

Bowie David

"The Cygnet Committee"

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I bless you madly
Sadly as I tie my shoes.
I love you badly
Just in time,at times,I guess.
Because of you I need to rest,
Because it's you that sets the test.
So much has gone and little is new
And as the sparrow sings
Dawn chorus for
Someone else to hear,
The Thinker sits alone growing older
And so bitter.
"I gave Them life,
I gave Them all.
They drained my very soul...dry.
I crushed my heart to ease Their pains
No though for me remains there.
Nothing can They spare.
What of me?
Who prai
sed Their efforts to be free?
Words of strength and care and sympathy.
I opened doors that would have blocked Their way.
I braved Their cause to guide, for little pay.
I ravaged at my finance just for Those,
Those whose claims were steeped in pea
ce,tranquility.
Those who said a new world,new ways ever free.
Those whose promises stretched in hope and grace for
me."
I bless you madly
Sadly as I tie my shoes.
I love you badly
Just in time,at times,I guess.
Because of You I need to rest,oh yea,
Because it's You that sets the test.
So much has gone and little is new
And as the sunrise stream
Flickers on me,
My friends talk
Of glory,untold dream,where all is God and God is just

a word.

"We had a friend, a talking man
Who spoke of many powers that
he had.

Not of the best of men, but Ours.

We used him.

We let him use his powers.

We let him fill Our needs.

Now We are strong.

And the road is coming to its end.

Now the damned have no time to make amends.

No purse of token fortunes stands
in Our way.

The silent guns of love will blast the sky.

We broke the ruptured structure built of age.

Our weapons were the tongues of crying rage.

Where money stood

We planted seeds of rebirth

And stabbed the backs of fathers,

Sons of dirt.

Infiltrated business cesspools,

Hating through Our sleeve,

Yes, and We slit the Catholic throat

Stoned the poor on slogans such as

'Wish You Could Hear,'

'Love Is All We Need,'

'Kick Out The Jams,'

'Kick Out Your Mother,'

'Cut Up Your

our Friend,'

'Screw Up Your Brother or He'll Get You In the End.'

And We Know the Flag of Love is from Above.

And We Can Force You to Be Free

And We Can Force You to Believe."

And I close my eyes and tighten up my brain,

For I once read a book in which lovers were slain,

For they knew not the words of the Free States' refrain,

It said:

"I believe in the Power of Good.

I Believe in the State of Love.

I Will Fight For the Right to be Right.

I Will Kill for the Good of the Fight for the Right

to be Right."

And I open my eyes to look around,

And I see a child laid slain on the ground.

As a love machine lumbers through desolation rows,

Ploughing down man, woman, listening to its command.

But not hearing anymore-

Not hearing anymore,

Just the shrieks from the old rich.
And I Want to Believe
In the madness that calls 'Now',
And I Want to Believe
That a light's shining through
Somehow.
And I Want to Believe
And You Want to Believe
And We Want to Believe
And We Want to Live
Oh, We Want to Live
We Want to Live
We Want to Live
We Want to Live
We Want to Live
We Want to Live
I Want to Live
I Want to Live
I Want to Live
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