

Patrick Henry

Burn One Third

This is no time for ceremony
For my part I consider it
nothing less than our own destiny Shall i hold my tongue
with fear of giving offence
if so i think myself
myself guilty of treason its natural to man to
indulge in hope
we're apt to illusion
disguise the painful truth Trust not those words
for they'll prove
a snare at your feet
betrayal
by sour kisses
suffer not yourselves Give me liberty or give me death
is life so dear or peace so sweet
give me liberty or give me death
dont know their course but as for me
liberty or death there is time for hope
if we wish to be free
shall we gather our strength
just to dither in the phantoms of (hope) theres no retreat
but in bow and knee
it is now too late
the war is set its course
and so let it come

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