

## **THAT DOESN'T MEAN SHE ISN'T DYING**

12-8-14  
(#92)

- 1. It occurred to me, and it's plain to see  
concerning my lady who used to wander free  
That she's stumbled, been humbled, and finally crumbled  
in her ungracious fall, shot through hip and knee.  
She'd been overtaken, from the inside forsaken,  
— propped up by fraudsters who claim she's not been lying;  
You may think she's clean  
but the whole world's now seen  
that doesn't mean  
she isn't dying.**

### **[SHORT INSTRUMENTAL]**

- 2. Oh, don't tell me, please, "she's not on her knees,"  
groveling before her masters of misery;  
she was once so proud, honor was her shroud,  
her head once held so high for all the world to see.  
But they plundered all her loot, turned her to prostitute,  
now she's mass murdering with dirty-trick cheating and lying.  
She's not come clean  
though she may be crying —  
As you've seen, that doesn't mean  
she isn't dying.**
- 3. Her tears may be real, she still may deeply feel  
but that doesn't mean she doesn't live to pillage, rape and steal;  
Past the point of no return, another empire that will burn  
till reduced to ashes in the pit of history's tarnished urn.  
The ones who destroyed her are those who employed her  
to enslave to the grave the very ones she used to save  
She has nothing left worth buying  
(can you faintly hear her sighing?)  
to our favor, you can't save her  
— she is dying.**

### **[FULL INSTRUMENTAL]**

- 4. [REPEAT VERSE 1, AND ADD TAGS OF  
LAST 4 LINES OF VERSE 2, TO REPEATED FADEOUT]**

**[END]**

Written: December 8, 2014