

## **Kaleidoscope**

### **"Bless The Executioner"**

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Bless the executioner for he knows not what he does  
Take the hangman into yourself, he is afraid of blood  
Take the soldier to the sea, let him sleep upon the sand  
And give the axe-man sympathy for he hates his own  
hands

Give the torturer a break, he is really very shy  
Frown not at the man behind the gun for he is afraid to  
die  
Bless the soldier and every man upon the battle field  
Each one would like to be home, each one knows he will  
be killed

Though death is so unnecessary, tradition feels it must  
Condemn a man to die or elseways be turned into dust  
Officials feel that they are gods and must give all they  
can give  
But each one of us is God himself and has every right  
to live

Always smile at the mask of hate for it covers a sad  
face  
Pacify the nervous, put them gently in their place  
Show children to the old man who speaks only of his  
war  
And then kiss Death upon the cheek, let it think for ever  
more

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