**SLAVES**

From First Dawn Of Club And Speak

First Vine Bound Capture

Awash With Fear

Have Men For Lust Of Wealth And Love Of Self

Pure Creed

Of Power Enslaved Their Fellow Man

Bound Fellow Human, Bells With No Heed

Or Brotherhood Or Pain

Of Party Or Empathy

And With So To Turn Blind

Eye To Such

Of Spirit Soul Substance

Why Because One Can

To Save The Lust Of What Indeed

Insatiable Taste For More Feed

With Torment Sweet Body Life Blood Of Bonded

And Sure fast Pursuit

The Grail Of More Hoard In Coffers

Of A Cold Cold Hurt

Fruits Of Those Poor

Wreaths Oppressed Who

Who At

Succumb And Yield Their Essence Dumb Enslaved

Chain To Master’s Hoe Shovel Plow

Bed Field Mine

Army Car Loon

From Birth To Grave

With Gun And Chain And Lash So Bold

Serf Peasants Not Burden Nor Sound

Save Overseas Harsh Voice Of Must

So Castles Rose, Vast Fields Were Plowed

Grand Plumes, Archie Catering Towers

Factors Of Wealth Endowed

With Essence Of The Damned

Wars Fought No Mind To Suffering

No Death Or Persistence

Such Due And Wrought

As Seeds Of Destiny

Was Then In Your But Freedoms Sun Did Rise

Chains Bows Broken

And Cry’s Of Tortured

Family’s And Babe No More

*PHILLIP PAUL. 04/29/2011.*

*Flight to St. Paul.*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*