

Well, I'll not wait—until some PROOF they show ;
They ask me to *believe*—I want to KNOW.

Patience to *wait* for good things *in the Sky* !
When we can *fight* for good things Here Below.

We KNOW there is a World of Plenty here,
That World is far away, *this* World is near,
Here's the *real world*, with all things that are
good,
Good food, good homes, good clothing and good
cheer.

Heaven ? Yea, there's one in which our masters
dwell,
'Tis on this Earth—on Earth we have our Hell ;
While we're content to wait for Heaven Beyond
Our masters smugly smile and say, " 'Tis well ! "

Oh, many a mental drug is used to keep
Slaves in submissive, apathetic sleep,
While others fleece them of the wealth they
make,
They yielding it like tame and silly sheep.

The Guess of puzzled, primitive mankind,
The Superstition of the savage mind,
Has been adapted each successive age
To keep the slaves to their own int'rest blind.