

# Father My Father

## Million Dead

Father my father, what have you left for me?  
What am I to make of this convoluted legacy?  
You raised me, ingrained me, led me to believe  
That the world had some structure, a bedrock of honesty. With this naïve outlook in mind,  
Imagine then my profound surprise when my eyes were opened to the reality  
A world built on half-truths and Christian hypocrisy,  
Where left hands are wrung to deplore all our poverties,  
While right hands dig shallow graves to bury the meek. What have we learned?  
"Do as we say, not as we do, and don't ask."  
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"Do as we say, not as we do, and don't ask." Like the students at the Sorbonne in '68,  
I've got a conundrum.  
I and the letter of the law are agreed,  
But the spirit's not with us in working  
Until "Everyone has everything they need". I know what I must look like  
Some kind of revolutionary  
But I'm just trying to set some things straight,  
To salvage that honesty. Father, I've tried to follow you in what you say and what you do.  
Father I've always followed you, I'm everything you wanted me to be.

Songwriters

TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD / DAWSON, BENJAMIN RUSSELL ERRING / FOWLER, THOMAS  
RUSSELL / RUZICKA, JULIA  
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