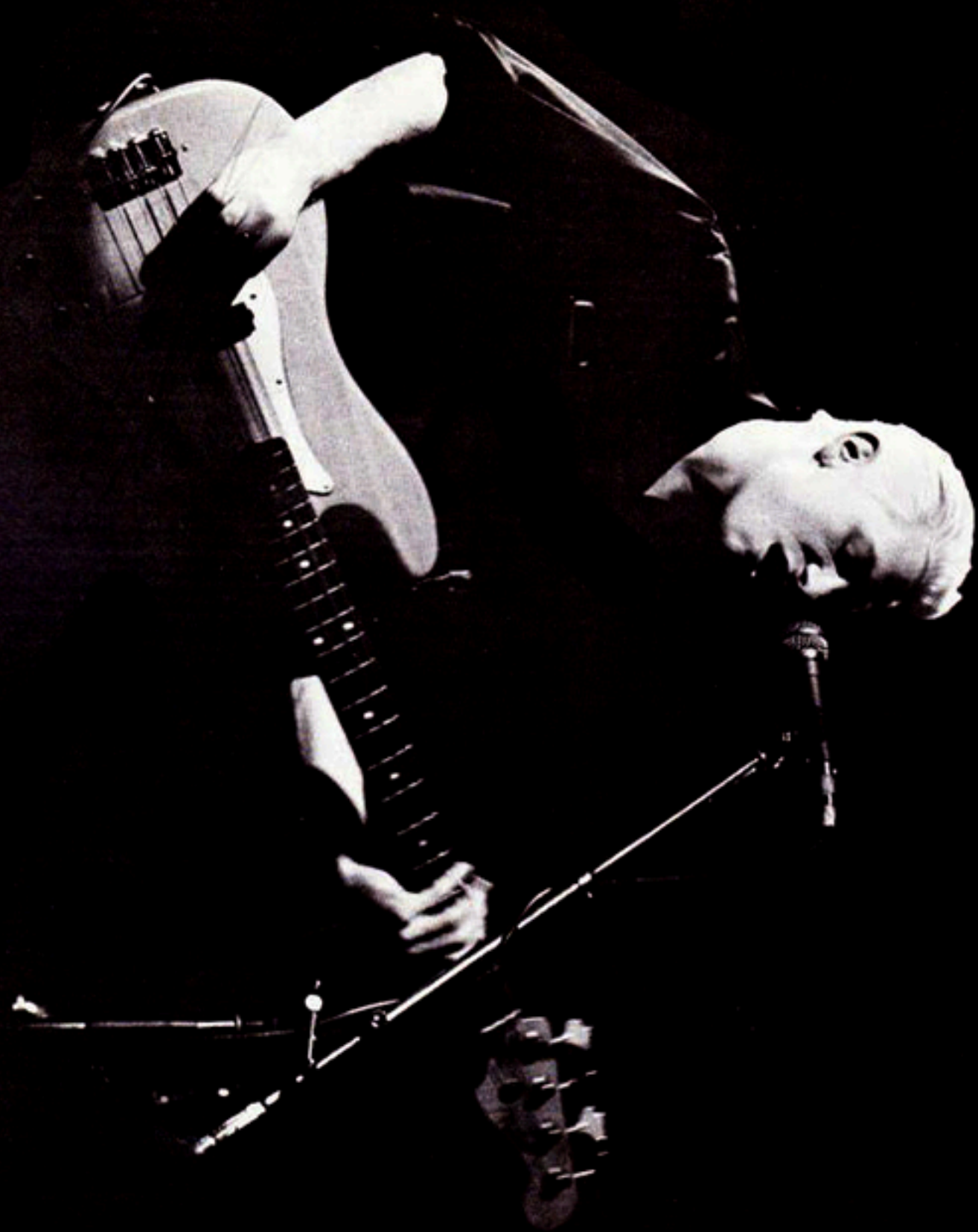
AFR  
ICA

As the Wheel goes round



**PHOTOS**

















A man of very  
few words.  
They all begin  
with **F**

