

## ANTHEM

Those glorious words, a hymn of praise on the morning sun for tenacious men,  
Defiant against the destruction from the beachhead lost,  
The cost of courage measured out in quarter verse, recited like a prayer before the coin is tossed.

They were farmers and the sons of farmers, turning outlaw in the name of a vision.  
They were helmsman and the captains of trade ships  
Pouring the wrath of God into the harbors of Boston.  
Give me something to believe in besides the sky.

Update the scene. Substitute red ink for all that cannon fire,  
A mortgage for a musket, stocks for rocket streams,  
A living standard no one in their right mind would maintain,  
For the fireworks, full of lightning in all those patriot dreams.

The lines are long. The story goes on long after it should have been done.  
If you struggle to see meaning in their suffering or a purpose for their pain,  
You'll come up empty handed once again.

Take to your rooftops, like you did at Sumter, and train your eyes and your batteries skyward.  
You'll see a tempest coming that will burn the stars down  
While magical wind brings the towers earthward.  
There'll be nothing left between God and the Devil except one lone man,  
The thunder of nations, and the stares of hungry and innocent children.  
The day of reckoning is close as crimson when mountains will rush into the arms of danger  
And no stone will be left standing on its neighbor.  
Give me something to believe in besides the sky.

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