

They came, their fists sounding against the door.
No blood over the door posts could have saved her.
Pounding their pride raged in the torch light.
In those days Israel had no king, and everyone did...
Their voices rang, their angers roared, for humiliation.
An old voice pleaded, brothers don't be so wicked!
As the coward inside threw her nameless to the horde.
Her blood, is on your hands.
In those days Israel had no king, we do what we want to.

His feet pressed cruelly into hillside toward the priest.
This spear hung in the wind craving for innocent blood.
Brutish anger raged like the fires in his eyes!
In those days Israel had a king, and he did...
Their voices were silent, pleading lord don't be so wicked!
As the madman ordered the death of the priests at *nothing*.
Their blood, is on your hands!
In those days Israel had a king, what are we doing?

Covered in red, she lay atop the door step!
Covered in red, he laid in the fields of Benjamin!
Covered under blue, I lay in this bed.

They stand on the street corners and in churches.
Signs hung high, and inside their hearts, call for blood.
Bitterness, and contempt on their lips, in their eyes!
Who is our king today? Why do you do as you...
Merciful voices cry from children, don't be so wicked!
As the preachers call for their damnation to the fires.
My blood, is on your hands.
Who is our king today? How can we do this!

A young woman, unloved, raped, beaten, cut up by her *beloved*.
A town of priests, disregarded, terrorized, murdered, cut down, by their *king*.
Her voice lost to the ages, we'll never hear her song.
Their voices lost to the nothingness, we'll never hear their laughter!
A young queer, you know what you've done *my brothers*.
You will never take my voice.