Pale Horse

John Vanderslice

From the haunts of daily life
Where is waged the daily strife
Common wants and common cares
Cuts the human heart with tearsRise like lions after a slumberin'
In greatly unknowable numbersLet the tyrants pour around
With apocalyptic sound
On the charge of iron wheels
And the crash of horses heelsRise like lions after a slumberin'
In greatly unknowable numbers
Free the blood that must ensue
We are many and they are fewFrom the workhouse and the prison
Pale as corpses newly risen
Knives are drawn now let them see
Standing tall that say they're freeYour strong and simple words
Set to wound as sharpened swords
Wide as targets let them be
With their shade to cover meRise like lions after a slumberin'
In greatly unknowable numbers
Free the blood that must ensue
We are many and they are few

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