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THE GREAT APPEAR GREAT TO US ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE ON OUR KNEES—LET US ARISE

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le. not light and no love at all. That

We Need Lawyers

I fished a first to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutal craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank
And whetted it on the hard and black
Then I hid me close to the peedy tree,
Where the musktooth came to drink—
And I waited and bore I drove the sand
And slew him upon the brink.

I
Lead I thought through the moonlit waste,
Lead answered our kith and kin;
'Twas wet and cast to the crimson feet
And the wailing and wailing
O'er joint and grate and padded hood,
We fought and claved and
And led by lead with many a growl,
We talked the maelco' over.

I
I carved the fish on a reindeer bone,
With a rude and hairy hand;
I measured the fall on a cruel scale
That man might understand,
For we lived by blood, and the right of might
And the right of law were ours;
And the tale of sin did not begin,
Till our brutal turns were gone.

I
And that was a million years ago,
It is a time that no man knows
We fought in conflict in the night
Our set at Delmonico's.
Your eyes are as deep as the Devon springs
Your smile is as dark as jet;
Your years are years, your life is new,
Our soul untried, and young.

I
Our tale is on the Kimmiridge day,
The day of the Peace of the Pacific
We have left our bones in the Babylon stones

