

## Pale Horse

John Vanderslice

From the haunts of daily life  
Where is waged the daily strife  
Common wants and common cares  
Cuts the human heart with tears

Rise like lions after a slumber in  
In greatly unknowable numbers

Let the tyrants pour around  
With apocalyptic sound  
On the charge of iron wheels  
And the crash of horses heels

Rise like lions after a slumber in  
In greatly unknowable numbers  
Free the blood that must ensue  
We are many and they are few

From the workhouse and the prison  
Pale as corpses newly risen  
Knives are drawn now let them see  
Standing tall that say they're free

Your strong and simple words  
Set to wound as sharpened swords  
Wide as targets let them be  
With their shade to cover me

Rise like lions after a slumber in  
In greatly unknowable numbers  
Free the blood that must ensue  
We are many and they are few