We Sigh for the Child Slaves

Jason Rubero

Well I saw the prophet walking
National guitar in his hand
And around his waist, a belt of secrets
With his pockets all full of sand
I watched his dusty footprints
Fall silently back onto the land
And like an apparition he melted into midnight
As he planned
The poet soaked his reeds
And chose his words better than you or I
Grabbed the neck of his six string
Tipped his hat to Whitman and sighed
Turned to Ophelia, said 'This one's for you'
And forced a smile
And when they lit the seashells
The priest and the architect just cried
The revolution started slowly
With a busker and a libertine
Whispering electric words
Flashing like the neon of a dream
And the people say the emperor
He's not at all what he used to be
He spends his time embalming
And polishing the jar which holds his spleen
The politicians play games of chance
Union mobs and Tarot cards at the wheel
While the mansions they inhabit
Contain broken homes they try to conceal
Twisted ambassadors
Thrust forth the zealot they believe is real
While the medics poke and prod the broken body
And wonder what it feels
Cast down these silicon gods
Who push their brutal technology
The purser and the pugilist
Don't need your black light to see
That the walls are getting higher
And deaf as nails, but how can it be
That the things that draw us nearer

Are the very things that keep us from being free
And the Duchess reeks of cognac
Her head swells in the ether of the clouds
People say 'Don't take him so seriously'
But her brother always draws a crowd
When he conducts his business
Holding snakes and wearing nothing but a shroud
In zero gravity nothing falls
But the mantle of the proud
They say the prisoner lost his courage
When the bars were taken from his cell
And the world he persecuted
Reflected the pain he knew so well
The press dogged him for his story
But his demons would just not let him tell
And the night he kicked the air
Locals watched a shooting star as it fell
Rumor has it that the judge
Wears a necklace of crushed bone and human hair
And the wine of his deliverance
Flows from the sword he swings through the air
And the jesters in his court
Write his name in semaphore but he don't care
For his thoughts plumb the gulf between what is right
And what is fair
The shining pacifier soothing the debutants in the night
Becomes a silver spoon
Feeding the icons of the left and right
Austere little convicts
Holding their shining chokers to the light
While the manicured bankers drive the vehicles of finance
To the fight

Lyrics Submitted by Kym Burton

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/