



The Fires of Revolt

by Samuel Cushman

Our Fires of Revolt were once lit by a spark
That exposed a wicked empire as it slithered in the dark.

The battle cry of comrades who fell first and last
Still scream in the wind, from tortures long past.

Through blood and work camps from the despots,
Our rebellious screams that raised all hell,
Were put to silence by grave and the iron bars of a prison cell.

They sent slaves into fields, and myths into schools,
They shoved cash into their pockets, and laughed at us fools.

And for we who dared to ignite and push forth the New Fire -
We found only death and restraint in a noose of barbed wire.
But forward the fire, blaze with our might,
Burn with our passion - we shall conquer the night!
Revel in their fear as the powerless rise,
Victory to the People, we who were wise,
Of devils and pigs, and the keepers of lies.