

The Ballad of the Waco War  
Ron Goins

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A Cautionary Tale

The setting sun was painted red.  
The sky had streaks of gold.  
The campsite was all set for bed.  
The fire getting old.  
The food was good but now was gone,  
Just enough to leave an edge,  
The time had come for telling tales.  
The boy turned to his Pa and said:

Who won the war of Waco, Dad?  
Who won the Waco war?  
If the truth can set me free  
Who won the Waco war?

The man looked at his son and then  
Just smiled and shook his head.  
You know the story well as I  
From what you've seen and read.  
The time is right to see it all  
In a different light.  
To quicken your perception  
Of what is wrong or right.

So, let's sit down and come to terms  
With what has happened here.  
And peel away the layers  
And hope the fog will clear.  
We'll never know the truth of this  
From what somebody's said.  
By how you judge just what you've heard  
You'll quicken or you're dead.

Who was David Koresh, Dad?  
Tell me 'bout the man.  
I know you never met him  
But tell me if you can.

Those who knew him best would say  
David was a sincere man.  
He was strident to a fault  
And faithful till the bitter end.  
Others saw a different David.  
Haughty, vain, and arrogant.  
A braggart and a false messiah.  
Justifying their contempt.

Those of us that didn't know him,  
Dependent on the evening news,  
Swallowed whole the daily pabulum.  
Opinions were not ours to choose.  
Broken on the wheel of fate,  
Dust is all that's left of him.  
Memories linger, good and bad,  
Depending on who speaks of him.

Tell me how it started, Dad,  
And tell it to the end.  
When David met them at the door  
Would you say that was when?

The twenty-eighth of February,  
Shots fired through a door.  
That was how it happened,  
The start of Waco's war.  
I didn't think it much at first,  
A raid that had gone bad.  
A cult called Branch Davidians,  
Their leader had gone mad.

And all those guns were talked about,  
All that fire power.  
And all those wives and children too,  
A king in his high tower.  
The ATF had found a man  
Who hadn't kept the law.  
Converted certain weapons  
With no permit at all.

He had himself a harem  
Of all the girls he wanted.  
And all the children looked like him,  
Seventeen were counted.  
That was all I saw at first,  
All they let me see.  
But events would soon conspire  
To show me prophecy.

The cattle trucks they pulled right in,  
Unloaded all their men.  
They charged the house with weapons drawn,  
Eighty black clad men.  
"What's going on? There are children here!"  
Is what young Koresh said.  
A shot rang out, and "I am hit!"  
Was heard, and time stood dead.

But who was shot and when and how?  
And what was it all for?  
Was that the shot that did it, Dad?  
That started Waco's war?

David was unarmed, of course.  
 Some men were at the windows.  
 The ATF in motion  
 Hadn't got to set up.  
 Men were charging toward the door  
 And more around the side.  
 Others stood behind the truck.  
 I am not sure why.

Suddenly, a shot rang out and  
 "Oh my God. I'm hit".  
 Some guy had shot his foot off  
 And calling for a medic.  
 That shot had come from someone who  
 Had clamored from the truck.  
 The die was cast. The blood was spilled.  
 The scent of fear and all bad luck.

That was not the plan at all  
 According to the boys.  
 "Most the time they fall down  
 Just cause we make some noise.  
 We'll shoot the dogs. We'll rush the house,  
 And it will all end here.  
 And then we'll go back into town  
 And have us all a beer."

They had it timed. All bound and down,  
 Two minutes flat or under.  
 Rehearsing it at Ft. Hood,  
 Training till redundant.  
 This would be the biggest raid  
 In their history.  
 A landmark for the ATF.  
 A watershed in history.

But it didn't go like that at all,  
 Because in all their plans,  
 They couldn't see they'd be outgunned,  
 Though they were not out-manned.  
 The ATF had fired first,  
 But they would not admit it.  
 They blamed the victim for the crime,  
 And claimed Davidians did it.

That would be an issue later,  
 On the Hill and in the courts.  
 Trigger-happy home invaders,  
 Locked and loaded, just for sport.  
 "Going to a turkey-shoot"  
 And "Operation Showtime",  
 Just a couple of the phrases  
 Making it to headlines.

