Against Tyranny

by

Rev. Matt Hale

From sea to polluted sea  
The land of our fathers spoiled  
Government now master, not our servant  
The plan of the Founders foiled

Untrammeled power, naked rife  
A viper hovers, coiled  
Poised to strike all not sheep  
America’s promise, soiled  
  
The traitors order cuff and key  
Blanch not white nor red  
So long as their might is within their grasp  
They care not what their fathers said  
  
No morals, conscience within their breast  
To them such things are dead  
Only their rule and their bag of gold  
With these are scoundrels fed

Truncheons entrenched within their clench  
Boots upon their paws  
Obey or suffer that is their song  
Their victims within their claws  
  
Killers who would bludgeon the human spirit  
Oppression is their cause  
Thievers of our hallowed rights  
Bedecked in a cloak of laws

The innocent man they hate the most  
The pure of heart and mind  
He they tar with their lying brush  
So that none may refuge find

Justice for them an idea mocked  
For criminals are their kind  
There is no law they would not break  
And the people they deign to bind

Their force makes right they mean to say  
Today they wield the power  
But every season has its end  
And the buds of change begin to flower

We the loyal to the founding creed  
Are awakening by the hour  
The reign of tyrants shall meet its end  
Before our will shall cower.