Revolution Without Arms

Amaran

John Doe, the answer to my prayers
Won't you come alive in
the picture that I paintedMoon and stars won't
you come to my rescue
Let me enslave you, owning
you will make me whole
Green leaves won't you
gather around me
Keep me company
and I'll never beg againChoose your revolution...Without arms
We've got a war to fight
Can't you see?

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