

The Séance at Harpers Ferry

MC Lars

Well they hung John Brown in 1859
After his revolt did not go fine.
Trying to free the slaves was a noble cause,
Like putting one's faith in the Wizard of Oz.
Well I know they've got John Brown in the ground,
Yet I know his story's not fully text-book bound,
And I know his body's a molderin' away,
And I know that his rifles have long turned to clay.
But I figure it's time to bring him some respect,
After all his spirit must be quite abject
After being lynched for humanitarian deeds.
Giving Brown a hand is exactly what he needs.
So I'm here in West Virginia with my Oujia Board,
To bring back faith in a soldier long ignored.
It's possible you'd think my intentions are scary,
With this séance that I'm having at Harpers Ferry.

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Because John Brown was an abolitionist
He did his thing at Harpers Ferry, though he missed
The opportunity to lead a slave revolt
Because the West Virginian army made him holt.
He got caught by some racists who weren't down
With his liberal liberation, much too profound.
Brown was saving the souls of a suppressed race,
But Society cut him down, shoved their morals in face.
They said John Brown, John Brown, just surrender now.
John Brown, John Brown, we just don't know how
You could ever think you'd get away with this.
His public execution was their ultimate diss.

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So I'm here at West Virginia, waiting for a sign
To communicate with John Brown through his mind.
And I'm focusing on his very brave deeds.
Occasional respect is what the dead need.
Then all of a sudden he appears to me,
Like I'm Macbeth and he's the Witches Three.
He looks into my eyes, like they're two jars
And says, "Hello, you must be Lars."
And I'm quite surprise to see Brown today,

Levitating like Slimer, and pale as clay.
Yet he looks tired, and he looks worn,
The expression in his eyes is somewhat forlorn.
I ask him for advice on racial harmony.
He tells me to continue fighting bigotry,
We must look forward to a new society,
And that he digs the song I did with B.

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