Was Jesus there at Waco, Dad?  
 Did Jesus see the war?  
 Did Christ in all his Glory, Dad,  
 Come into Waco's war?

The Lord was there, not how you think,  
 But waiting in the wings.  
 "Just how you judge is how I'll judge  
 You at the end of things."  
 The war had started long ago  
 By Satan's posturing.  
 No man is God, none but one,  
 Nor any created being.  
 I couldn't say just what the Lord  
 Would think of all of this,  
 But I surmise that this was staged,  
 For angels not to miss.

Each day another lesson,  
 All building to the end.  
 And at the end a moral,  
 And in the moral, judgment.

The choppers next, you tell me, Dad,  
 They fired on the house?  
 With kids inside, and mothers too,  
 They fired on the house?

The roof was shot, the tower too,  
 Where David had his bed.  
 The water tanks were ruptured,  
 And Winston Blake was dead.  
 Winston on that morning  
 Had breakfast in his bed.  
 A bullet pierced the drywall  
 And struck him in the head.

One survivor, Catherine,  
 Says she was fired upon,  
 Sitting in the window.  
 She didn't have a gun.  
 She was eighty something then.  
 Ninety something now.  
 She'd be proud to tell you  
 What's really going on.

The walls and ceilings pierced with holes,  
 The floor was running red.  
 Within the first five minutes  
 Five Branches would be dead.  
 As for the holes shot through the roof,  
 And two agents dead from that,  
 "The choppers didn't do it"  
 Is what was later said.

What happened to the young guy,  
Up in the water tower?  
The one who looked out from the top,  
Up in the water tower?

Peter Gent was twenty-four,  
Australia his home.  
He came here with his family,  
Long-time Davidians.  
The message is what brought him,  
His life about to start.  
A sniper in the chopper  
Just shot him in the heart.

It was Peter's job that day  
To scrape rust in the tower.  
And in the tank they say he was  
Working with a trowel.  
I don't know if he was armed  
When the trucks pulled in.  
The wrong place at the wrong time,  
That is what he was in.

How 'bout the film the agents got  
While watching from the house?  
You know the one, across the street,  
The rented little house.

The A.T.F. had cameras, son.  
They took a whole film crew.  
The cameras aimed at David's house  
To get a close-up view.  
But when the day was over  
No film was there to see.  
The cameras all malfunctioned,  
Just accidentally.

Who would want to lose that film?  
Who would profit from it?  
Just the guys who tell the lies  
To cover up the bull spit.  
Who fired first? The shot up door?  
The dead, and who shot who?  
Three questions would be answered  
If not for this hoodoo.

The only film that we did see  
Was shown across the nation.  
It came from local cameramen,  
From a Waco TV station.  
We saw it once from live feed,  
But after that an edit.  
The first sign of a cover-up,  
But who should get the credit?

What happened at the front door, Dad?  
What happened at the door?  
Did David let the agents in?  
What happened at the door?

The rushing agents were surprised  
That David came right out.  
Like setting up an ambush,  
Some would later pout.  
David got a phone call.  
Had time to be prepared.  
He sent the people to their rooms,  
Hoping to defuse the scare.

As David saw the dogs were shot  
A bullet passed his head.  
He ducked inside the doorway,  
Lest he be filled with lead.

But Perry Jones, an elder who  
Was there to stop the war,  
Through the door was shot. In pain he was  
To live an hour more.

What is friendly fire, Dad?  
What is friendly fire?  
What is it happens to your friends  
When you have friendly fire?

The agents on the roof, son,  
On ladders they had climbed.  
They broke through into bedrooms,  
An action poorly timed.  
Three agents in, one agent out,  
The guy was there to cover.  
Instead he throws a flash grenade,  
For two inside it's over.

Another guy, he bought it,  
But never left the road.  
The man beside him, gun jammed,  
Then suddenly unloaded.  
All in all, four men died,  
Three were called suspicious.  
And twenty agents injured,  
Ten were not judicious.

