

# **Your Slaves**

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Standing here they live to serve you,  
They really have no choice,  
They are certainly through,  
With your complaining voice.

You sit there complaining about how they took so long,  
But in reality they were doing your will and if they didn't you would have yelled at them,  
And then you pamper those who are strong,  
But it is upon them you spit your flem.

It isn't fair for the slaves,  
Though you say they have it good,  
It is your roads they pave,  
But now it is there they have stood.

Their backs are beaten and torn,  
The tears flow down their faces,  
They have little hope for their children when they're born,  
For you will never let them go any places.

You laugh as you torment the servers,  
But when they laugh at you, you give them 30 lashes,  
They wish to be like the conformers,  
Who can make millions of dashes.

The only thing that gives them peace in their separate cells is the calm music at night,  
Your maid servants help get them to sleep with their singing and harp playing,  
They never wish to fight,  
For they believe in the old saying.

They long to sing and dance,  
But it is that to them you dislike from those who serve you,  
They must work instead of prance,  
Oh how they long to taste more than stew.

So here they wait,  
Until the coming of their savior,  
Who will take pity for their state,  
Then they will have to worry less of their behavior.