

Extreme, Flower Man

He speaks of meekness being no sign of weakness
Gently placing the flower in the gun
Well intended pacifism a naive idealism
Singing his favourite Lennon song
Bleeding heart insisting preach the path of least resisting
Milk and honey rolling off of his tongue
War is not he answer turn the other cheek
And offer sacrificing on the altar of love

Flower man singing lets all give peace a chance
Flower man keep your head buried in the sand
Flower man you're my enemy's best friend
Flower man you misguided utopian

Peace in appeasing like it's always in season
Never needed to weather the storm
Betting on your better angels ignoring human nature in truth red tooth and in claw
Lion and lamb lay in your land of make pretend
Forgetting every soldier and son
Lest you care to measure all the blood and the treasure
Must be something worth fighting for. No?
Is it worth fighting for?

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Flower man keep your head buried in the sand
Flower man you're my enemy's best friend
Flower man liberty is a well armed lamb

Ladies and gentlemen
I give you flower man

Love is on the way
Love is on the way
Or so they say

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