

Flipper, Shed No Tears

Shed no tears for the martyr dying
Only in pain suffering and death
Can the martyr become what he's chosen to be

No tears wasted
No sorrow no pity
No, no crying, no loss

Shed no tears for the cop bleeding
He once held the gun. He once held the key
Now his prisoners will sing and dance and play

No tears wasted
No sorrow no pity
No, no crying, no loss

Shed no tears for the nun beaten
By the children she once called her flock
How they hate their teachers. Who force darkness upon us

No tears wasted
No sorrow no pity
No, no crying, no loss

Shed no tears for the suicide
He has made his choice, the pain of life is great
And some will find it sweet to rot beneath the earth
As we rot and live and breathe

No tears wasted
No sorrow no pity
No, no crying, no loss