

And so his epic began,  
With the touch of pen to paper,  
Had he forfeit liberty?  
Was equality greater?  
His blameless head...  
And what of my tale?  
Would it ever be sung?  
Could I live through the war?  
To spill the words from my tongue?  
Or would we both end up dead?  
Was it worse to bid farewell,  
Than to watch him fall?  
Was his life worth ten others, ten other,  
Killed with merciless gail?  
We'd learn to paint the sands red...  
Would my hand be steady now,  
To commit this awful task?  
Spew forward heated shells,  
From the trigger in my grasp?  
We'd learn to paint the sands red.