

A repentant nobel man  
He vowed to overthrow the land  
Horrified by the treatment of the peasants by his fathers hand  
He had a vision destruction his creative urge  
He lit a fire and it still burns  
Mikhail wanted nothing more than liberty  
He denounced the church the state and monarchy  
He called for an armed revolution  
To overthrow their governmental institution  
In a world with a dominant minority  
Capitalizing off the poor  
The immense majority  
Consumed with hatred for authority  
Enemy of the state, protector of humanity  
Eight years of his life were taken from him  
Six of those were spent in a dungeon  
But he escaped and circled the globe  
Once again sticking his neck on the gallows  
To oppose the force of tyranny  
That keep us locked our classes  
Rise up and kick their collective asses  
Whatever the form of government may be  
A class restricted society  
Will be the end result  
No reformation without result