

Oxymoron

"Wield The Spade"

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Barber
Get this mirror cleaned
I'm troubled by the face I see before me
As you shave our nation's face
Keep a steady hand
Listen to these words that soon will ring across the land

Wield the spade
Ready the blade
Sacrifices must be made

There are many fools
Who dare propose imposing limits
On my power
Those ungrateful who've been swayed by
Intellectuals in their ivory towers
They will pay for crimes that God and I can not allow
Some before the firing squad and some behind the
plow
Wield the spade

Barber
Get this mirror cleaned
I'm troubled by the face I see before me
Be careful not to miss a whisker
Soon I face my people who adore me
As you shave our nation's face
Keep a steady hand
Listen to these words that soon will ring across the land

Wield the spade
Ready the blade
Sacrifices must be made

Barber
You've done very well
Much cleaner now the mirror's telling no lies
I know I'm not imagining the telltale glint of death
I see in you're eyes
I can't trust you
So I must do something with my knife

It's a shame to lose a damn good barber
But that's life

Wield the spade
Ready the blade
Sacrifices must be made

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