Demoncrats

Crass

I am not he, nor master, nor lord
No crown to wear, no cross to bear in stations
I am not he, nor shall be, warlord of nations
These heroes have run before me, now dead upon the flesh piles, see?
Waiting for their promised resurrection, there is none
Nothing but the marker, crown or cross
In stone upon these graves
Promise of the ribbon was all it took
Where only the strap would leave it's mark upon these slaves
What flag to thrust into this flesh, rag, bandage,
Mop in their flowing death
Taken aside, they were pointed a way, for god, queen and country
Now in silence they lie
They ran before these masters, children of sorrow
As slaves to that trilogy they had no future
They believed in democracy, freedom of speech
Yet dead on the flesh piles I hear no breath
I hear no hope, no whisper of faith
From those who have died for some others' privilege
Out from your palaces, princes and queens
Out from your churches, you clergy, you christs
I'll neither live nor die for your dreams
I'll make no subscription to your paradise

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