

A VISITOR FROM THE PAST

I had a dream the other night, I didn't understand,
A figure walking through the mist, with a flintlock in his hand.
His clothes were torn and dirty, as he stood there by my head,
He took off his three-cornered hat, and speaking low, he said:

“We fought a revolution, to secure our liberty.
We wrote the Constitution, as a shield from tyranny.
For future generations, this legacy we gave.
In this, the land of the free and the home of the brave.

“The freedom we secured for you, we hoped you'd always keep.
But tyrants labored endlessly while your parents were asleep.
Your freedom gone, your courage lost, you're no more than a slave.
In this, the land of the free and the home of the brave.

“You buy permits to travel, and permits to own a gun,
Permits to start a business, or to build a place for one.
On land that you believe you own, you pay a yearly rent.
Although you have no voice in choosing, how the money's spent.

“Your children must attend a school, that doesn't educate.
Your Christian values can't be taught, according to the state.
You read about the current news, in a regulated press.
You pay a tax you do not owe, to please the I.R.S.

“Your money is no longer made of Silver, or of Gold.
You trade your wealth for paper, so your life can be controlled.
You pay for crimes that make our Nation turn from God in shame.
You've taken Satan's number, as you've traded in your name.

“You've given government control, to those who do you harm,
So they can padlock churches, and steal the family farm;
And keep our country deep in debt, put men of God in jail,
Harass your fellow countrymen, while corrupted courts prevail.

“Your public servants don't uphold, the solemn oath they've sworn.
Your daughters visit doctors, so their children won't be born.
Your leaders ship artillery, and guns to foreign shores,
And send your sons to slaughter, fighting other people's wars.

“Can you regain the freedom for which we fought and died?
Or don't you have the courage, or the faith to stand with pride?
Are there no more values, for which you'll fight to save?
Or do you wish your children, live in fear and be a slave?

“Sons of the Republic, arise and take a stand!
Defend the Constitution, the Supreme Law of the Land!
Preserve our great Republic, and each GOD-Given Right.
And pray to God to keep the torch, of Freedom burning bright.”

As I awoke he vanished, in the mist from whence he came.
His words were true, we are not free, we have ourselves to blame.
For even now as tyrants, trample each GOD-Given Right.
We only watch and tremble, too afraid to stand and fight.

If he stood by your bedside, in a dream, while you're asleep,
And wondered what remains of our Rights he fought to keep;
What would be your answer, if he called out from the grave:
Is this still the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave?