

Rahowa

"Might Is Right"

Visit "[Might Is Right](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Might was right when Caesar bled
Upon the stones of Rome,
Might was right when Genghis led
His hordes over Danube's foam,
And might was right when German troops
Poured down through Paris way,
It's the gospel of the ancient world
And the logic of today.

Behind all kings and presidents -
All government and law,
Are army-corps and cannoneers -
To hold the world in awe.
And sword-strong races own the earth,
And ride the conqueror's car -
And liberty has never been won
Except by deeds of war.

What are the lords of hoarded gold -
The silent Semite rings?
What are the plunder-patriots -
High-pontiffs, priests and kings?
What are they but bold master-minds,
Best fitted for the fray who comprehend
And vanquish by - the logic of today.

Cain's knotted club is scepter still -
The "right of man" is fraud:
Christ's ethics are for creeping things -
True manhood smiles at "god".
For might is right when empires sink
In storms of steel and flame;
And it is right when weakling breeds -
Are hunted down like game.

Then what's the use of dreaming dreams -
That "each shall get his own"?
By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls,
Who blindly sweat and moan? no!
A curse is on their cankered brains -
Their very bones decay
Trace your fate in the iron game,

It's the logic of today.

The strong must ever rule the weak,
Is grim primordial law -
On earth's broad racial threshing floor,
The meek are beaten straw -
Then ride to power o'er foemen's necks
Let nothing bar your way:
If you are fit you'll rule and reign,
Is the logic of today.
You must prove you're right by deeds of might -
Of splendor and reknown.
If need be, march through flames of hell,
To dash opponents down - if need be,
Die on scaffold high -
In the morning's misty grey:
For "liberty or death" is still the logic of today.
Might was right when Gideon led
The "chosen" tribes of old,
And it was right when Titus burnt,
Their temple roofed with gold:
And might was right from Bunker's hill,
To far Manilla bay,
By land and flood it's wrote in blood -
The gospel of today.

"Put not your trust in princes"
Is a saying old and true,
"Put not your hope in governments"
Rranslateth it anew.
All "books of law" and "golden rules"
Are fashioned to betray:
"The survival of the strongest"
Is the gospel of today.

Might was right when Carthage flames
Lit up the punic foam -
And when the naked steel of Gaul
Weighed down the spoil of Rome;
And might was right when Richmond fell -
And at Thermopylae -
It's the logic of the ancient world -
And the gospel of today.
Where pendant suns in millions swing,
Around this whirling earth,
It's might, it's force that holds the brakes,
And steers through death and birth:
Force governs all organic life,
Inspires all right and wrong.
It's nature's plan to weed-out man,
And test who are the strong.

Visit [Rahowa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.