

Stakes and Torches

Voltaire

Stakes and torches,
Scimitars and bayonets,
Scythes, pitchforks,
A sickle with a sharpened edge.
Swords and spades,
And mallets that are made of lead.

Anything at hand,
Anything they can,
Help us to remove the head
Of that filthy rich,
Fat son of a bitch,
While he's sleeping in his bed.

Storm the steps,
We break into the palace hall.
It's so majestic,
We are frozen in our awe.
Grandmother cries as she crumples to her knees,
says, "I can understand,
That the rich demand,
An amount of luxury.
But I'd have never dreamed,
It was so extreme,
While we had nothing to eat."