

PAMBERE

Pambere,Pambere
UHURU
Irikuya



End Conscriptio

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Irikuya

ALUTA CONTINUA
ALUTA CONTINUA

NATIONAL MADNESS

National Madness bring out your dead
Babylon crumbles as it was said
National Madness national suicide
Killing the brothers things left unsaid

National Madness a curse on the land
Jesus is murdered by his own hand
National Madness - National genocide
they that have not the mark of the lamb

Angel of Mercy shine down on me
National Madness swallowing me

National Madness - a beast stalks the land
All our defences they crumble to sand
National Madness - national suicide
The old king is dying
no son is at hand

Angel of mercy shine down on me
National Madness is swallowing me



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POTENTIAL MUTINY

Your blood's on my hands
and I owe you for that
I owe you your courage
as well as my lack

Down in dark chambers, where crooked cards are
stacked,
where a bum deal is dealt and a black cross is
scratched.

Marked man, Marked man what will they do with you?
Like me there are many, like you there are so few.

Sunk in submission
I politely refrain
I look at the floor
and from the floor to my chains
In a room filled with questions and conclusions already
drawn
You're held in detention -- no protection from the law.

Marked man, oh marked man what will they do with
you?
Like me there are many, like you there are so few.

Before dawn has broken
there's a knock you can't ignore

You're taken until they have
all they need to know

The criminal has his chance and if innocent he's set free
But you're guilty when a suspect of potential mutiny
potential mutiny, Of potential mutiny

Marked man, oh marked man what will they do with you
Like me there are many, like you there are so few, like
you there are so few, oh like you there are so few.

NUMBERED AGAIN

Honey-I know
That if ghosts could walk
Then the devils would stalk
your dreams

And baby-I know
The dead will leave their footprints
in the dewdrops
And the cats would scream
from the rooftops
Because I know
I know



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Went out walking the other morning
Just to see the day
My mind was reeling, and I was feeling
Like I had nothing to say
I saw a cloud rise and I closed my eyes
And I counted to ten
And I could see that it was gonna be that
I was numbered again

It's just the future
that I saw in your coal black eyes
As they melted in the heat
amidst the moans and cries
Tomorrow ain't no future
so hold me right in tight
I don't love you baby
but we might not last the night

SHOT DOWN IN THE STREETS

Long have we waited
Many times we have seen
On the eyes of the labourers
In the eyes of the neighbours
a feeling that leaves none to guess
Whose been doing what
for who and when for less and whose
been left out there with
dust on his dead feet,
Shot down in the streets



End Conscriptio

Look right, at the sunset
Look left, pour the tea
Look on in amazement
Milk first, and mass crazy here
no-where else in the world can you
see so many monsters and mutations
that creep so efficiently and leave

You wondering what happened to all
those sacred things, they got
Shot down in the streets

New morning, new morning
Old ways get away
but here in my cradle
I lie incapable
I'm a white boy who looked at his life
Gathered in his hands and saw it was
all due to the sweat of some other
Man

That one who got
Shot down in the streets

DON'T DANCE

OK people get up off your feet
Its time to move to a different beat
We don't like the way they're running our days and
nights
Our lives are out of phase
we're Black White separated
Right from Birth indoctrinated
Years and years developed apart
Brainwashed each in the name of God
Lets de educate ourselves
Lets re educate ourselves

Hey white boy get your feet off the floor
The Lord gave you legs to march to war
Your leaders want you in a sporting affair
so put on your boots and cut your hair
Don't talk back or stop to think
When you're in Angola you can have a drink

Obey Obey they know the way
From here you go to SWA
Where they don't dance when facing such hostility
They don't dance
cos the SADF's there to see that we all enjoy democracy
cos the SAP are there to see that we all enjoy democ-
racy

WHITEY

Who to call when the streets are burning, who to call
who to call
Your hearts in flames and your feet are scorching
And your mind is a twig that snaps with a murmur
They say you're fine, it's just a wild rumour
And you'd like to run away anyway but what to say
And you'd like to run away anyway but what to say

