

Ballydowse, Redhands

In the end the revolution veers and fades.
Power corrupts, no future is built with tools of hate.
The march, the cause just another sham.
Everything rots in the hands of man.
Comrades get slim and few
when they don't meet up when they ain't you.

The red hands of reaction and a lack of clarity
caused by the disconnection of belief from all reality
brought on the closing of our minds to hope and purity and
left us hanging from our necks from a bent society.

Politically completely free beyond all authority,
we'd still be draped in chains called responsibility.
Bound, gagged, and tortured beyond all
amnesty a liberty no man can touch brings on our release.

Try any point of view, what we are remains.
Our choices and our paths are fewer than they seem.
In the end the revolution veers and fades.
Only what's eternal will pass thru the flames.

Take us away to a place of purity.
Does a love for people mean a lack of clarity
about what makes us clean and what brings decay?
Lead us out of this bloody night and show us your way.