

Bless the Executioner (Kaleidoscope/Fairfield Parlour)

D Em7 D Em7
A A D

D Em7
Bless the executioner for he knows not what he does.
D Em7
Take the hangman into yourself, he is afraid of blood.
A A7
Take the soldier to the sea, let him sleep upon the sand.
D Em7
And give the axe-man sympathy for he hates his own hands.

D Em7
Give the torturer a break, he is really very shy.
D Em7
Frown not at the man behind the gun for he is afraid to die.
A A7
Bless the soldier and every man upon the battle field.
D Em7
Each one would like to be home, each one knows he will be killed.

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7

D Em7
Though death is so unnecessary, tradition feels it must.
D Em7
Condemn a man to kill or elseways be turned into dust.
A A7
Officials feel that they are gods and must give all they can give.
D Em7
But each one of us is God himself and has every right to live.

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7

D Em7
Always smile at the mask of hate for it covers a sad face.
D Em7
Pacify the nervous, put them gently in their place.
A A7
Show children to the old man who speaks only of his war.
D Em7
And then kiss Death upon the cheek, let it think for ever more.

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