

# Of Days When Blades Turned Blunt

Asphyx

According to this calender  
Nine thermidor, year two  
Age of the national razor  
Humane mass-murdering tool

Executioner's grinning  
As the axe comes down  
Swift smooth separation  
Off goes another crown

Thus kings and queens convicted  
Like Marie-Antoinette  
Her mug too in the basket  
By pulling the lunette

Sentenced by thousands  
Under "la grande terreur"  
A dark tale of repression  
And the beheadings that occurred

Pre-eminent symbol  
For blood the masses roar  
Indomitable justice  
The crowd demanding more

Square of decapitations  
Place de revolution  
Where severed faces murmur  
Of days when blades turned blunt