

My Country's Leaders Be

(Tune: My County, 'Tis of Thee)

My country's leaders be
haters of liberty.
Of them I sing.
Innocent boaters die.
Our self-styled king with pride,
commits gross homicide,
terror does bring!

My native country, thee,
used to be proud and free,
has lost its love.
Leaders with hatred filled,
innocent blood they spill,
kill innocents for thrills
from high above.

So now the tyrant here
With hatred does he sneer,
and hubris grand.
On people's rights he treads,
reviles the live and dead,
cares not if blood he sheds
on sea or land.

Let our words fill the breeze,
and ring from all the trees.
This be our song:
Let mortal tongues awake.
Let all that breathe partake.
Let rocks their silence break.
We'll stop this wrong.

--Ward Ricker