Of Days When Blades Turned Blunt

According to this calender Nine thermidor, year two Age of the national razor Humane mass-murdering tool

Executioner's grinning As the axe comes down Swift smooth separation Off goes another crown

Thus kings and queens convicted Like Marie-Antoinette Her mug too in the basket By pulling the lunette

Sentenced by thousands Under "la grande terreur" A dark tale of repression And the beheadings that occurred

Pre-eminent symbol For blood the masses roar Indomitable justice The crowd demanding more

Square of decapitations Place de revolution Where severed faces murmur Of days when blades turned blunt

Asphyx