

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.