



Revolution Be Thy Name

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I no longer am for some sick folk
A causeless paladin; but a grim reaper
To greedy maggots serving envy's yoke;
I am a curse and a deadly nightmare
Seasoned by the blood of Irish rebels
Flowing through my veins; I harness the prize
Of liberty, and sear the sworn evils
Of the workers with the fire in my eyes
Dying words may spill, though I shall not bleed
Shoot me if you dare - you'll kill but a man!
Rise in millions to stem the tide of greed
They'll swarm you like locusts in short span
Recall me as you gaze on Korda's frame;
No, not Che! Revolution is my name!

(99)

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By

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