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Echoes

They echo through old and new ages
If you listen the pattern is clear
On history's bloodiest pages
certain first and last names reappear

They are echoes of gold and of red shields
And of mountains and stones and of leafs
Notorious for underhanded deals
and united by blood and beliefs

They have hijacked and ruined our cultures
They have captured our governments and banks
They are parasites vermin and vultures
With a Devil or 6 in their ranks

The Bolshevik crowd was their proxy
when it ended the freedom to own
Led by such people as Trotsky
whose real last name echoed in stone

Now echoes our countdown to zero
Through their blacks, moslems, women and gays
May that progress be stopped by some hero
And the echoes - ere us - die away

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