Robert Williams, Steven Willis,  
Todd McKeehan, Conway Lebeau:  
Four men who died the twenty eighth.  
Men among the raiding crew.  
I shed a tear for these brave men,  
Three who died from friendly fire.  
They did the only job they knew,  
Law enforcement guns for hire.

But they left wives and families  
 Who grieve for them still today,  
 And wonder still what it was  
 That put these soldiers in harm's way.  
 What to them was life and death  
 Was for others politics.  
 Posing for the cameras  
 And waving flags. It makes me sick.

In defense of these young men  
 And men who follow in their steps,  
 They did what they were told to do  
 And doing that they met their deaths.  
 And as for those who planned the raid  
 And sent these young men on their way.  
 Their punishment for blundering?  
 A short suspension with full pay.

You said they shot the dogs, Dad.  
 The agents shot the dogs?  
 Did the dogs attack the agents  
 Before they shot the dogs?

The Branches had some Malamutes.  
 In kennels they were kept.  
 And most of them were puppies,  
 So not a lethal threat.  
 The written plan said put them down,  
 But in a gentler way.  
 When Hell broke loose, the plan forgot,  
 No mercy shown today.

The pups that didn't die that day  
 Were carried into town,  
 And then to others parceled out.  
 I know a cop got one.

The six that didn't make the trip  
 Were buried in the yard,  
 Followed sooner than they'd hoped,  
 By bodies of Davidians.

But didn't the agents play by rules  
 To keep the babies safe?  
 All those babies and their moms,  
 Shouldn't they be safe?

Don't shoot unless you see a threat,  
 Unless a gun you see.  
 Protect yourself, protect your friends,  
 Don't fire indiscriminately.  
 But bullets went right through the walls,  
 And kids and moms were there.  
 Jaydean Wendell, a nursing mom,  
 The bullets didn't spare.

Afterward the children  
 Would talk of what they saw.  
 Of windows being shattered,  
 Of floors on which they crawled.  
 And even David's lawyers  
 Made notes, and they were sure,  
 Of bullets coming in, not out,  
 Of the building's double doors.

What happened next? Do tell me, Dad,  
 And don't you spare a word.  
 I'm old enough to know the truth,  
 So tell me what you heard.

Other agents ran around,  
 From the front to back;  
 Assaulting the gymnasium  
 In their sneak attack.  
 Kids were huddled in the halls,  
 And moms would cover them.  
 I know some moms were wounded  
 In protecting them.

The agents broke through windows,  
 And rampaged down the halls.  
 Six bullets found Pete Hipsman.  
 His blood would stain the walls.  
 And David K. had run upstairs,  
 A bullet through his hand.  
 An agent shot him in the hip,  
 And David couldn't stand.

How many of the people there  
 Were wanted by the law?  
 Were they the bad guys, Daddy?  
 And wanted by the law?

The warrant listed David,  
 No other names were there.  
 One man scared the A.T.F.  
 So much they took a dare.  
 "That guy, Koresh. He's got a cult.  
 And guns, and girls, and Rock & Roll,  
 A Harley and a souped up car,  
 And claims that he can save your soul."

But the warrant failed to mention  
 That the guns were lawful.  
 A local dealer had the license,  
 And receipts that made them legal.  
 No one else there was a suspect  
 For any crimes or any threat.  
 No one smoked, or drank, or cussed.  
 They never even made a bet.

But what's the problem, Daddy?  
 I know you've got a gun.  
 And we like cars and Rock & Roll.  
 We like to have some fun.

They like to talk of gun control  
 As if it really works.  
 But, works for who? is what I ask.  
 It's only self-control that works.  
 Though they had converted weapons,  
 It was only tax was owed.  
 Not a cause to go ballistic  
 And destroy the Branches' home.

The problem wasn't really guns  
 Or all that other stuff,  
 But that David called for Judgment,  
 Said that God has had enough.  
 And we're called out of Babylon,  
 On this the Lord insists.  
 So if you're looking for a cult  
 Try televangelists.

Wasn't that his right, Dad?  
 To talk about that stuff?  
 That's the message of the kingdom,  
 And from the God of Love.

