

## Let It Go

State Radio

under the parasol, the magistrate sings the madrigal and shields his face  
from the man who sells his madness by way of the gun -  
outside the manner yard on the crippled street  
young girls sell their bodies for bread to eat  
stare the corner down and say so we meet again

but somewhere the people rise and break out in song  
their voices are carrying them, and I would but the feet on my  
souls are  
gone from the night they came in

they came in trucks with their iron wrath  
driving this country to its dying breath  
but it's never enough for the tyrant and his cattle

let it go

and there he sits, the self-crowned-  
king, in his bird bath, just rearranging his things  
when he hears the songs high over head  
he glares at the sky in his disbelief  
throws a fit and splashes the bath empty and orders his general  
s to aim higher

let it go