

Storm the Bastille

The Angels

Aristocrats held all the cards
The rules they made kept the people barred
And when the king refused to share their rights
They knew this time he'd gone to far
The palace guards have guns and mace
To keep the marchers in their place
But even if they restless blood should run
The choice was made, the breakdown had begun.
The tower falls, the flag is changed
The new one still looks much the same.
While nameless faces sit for portrait painters
About to see it all again.
Whose hand is seen as open,
Whose hands are bound?
Who wears the cap, who wears the crown?
Storm The Bastille.