

# Theatre of Hate, 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, seating 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  
&quot;Munitions&quot;, the word on their lips  
As they flash past the screen  
The voices are growing louder  
Till the projection room becomes the Plain