Bastille Day

Underground Resistance

There's no bread, let them eat cake
There's no end to what they'll take
Flaunt the fruits of noble birth
Wash the salt into the earth
But they're marching to Bastille day
La guillotine will claim her bloody prize
Free the dungeons of the innocent
The king will kneel to let his kingdom rise
Bloodstained velvet, dirty lace
Naked fear on every face
See them bow their heads to die
As we would bow as they rode by

And they're marching to Bastille day
La guillotine will claim her bloody prize
Sing, o choirs of the cacophony
The king will kneel to let his kingdom rise
Lessons taught but never learned
All around us anger burns
Guide the future by the past
Long ago the mould was cast
For they marched up to Bastille day
La guillotine claimed her bloody prize
Hear the echoes of the centuries
Where power isn't all that money buys

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