

Over My Dead Body

Steve Taylor

(Dedicated to the memory of Grzegorz Prezmyk, a Polish youth killed by government police in Warsaw, May 1983).

After the Nazis, we were baited by the Russian bear
Our 'liberators' used Poland for a thoroughfare
I was a victim of December 1981
I took a final beating from the blunt end of a Russian gun

You plant your missiles while our people wait in line for bread
You hang an army tank above us by a bloody thread
You bought our government they crawl like bleating sheep to you
We know from history that human life is cheap to you

Over my dead body redemption draweth nigh
Over my dead body I hear a battle cry
Try and blow out the fire -- you're fanning the flame
We're gonna rise up from the ashes 'til we're ashes again

You make a mockery of all that we hold sacred here
You drive us underground in hopes that we will disappear
We see our sanctuary where the altar candle burns
Our dignity's a legacy the cross of Jesus reaffirms

Over my dead body redemption draweth nigh
Over my dead body I hear a battle cry
Try and blow out the fire -- you're fanning the flame
We're gonna rise up from the ashes 'til we're ashes again

After the Nazis, we were baited by the Russian bear
Our 'liberators' used Poland for a thoroughfare
rise up my brothers don't despair the Iron Curtain's rod
someday we'll draw the string assisted by the hand of God

I was a victim of December 1981
I took a final beating from the blunt end of a Russian gun
You made a memory -- the memory will multiply
You may kill the body but the spirit -- it will never die