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.