

## Lydia Lunch Ghosts of Spain

This is for the ghosts of  
Guernica, Belchite, Badajoz  
El Mazuco, Jarama, Monte Pelato  
Cape Palos, Mataró  
This is for the dead and dying  
This is for the war-torn and battle-fatigued  
For the widows and orphans of warriors  
This is for the warriors  
This is for the warriors  
Who were willing to die for their beliefs  
Who were willing to die  
Because they believed  
It is better to die  
Fighting for freedom  
Than to live a life enslaved by lies  
This is for those who believe  
And you better believe  
You better believe in ghosts  
Because soon enough you too will become a ghost  
This is for the ghosts of Fallujah, Anbar Province, Abu Ghraib, Baquba, Guantanamo, Gaza,  
Beirut, Baghdad, Kabul, Kandahar, Jalalabad, Islamabad, Kathmandu, Mogadishu, Darfur,  
Sierra Leone  
This is for the freedom fighters, the insurgents, the rebels and rabble-rousers and for  
every individual who revolts against tyranny and oppression  
This is for the martyrs  
Mohammad Mosaddeq, Salvador Allende, Oscar Romero, Theo van Gogh, Federico Garcia Lorca,  
Pasolini, Bruno Schulz, Madalyn Murray O'Hair  
This is for the wounded and traumatized, for the survivors, for those suffering post-traumatic  
stress syndrome, for those that choose to survive, and strive to overcome the roadblocks and  
landmines, the pitfalls and setbacks, the negativity of a world which forces you to fight tooth  
and nail, forces you into battle mode on a daily basis just so you can maintain a tenuous grip  
on your own sanity, after a lifetime of the enemy's torture, humiliation and brainwashing  
This is for the ghosts of Brooklyn, the Bronx, Detroit, Watts, Inglewood, Oakland, St. Louis,  
New Orleans, Memphis, Trenton, Youngstown, Cleveland, Camden, Baltimore, Newark, Little Rock,  
Tulsa, Baton Rouge, for the ghosts who were invisible in life, born into a war zone of poverty,  
desperation and neglect in a country which glamorizes violence, worships serial killers,  
threatens by massacre and then arrogantly brags about gangbangng the world  
This is for the lovers of forgetfulness  
Who turn a blind eye to all those  
Who have been murdered fighting someone else's battles  
This is for your ghost  
This is for my ghost