The Match of Consent

> **Consent is the match that topples every king.**

When rights are chained, the buried sparks catch fire,
A crown that feeds on fear shall crack like stone;
The unheard blood climbs up through wire,
No throne can stand where consent is overthrown.

We petitioned; every answer dealt more pain,
While armies stood where civic hands should guide;
Long patience learned the shape of every chain,
And foreign law came marching from outside.

A train of wounds revealed the tyrant’s aim,
They named themselves free states, though death drew near;
They severed crown and colony in flame,
With lives and fortunes staked, not hollow cheer.

No polished hymn: let broken promises sing;
Consent is the match that topples every king.

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