



Blessed is the Apple in flight  
Blessed is the rock that calls down machine gun fire  
Blessed is the raised fist, the bullhorn  
The stencil and the paint  
Blessed, oh blessed, is the man ablaze

What possible love could be greater  
Than the love for the throwers of bricks?  
The ones who shatter glass and empires  
Those who tilt at windmills and death?  
So blessed, blessed are the bricks

