

The Ballad of Nasra Ismail **(Lyrics: Paul Slade)**

She was born in Somalia, but died in King's Cross
A refugee woman who somehow got lost,
In forced sex and bad drugs, in violence and fear,
She thought she'd escaped, but they followed her here,

She lived in a hostel, she worked on the streets,
To sell herself cheap to the men that she meets,
A score's what she's after, a score's all she's paid,
She'll smoke up his rocks and he'll get himself laid,

He'd often used whores, and he'd beat them before,
He'd tied them up, raped them, behind his front door,
He liked to choose those he thought no-one would miss,
But poor Nasra Ismail knew nothing of this,

He found her in King's Cross, round St Patrick's Day,
And led her up northwards to Conistone Way,
A small council flat in his own brother's name,
She fucked him for twenty and smoked his cocaine,

[Chorus]

*Her name was Nasra Ismail, once she had a life,
As two children's mother, a loving man's wife,
Too soon that life ended, in much needless pain,
When she met Daniel Archer that night in the rain*

When she made her move towards leaving the place,
Then Archer brought down a crow-bar in her face,
She fought but he beat her, cuffed her to the bed,
He raped her and stabbed her, by morn she was dead,

At last he had killed, as he'd known that he would,
But suddenly nothing about it seemed good,
The flat had a wardrobe, the big walk-in kind,
He dragged Nasra in there and left her behind,

For three weeks that followed, he roamed round the North,
Between Leeds and Wakefield he'd hitch back and forth,
He slept rough and tried to forget what he'd done,
But corpses will follow wherever you run,

He bought rubber gloves, and a sharp hacksaw blade,
Returned to the flat where he'd slaughtered the maid,
He cut up her body, put parts in the fridge,
Decided to use Caledonian Bridge,

[Chorus]

He gagged at the smell, but completed the deed,
Then searched through the flat for the things that he'd need,
A hold-all for head, limbs and hiding her face,
Her torso was crammed in a battered suit-case,

He carried the hold-all, a half-mile or more,
To the Regent's Canal from his Holloway door,
A lump of old tarmac to weigh down his sin,
He let people pass then he dropped the bag in,

He walked back home weary, his night not yet done,
He dragged out the suit-case, it weighed half-a-ton,
He'd never walk that far with that kind of load,
So he caught a bus down the old Cally Road,

Packed under the stairs, Nasra took her last ride,
A name and address shared the space there inside,
Dan's brother was careful, he'd labelled his case,
And Archer had left all those details in place,

[Chorus]

The bus crawled so slowly, at last they were there,
And Nasra's case fell through the cold London air,
As Archer peered after it, into the drink,
It bobbed to the surface and just wouldn't sink,

That's when Archer panicked, and fled to the west,
His ex-wife's Poole home was his refuge and quest,
The case floated on for a mile downstream,
Some teenagers found it, the youngest thirteen,

They fished the case out and they opened it wide,
By Islington Tunnel, with houseboats beside,
They called the police out when they saw what they'd found,
And soon half the Met was there buzzing around,

Police divers were there on the very next day,
Forensics took blood swabs in Conistone Way,
With what Archer gave them, they hardly could fail,
By April fourteenth, they had him safe in jail,

[Chorus]

His case reached the Bailey in 20 months time,
The evidence heard of his murderous crime,
Three women came forward, who'd he'd hurt before,
His childish poetry, all soaked in gore,

He looked like a grand-dad, he spoke soft and low,
But five decades plus left him nowhere to go,
He got 30 years, so he'll die in his cell,
But it's not Archer's story that I'm here to tell,

A killer's name lingers, his victims' do not,
But I say that Nasra should not be forgot,
Remember her name as a gesture of pride,
Small measure of dignity this life denied,

When you walk by the water in London N1,
Remember that name and the deed that was done,
We know how she lived and we know how she died,
But give her the dignity this life denied.

[Chorus and close]

ENDS

To read the full story behind this song, please visit
<http://www.planetslade.com>

The Headlines (Nasra's Song)
(Lyrics: Paul Slade)

[CHORUS]

*It's cold down here: so cold and dark,
And I am all alone,
Your city's evil put me here,
Weighed down with brick and bone,
I miss the man I left behind,
My children not yet grown.*

The papers will not tell my tale,
I'll be my own reporter,
And tell of how I came to this,
Somalia's proud daughter,
To start my life so far away,
And end 'neath London water.

I came here as a refugee,
But money soon was tight,
I'd sell myself along the streets,
Of King's Cross every night,
To buy the drugs I needed then,
To find a little light.

[CHORUS]

I met him on a night in March,
Out walking in the rain,
He offered twenty for a fuck,
And promised me cocaine,
Then led me northward from the streets,
I'd never see again.

We did it once then smoked his rock,
"Get out" was all he said,
But when I tried to leave he smashed,
A crow-bar on my head,
He raped me then and stabbed me too,
By morning I was dead.

[CHORUS]

I watched from somewhere even then,
Though I was not alive,
And saw him cut my body up,
In pieces one to five,
My head and hands went in this bag,
To take a midnight dive.

I smiled while falling from the bridge,
To splash so far below,
I had a secret for the police,
My killer did not know,
He'd left a tag inside his bag,
They'd soon know where to go.

[CHORUS]

I hear the frogmen coming near,
The rest of me's been found,
The flat's address against my cheek,
Will close this sorry round,
My killer hears the police approach,
He knows he's prison-bound.

I glimpse the future as I rise,
Though waters cold and dirty,
I'll be at rest but he'll receive,
Hard years – not less than thirty,
A old man then he'll die in jail,
He can no longer hurt me.

[FINAL CHORUS]

*It's cold in there: so cold and dark,
And he'll be all alone,
His own black evil put him there,
Weighed down by brick and stone,
Yet still I miss the life I had,
And children not yet grown.*

ENDS

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