The Angels

Aristocrats held all the cards The rules they made kept the people barred And when the king refused to share their rights They knew this time he'd gone to far The palace guards have guns and mace To keep the marchers in their place But even if they restless blood should run The choice was made, the breakdown had begun. The tower falls, the flag is changed The new one still looks much the same. While nameless faces sit for portrait painters About to see it all again. Whose hand is seen as open, Whose hands are bound? Who wears the cap, who wears the crown? Storm The Bastille.