

Dirge

The working class had lots of sense,
When hunger came;
Our trenchant knowledge was immense,
When hunger came;
In worldly wisdom we were wise—
To this the inner-man replies:
"We knew not how to organize
And win the game"

Too prone perhaps were we to run
When showdown came
Perhaps we may have even won
A slacker's name

No many thing did we aight
Our wars were anybody's fight
And still we proved our latent might:
We died as ONE