Mother Superior

Good Riddance

how ready are you
to die for an ideal
what's the connection,
between a lie and what is real
Mother SuperiorI've got an angel on my back
I'm one of the righteous
and I'm never going back
no, no, no
I'm never going backwho's that shining forth-right man
about to die behind me
he's waiting for the portress to
send me head over heels
who's that black-heart four-star
general walking up the hill
to ask the liberals nicely
to help, finance his private warand if I didn't trust that man
when he puts the rifle in your hand
sings you songs of pageantry and grace
and how much you want to bet
on the other side
there's a man with twice your pride
and they put you feet first in an
unmarked gravethere was a time in our history
when we justified by saying
our destinies manifest
now imperialism is the mantra
of the westsee that trigger happy
college boys, love a chance
to try out their new toys
then they wash the city streets
clean, with the blood of infidelsas the fabric of democracy
left tattered in the dust
we could put, another greedy man
into the dictatorial
puppet-show, now
tell me, who do you trust
who do you trustand an abominable hemisphere
would perpetuate a heart-whole
atmosphere

call it a threat
to national security
call it just a poor-sick face
one more place,
to export cheap laborhail the monarchy
hail the oligarchy
a potential for anarchy
and we pat ourselves
firmly on the back

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