

Today, cast out all of the devils you hold
Away, to the time where you youth had been sold
Remove, all the robes worn by sacred ideas
Forget, false accounts of the deeds of brave men

To the dream the fires the furnace
Give all your heart and soul

Teaching, from black books bound up too long ago
Preaching, with a vengeance so bitter and worn
Meeting, in great halls stained with fierce industry
Ashamed, of the secrets the back rooms have held

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Laugh now, while the fire heats the iron so cold
Jest now, over acts that you thought to be bold
Call out, with a courage so false that it shakes
Blindness, brought to bear by the years of neglect

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