

Suite For The Souls Of Our Enemies (part I Hammer And Sickle)

Barnabas

Late at night I used to sit
Alone, for one last cigarette
Brooding over what's to come
What in God's name have we done?
Missiles springing up like weeds
Doomsday subs patrol the seas
East and west are poised to kill
While me and Igor pay the bill

The war machine will never stop
Dogs will fight until they drop
From Poland to Afghanistan
A menace to the common man
But what about the little men
Who have no recourse given them
It seems unlikely they're the ones
Whose fingers twitch on willing guns

Little man, my enemy
What makes you so much worse than me?
Could it be we're all the same
Small fry in a larger game
I believe the one to blame
Plans his schemes in bitter flames
Whose soldiers crushed the bourgeoisie
To form their own plutocracy

Stalin, Trotsky, Marx and Lenin
Scorned the blessed hope from heaven
Pompous men with lofty schemes
They gnash their teeth with futile screams
But now their godless legacy
Has festered long across the sea
Implanted in the tender youth
They come to know the lie as truth

So Holy Father hear my cry
For untold millions doomed to die
Without You, when the rockets roar
Hurling them through satan's door

Late at night I sit and pray
Not always certain what to say
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men" ?
Or "crush them Lord, they're better dead"?