



“Blitzkrieg Bop”

by: Corbin Owens

*Arise, children of the leather,
Time for us to band together,
Slash your red A's on your banners
Bring your lead pipes and sledge hammers.
My men, don your liberty spikes
And wear the tattered clothes you like.
Ladies, dress darker than the crows,
Pierce your lips and tear up your hose.*

Ten thousand fists pollute the sky
As anarchists shout their war cry
To dirty gods of metal and rock:
Bad Brains, Iggy, the Horrorpops,
Metallica and The Ramones,
Rise Against and The Rolling Stones.
Their final cigarette they light
And march like soldiers into night.

*Yes my children you have arrived
This dead city will be revived
With noise, fire, and red graffiti,
Take no salvage, make no treaty
Tear the city to shape your heart,
All conformity rip apart.
And when these rotten streets are clean,
Bow, and worship me as your king.*

Sunlight shimmered where the war was fought
On streets of glass like kristallnacht,
A blood red summer had begun
The law had fought but rock had won.
Anarchy lived a month or so,
Until the sky lit with a glow,
A missile fell upon their nation
Like napalm on an infestation.

What they opened the government shut,
They did not see it coming, but
Our heroes' mothers told them well
That “rock'n'roll sent you to hell.”