

Bastille Day

Rush

There's no bread, let them eat cake
There's no end to what they'll take
Flaunt the fruits of noble birth
Wash the salt into the earth

But they're marching to Bastille Day La guillotine will claim
Her bloody prize Free the dungeons of the innocent The king
Will kneel, and let his kingdom rise

Bloodstained velvet, dirty lace
Naked fear on every face
See them bow their heads to die
As we would bow as they rode by

And we're marching to Bastille Day La guillotine will claim
Her bloody prize Sing, o choirs of cacophony The king has
Kneeled, to let his kingdom rise

Lessons taught but never learned
All around us anger burns
Guide the future by the past
Long ago the mould was cast

For they marched up to Bastille Day La guillotine -- claimed
Her bloody prize Hear the echoes of the centuries Power isn't
All that money buys