

The Rebellious Sons

Ray Wylie Hubbard

The rebellious sons were torn from the tears of the gods
Dealing in the dust before the of the serpent and mouse
The captain was turned to stone and his voice was heard no more
He's still on his knees outside the witch's house

Treachery He'd come to kill the witch's clan but stumbled and w
as Marked by his captors, he died loyal to his gods
Refusing to confess, he recited Genesis 4:15

An Asia Minor poet who was loyal to the sons
His gods had been exiled, he vowed to avenge the disgrace
He'd come to the queen who'd betrayed them
And as he drew his dagger he cried out, "How does gold taste?"

Fate decides the life spent
By measuring out thread and then cutting it
The gate to hell was left open
And there's little concern in shutting it

the two wore jewelry, the whore queen dressed in jade
She's born seventh be forgiven
She betrayed the sons in the Sicilian Vespers War
Yet her bones were buried with pageant by the old river prison

The queen was slain while drinking a cup of her savior's blood
They laid her out to be viewed dressed only in white lilies
Covered in ivory, she was as false as Constantine's Donation
Destiny cannot be bribed, as proven by the death of Achilles

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Uh, mmh, oh