

## **the Sword by John Gorka**

### **"Live by the Sword"**

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They live by the sword but they die of old age  
They should spend their last wretched days in a cage  
Not surrounded by comfort and pawns of their ilk  
Their final few statements come sounding through silk

Tyrants in spirit if not by law,  
Devoid of all conscience lifting their jaw  
Half-baked Medici without the art,  
Punk Mussolini without the smarts  
Drunk drivers shooting face in the dark, but none of  
them ever in harm's way  
None of them ever in harm's way

Of course we have seen their kind before,  
But never so low and so close to shore  
When finally they succumb to their fate,  
They'll be multiple thousands of victims too late

They live by the sword but die of old age  
No end in sight as they step off the stage,

Someone else suffers for every mistake  
They have and they have and they take what they take  
Justice for those without means without ways  
The one thing you learn is that ruthlessness pays,

They live by the sword but die of old age  
Should spend their last wretched days in a cage,  
No end in sight as they step off the stage  
They live by the sword but die of old age.

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