

# Skyclad, Men Of Straw

I pray that soon the blessed meek their world shall inherit  
When all of these bastards are judged by their merits  
And called to account for the acts they've committed  
The jury their victims - no sins are omitted.

I'd gladly burn these men of straw who beat the weakest hardest  
They sow the seeds of misery - let children reap the harvest  
The "lowest of the low" are they - not fit to share our planet  
They are not men but beasts indeed, so take this beast and hang it.

Suffer the children - unseen and unheard  
Who live in the dark closets where skeletons stirred  
Behind mental parapets feelings lay hidden  
They cried out for nothing - and nothing were given.

Why is it so hard to comprehend  
They should not be released to re-offend?  
I think instead that they should take the place  
Of the animals dissected by this so called "Human Race";

The time has come to take these scum and set a fine example  
The only problem is - I fear no punishment is ample  
Now I am not a violent man - but it would give me pleasure  
To watch these vermin crucified (then kill them at my leisure).

They rob the young of innocence and then show no repentance  
We should relieve them of their lives - the crime befits the sentence  
Instead set free to hurt again for reasons I can't figure  
Just line them all against the wall and let me pull the trigger.