What you gonna say when your feeling run away
Deep inside there's a shout that you'll never let out
Without a doubt
And your mind's in a vice that works in total silence
Caught between the fear and all this violence
And you don't know what to say, what to say
And you don't know what to say, what to say

Shot down by the news and you don't know why
You're not leaving any clues 'cos you never tried
Now you don't who to choose, your life's a lie
Shot down by the news without a cry



End Conscriptio

And you think you be alright on the night
Staying out of sight
By saying you would if you could, on the night

and your mind is like a twig that snaps with a murmur
they say you're fine, it's just a wild rumour
Shot down by the news and you don't know why
You're not leaving any clues 'cos you never tried
You don't know who to choose, you're life's a lie
Just another white miracle, topple from your pinnacle

DON'T BELIEVE

Please don't tell me
we must fight to the end
there's nothing left that
I want to defend
Phoning up the underground
from a telephone booth
don't read the newspapers
cos they're not allowed
to tell the truth



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I don't believe
I don't believe
I don't believe in you
And I couldn't care less
about the rest
or who is killing you

Hypocritical priests
in political seats
I hope your God don't think like you
in the typing pools
where apathy rules
there is a hand grenade for you

If the effort was worth
Just a paper cup
I'd burn it down and blow it up
While I'm looking at your empty shells
I leave you alone to mess it
up yourself

TOO MUCH RESISTANCE

So much to do
Too much to say

The clown he frown, he's lost
His crown in the day's absurdity
Freedom lurks behind a mask
Condemned to obscurity

Five years for instigation
Keep control of the population
Don't need no edification
Just don't see the Justification
There's too much resistance

The madman laughs he rides
First class on the wheels of destiny
It's hard to believe what you
Perceive is the 20th Century



End Conscriptio

SPACES TELL STORIES

When spaces tell stories
Details aren't needed
You hear things you don't want to know

You don't have to listen
You don't have to hear
There's no crime in closing your mind

With a fist in your eye
and a boot in your teeth
There's good reason to keep your mouth closed

but hell, I'm not saying
That I'm complaining
Nowhere is perfect, you know

the rivers run slowly
The children are growing
But it's not safe to plan far ahead

And we get sold hard sell
And tack in the bars
Says nothing is wrong
Nothing's changing

And no-ones prepared to talk
from the heart
suspicions are common as loathing
And no-one is nearer
to any solution
I guess talking has had it's day

We all hope for a future
Of peaceful existence
but that future drifts further away
and the avenues to solve it
Become dead end streets
What do you expect day to day

Do you join with the plan
And surrender your fight
for the sake of some vision that's fading

And the crimes of ideology
Are always so much worse
than the crimes of the rest of humanity

And the mad dog ideology
Backs against walls
And the fight 'till the last uniformed soldier falls
And the torture and terror
In the name of the law
And the future generations
will wonder what for

But day by day
Life goes on
So what the hell
I hope you have a good day.



SUBURBAN HUM

There is a high-pitched humming of a Sunday afternoon
and she's lying there-waiting-
this feeling of Doom that is singing in the gardens
and singing in the leaves
This hot earth, waiting for the breeze.

There's a smell of rotting peaches hanging thick on the
ground
And pink-bodied children making shrieking sounds
And she's lying under leaves
just waiting to be numbed
By the smothering lull of Suburbia Hum

Should she put rocks in her pockets
or mud in her eyes
To stop her mind contracting in these terrible sighs
What a sentence to futility
What a terrible cry
That thunders through the garden
And scrambles to the sky.

I still care about the Future
I still do worry about the Past
I'm still caught up with desire
for a Fine Time
That is Good
and going to last a Long time

See the little black girl
She's running on her feet
She's running fast from the bullet
That her daddy's going to meet

While she's hunting for her brothers
to get them off the streets
Oh the times are hungry
For the smell of meat

And the politicians making their professional lies
As they desperately cling
to their political tries
While the world all around them is crumbling at its knees
Their wives drinking tea under Jacaranda Trees
(Purple Blossoms falling all around them
Purple Blossoms falling all around them)

In the South they've built a floundering Nuclear Station
Technology scores High
over hungry belly children
You can shout all you like
And then you make a bomb -
Hey bra! That's when they start to run run run

When a bus-full of white kids
Skids into a dam
The President declares a National Disaster Fund
What happens to the families
with the bullets in the back
And batons on their heads
And in their eyes
in the minds, well bra! tha's that



And Boeties on the Border
still fighting for the country
If he doesn't blow his brains out
He'll come back to go a-hunting
for the Terries in the back-yard
and in his wife's bed
and crawling up his back
and in his laaitie's head
Bang Bang!!



