

Storm The Bastille

Angel City

Aristocrats held all the cards
The rules they made kept people barred
And when the king refused to share their rights
They knew this time he'd gone too far
The palace guards had guns and mace
To keep the marchers in their place
But even if their restless blood should run
The choice was made, the breakdown had begun

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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

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Whose hand is seen as open?
Whose hands are bound?
Who wears the cap, who wears the crown?
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(Solo)

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