

A Visitor from the Past

By Thelen Paulk

*I had a dream the other night I didn't understand:
A figure walking through the mist with a flintlock in his hand.
His clothes were torn and dirty as he stood there by my bed.
He took off his 3-cornered hat and speaking low he said,*

*"We fought a revolution to secure our liberty,
We wrote the Constitution as a shield from tyranny,
For future generations this legacy we gave
In this, the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.*

*What we secured for you, we hoped you'd always keep,
But tyrants labored endlessly while your parents were asleep.
Your freedom gone, your courage lost, you're no more than a slave
In this, the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.*

*You buy permits to travel, and permits to own a gun,
Permits to start a business, or to build a place for one.
On land that you believe you own, you pay a yearly rent,
Although you have no voice in choosing how the money's spent.*

*Your money is no longer made of silver or of gold,
You trade your wealth for paper so your life can be controlled,
You pay for crimes that make our nation turn from God in shame,
You've taken Satan's number as you've traded in your name.*

*You've given government control to those who do you harm,
So they can padlock churches and steal the family farm,
And keep our country deep in debt, put men of God in jail,
Harass your fellow countrymen while corrupted courts prevail.*

*The public servants don't uphold the solemn oath they've sworn,
Your daughters visit doctors so their children won't be born,
Your leaders ship artillery and guns to foreign shores,
And send your sons to slaughter fighting other people's wars.*

*Can you regain the freedom for which we fought and died,
Or don't you have the courage or the faith to stand with pride?
Are there no more values for which you'll fight to save,
Or do you wish your children to live in fear and be a slave?*

*Sons of the Republic, arise and take a stand!
Defend the Constitution, the supreme Law of the Land,
Preserve our great Republic, each God-given right,
And pray to God to keep the torch of freedom burning bright.*

*As I awoke he vanished in the mist from which he came,
His words were true, we are not free, we have ourselves to blame.
For even now as tyrants trample each God-given right,
We only watch and tremble too afraid to stand and fight.*

*If he stood by your bedside in a dream while you're asleep,
And wondered what remains of our rights he fought to keep,
What would your answer be if he called out from the grave,
Is this still the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave?*