

## Black Autumn

Charlie Daniels

Subways rumbling through the night  
Flashing rows of neon lights  
People with no place to go  
Rushing madly to and fro  
Shrine where all the nameless robots  
Paying homage to their concrete idols  
Stop and pass the time of day  
Between the canyon walls of stone and steel  
The misers count their gold  
And wish the world would spin the other way

Silver metals speaking, shouting  
Talking loud but saying nothing  
Sounds of hungry children crying  
Drowned out by cannons firing  
As the giant with the passive face  
Manipulates his toys  
And one by one they're trampled in the mud  
The High Priest and the Sacrificial Counsel  
Cast among them to demand  
Another sacrifice of blood