

I am not he, nor master, nor lord  
No crown to wear, no cross to bear in stations  
I am not he, nor shall be, warlord of nations  
These heroes have run before me, now dead upon the flesh piles,  
see?  
Waiting for their promised resurrection, there is none  
Nothing but the marker, crown or cross  
In stone upon these graves  
Promise of the ribbon was all it took  
Where only the strap would leave it's mark upon these slaves  
What flag to thrust into this flesh, rag, bandage,  
Mop in their flowing death  
Taken aside, they were pointed a way, for god, queen and countr  
y  
Now in silence they lie  
They ran before these masters, children of sorrow  
As slaves to that trilogy they had no future  
They believed in democracy, freedom of speech  
Yet dead on the flesh piles I hear no breath  
I hear no hope, no whisper of faith  
From those who have died for some others' privilege  
Out from your palaces, princes and queens  
Out from your churches, you clergy, you christs  
I'll neither live nor die for your dreams  
I'll make no subscription to your paradise