But the Sad ones change to Mad Ones
In the changing of the Times
and how are we to judge upon the suffering of Mankind
Our voices are lost in the Great Machinery
That shatters like a thousand rattling
Shopping Trolleys
Onward Christian Soldiers
Marching as to war
with the cross of Jesus
going on before.

But we still making love
We still making war
It's not for us to even try to choose anymore
for this Inertia is the true killing field
And the mielies in the drought
They still have got to yield

I no longer know just where to place my hands
I'm a white girl white in this Darkening Land
but all I know for sure is where I
sometimes long to be
and that's back in my Ermelo childhood garden
Sitting in my old Oak tree
when the world was all around me
When the world was all around me.

The End Conscription Campaign produced this record
in response to the growing conflict in South Africa. ECC
is opposed to the role of the South African Defence
Force in enforcing of apartheid policies. ECC believes
that in this civil war conscripts should have the right to
choose whether or not to participate in the SADF.

In the face of growing militarisation, increased military
spending, and the use of the SADF internally, more and
more conscripts find themselves unable to fight in the
SADF. ECC is campaigning in the long term for an end
to compulsory conscription; however, we also see the
need for meaningful alternative national service to be
made available to all conscripts.

ECC also calls for the withdrawal of troops from the
townships, the ending of the illegal occupation of
Namibia, and the implementation of a just peace in
South Africa.

Many organisations and individuals are joining ECC
and campaigning in growing numbers for an end to
conscription.

For more information, contact your local ECC at:

Johannesburg: P.O. Box 93118	Cape Town: P.O. Box 208
Yeoville 2198	Woodstock 7915
Port Elizabeth: 503 Alfin House	Durban: Ecumenical Centre
510 Main Street	20 St Andrew St
Port Elizabeth 6001	Durban 4001
Pietermaritzburg: P.O. Box 2338	Grahamstown: C/O SRC
Pietermaritzburg 3200	Rhodes University

" 'Potential Mutiny' was written
in 1983 in response to a number
of detentions, and, ironically
enough, here in 1985 the people
who inspired the song are yet
again in detention or in hiding
For putting it on record, I'd
like to thank the End
Conscription Campaign, Lloyd,
Jon Blundell, Stinky Herman and
George Wolfaart. "

SWAN JAMES

"We just take a humanitarian
view. We don't believe in
police and military brutality
in the townships "

IN SIMPLE ENGLISH

"It is a small way of protesting
against the atrocious situation
in the townships - one which
affects all of our futures "

ROGER LUCEY

" 'Suburban Hum' was written
when I was at home and out of
work. Basically the image is
very much one of my youth...
a yearning for that childlike
state again. I do see it as a
song of hope, but in the process
of coming to something new,
something has to be destroyed..
I can't make change happen with
my songs; I can make people
react, make people feel - but I
can't change structures, I'm
not a politician. Hopefully the
song has the power to lift
people to an awareness..."

JENNIFER FERGUSSON

"It's so obvious - we'd like to
see an end to conscription. We
believe the police and the
SADF's actions, the presence in
the townships - this whole war
number is just not on. The SADF
is not used for the good will
of the people. Conscription is
a scam. The army keeps the
inequilibrium of the country "

NUDE RED

"The Aeroplanes wrote 'National
Madness' because we hate
conscription"

THE AEROPLANES

"People should have the free-
dom of choice. It's better to
put people to good use, like
being paramedics or something,
rather than people being used in
a destructive role."

THE FACTS

"Forced conscription is such a
root destruction of basic human
freedom - particularly in this
country where one inevitably
finds oneself fighting against
fellow countrymen"

THE SOFTIES

"This is something that
shouldn't be talked about
over the phone..."

KALAHARI SURFERS