

# 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

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