**On the Murder by the U.S. B.A.T.F. and F.B.I.**

**of the Men, Women and Children**

**of the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas**

*May 9, 1993*

The knock. No knock. The boot at the door.

Fire in their eyes. Blood on the floor.

Storm troopers. So sure. Searching. What for?

What all tyrants fear. Someone who knows more.

Cossacks and Huns. Now B.A.T.F.

Tattoo the Jews. Burn what is left.

Stamp out the weed. Crush all the sex.

Don't let them read! They'll want freedom next.

Oh, C.I.A. How you love K.G.B.

What joy war can bring. What profit. What greed.

Oh, thank the Lord the F.B.I. sees

All those dangerous fools who dare to be free.

And our borders so safe. So tight and secure.

D.E.A. dogs sniff our old underwear.

I.N.S. agents make certain and sure

No wetbacks or gooks who won't pay slip in here.

We got wire taps and phone traps and judges to sign.

Marshals and handcuffs. Tanks in a line.

Gas and grenades. Guns of all kinds.

Nooses and chairs wired to fry you so fine.

Roadblocks and drug tests. Computers so neat.

We can track you by air. We can see your night heat.

Our cages are many. Our laws such a treat.

A crime for each act. The world at our feet.

Religion. Fine churches. Prayer for a creed.

Allegiance. Loyalty. What else could one need?

When one lives for the word. One simply believes

What the press prints is real. What one sees on TV.

Such timeless solutions. Centuries of same.

Foolish to question. Foolish to blame.

No matter the era or country or name.

What greater power than fear or than shame?

Yea the masses rejoice at the slaughter of those

Whom the Father has fingered. The ones who oppose

The serene blissful life of ignorant repose.

The mire of the mind. Of the heart. Of the soul.

As the trappings of wealth we so proudly behold.

Join our cultural smugness. One thought of old.

One candle still flickers. One spark in the cold.

One sacrilegious story is told.

And retold round the fires deep in the woods.

In the caves. In the cells. One peeks 'neath the hood.

And the might of the fist, the wrath of the god

Of Government crumbles. One says what one should.

For the club and the lash and the rack and the death

Of innocents, children, bullets' swift breath

Can only strike flesh. Cannot reach the depths

Of the heart or the mind. Cannot kill what's left.

The numbers are endless.

The names are no mind.

The killing so senseless.

The horror so blind.

Atrocities countlessly

Couched as what's right.

Majority's angel

Of death in the night.

From wolf packs

To Congress

Ravage the weak.

Smother the voices who

Dare question, to seek.

Make an example

To capture the meek.

Yet like the proud phoenix,

Antaeus of yore.

The truth. Ah, the truth

Will rise just once more.

And again. And again.

As the waves on the shore

Softly caressing, casting their spore.

Sprouting and flowering and

Bearing the seed

Of what the world is

Of what we all need.

The essence of mankind.

The heart we must heed.

The truth.

What we know.

All we must do and be.