

Minister Of War

Minister of War, we are the king's claws and fangs.
Why should you roll us on from misery to misery,
Giving us no place to stop in or take rest?

Minister of War, we are the king's claws and teeth.
Why should you roll us from misery to misery,
Giving us no place to come and stay?

Minister of War, surely you are not wise.
Why should you roll us from misery to misery?
We have mothers who lack food