

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