

## Bastille Day

Rush

There's no bread, let them eat cake  
There's no end to what they'll take  
Flaunt the fruits of noble birth  
Wash the salt into the earth

But they're marching to Bastille Day La guillotine will claim  
Her bloody prize Free the dungeons of the innocent The king  
Will kneel, and let his kingdom rise

Bloodstained velvet, dirty lace  
Naked fear on every face  
See them bow their heads to die  
As we would bow as they rode by

And we're marching to Bastille Day La guillotine will claim  
Her bloody prize Sing, o choirs of cacophony The king has  
Kneeled, to let his kingdom rise

Lessons taught but never learned  
All around us anger burns  
Guide the future by the past  
Long ago the mould was cast

For they marched up to Bastille Day La guillotine -- claimed  
Her bloody prize Hear the echoes of the centuries Power isn't  
All that money buys