

Program The Dead

"A Text Message To The So-Called Emperor"

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For too long cast aside, stripped of dignity, opportunity
Countless sleepless days in underestimation
But under these anxious, darkening leaves
No word goes unheard
And no deed is without compensation
When the workers come to collect their wages
Now the straw men are swaying in the distance
The have-nots calling in the listless wind
Whispering for retribution
Waiting for some voice to call them
From the bottom where you left them
So onward friends from our battered homes
Forward to the onrush of cast stones, crushed bones
And the gallows

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