

A repentant nobel man
He vowed to overthrow the land
Horrified by the treatment of the peasants by his fathers hand
He had a vision destruction his creative urge
He lit a fire and it still burns
Mikhail wanted nothing more than liberty
He denounced the church the state and monarchy
He called for an armed revolution
To overthrow their governmental institution
In a world with a dominant minority
Capitalizing off the poor
The immense majority
Consumed with hatred for authority
Enemy of the state, protector of humanity
Eight years of his life were taken from him
Six of those were spent in a dungeon
But he escaped and circled the globe
Once again sticking his neck on the gallows
To oppose the force of tyranny
That keep us locked our classes
Rise up and kick their collective asses
Whatever the form of government may be
A class restricted society
Will be the end result
No reformation without result