You're right my son, so right you are,  
 To see it just that way.  
 It's in our Constitution  
 To be free in what we say.  
 But freedom comes with vigilance.  
 The price of freedom isn't free.  
 There's a reason for Militias,  
 The defense of our Liberty

'Course liberty ain't license.  
 That's why we have the Ten.  
 Ten as in Commandments,  
 As valid now as then.  
 But Babylon has come about  
 While we have looked away.  
 And judgment is the thing they fear,  
 The price they'll have to pay.

Who was it called the police, Dad?  
 Who was it called the law?  
 We heard the 9-1-1 tapes.  
 Who was it made the call?

Wayne Martin was a lawyer, son.  
 He lived there with his kin.  
 His wife and children were right there  
 With bullets flying in.  
 "Stop firing! Who's shooting us?  
 We haven't done a thing!  
 There are women, kids, and old folks here,  
 Oh God, stop firing!"

Wayne would help negotiate  
 At times during the siege.  
 Getting out some children,  
 Three of them were his.

Loyal to the greater good,  
 He would stay until the end.  
 They would find him in the chapel  
 In the company of friends.

Who was the man at 9-1-1?  
 And what was it that he said?  
 I know he tried his best to help.  
 What was it that he said?

The man Wayne called was Larry Lynch.  
 He's Waco's sheriff, now.  
 He took the call, and heard the shots,  
 And almost had a cow.  
 "Who is this, and where are you?  
 I know something's gone wrong.  
 I'll try to get a cease-fire.  
 It shouldn't take too long."

When did the shooting stop, Dad?  
 When did they get the call?  
 With all those dead and wounded,  
 When did they get the call?

The agents had shut off their phones.  
 They never got the call.  
 When they ran out of bullets,  
 Only then they saw.  
 "Without our lead our guns are dead",  
 The guys were heard to shout.  
 A call went to the compound,  
 "We want our wounded out!"

It wasn't over then, Dad,  
 You told me that for sure.  
 But was that all the first day  
 In Waco's bloody war?

There's more to say about Day One  
 That history won't tell.  
 Each witness has a story  
 Of how they went through Hell.  
 Each person has a memory  
 Of all the friends they lost,  
 The first day and the last day  
 Of Waco's holocaust.

Clive Doyle was an elder  
 With thirty years in trust.  
 Living through indignities  
 Would crush the best of us.  
 Afterward he'd be my friend  
 And show me where to look.  
 Mostly in the Bible,  
 But in some other books.

Wasn't there another guy?  
 A guy who lost his life?  
 He tried to come back to the house,  
 To his children and his wife?

Mike Schroeder, and his wife and kids,  
 Lived at Mt. Carmel too.  
 He went to work that morning  
 Like other people do.  
 He had walked home the back way,  
 After all the days events.  
 The snipers shot him seven times  
 And hung him on a fence.

Isn't that illegal, Dad,  
 To shoot a man like that?  
 They could have warned him then to stop,  
 But shooting him like that?

The snipers were in camouflage,  
 And all dressed up like trees.  
 You couldn't see unless they moved,  
 The men behind the leaves.  
 They said Mike Schroeder fired first.  
 He was one against nineteen.  
 But Michael didn't have a gun  
 Like the one found at the scene.

And then we saw the F.B.I.,  
 (I told you this before),  
 The mighty Hostage Rescue Team  
 Would come into the war.  
 Fresh from sunny Idaho  
 They welcomed a diversion.  
 This wasn't only business,  
 This had gotten personal.

The HRT was well prepared  
 To settle any score.  
 They were elite storm troopers,  
 Trained for any war.  
 They studied assault tactics,  
 For conflict they were eager.  
 And recently, at Ruby Ridge,  
 Killed Mrs. Randy Weaver.

What was up with Randy?  
 Way up in the hills?  
 What kind of threat was Randy,  
 That they should shoot to kill?

The FBI had got a bug  
 About the Covenant.  
 A group they called subversive  
 To lawful government.

They wanted him to spy for them  
 On Aryan Nations groups.  
 They entrapped him in a felony,  
 And then sent in the troops.  
 His little cabin in the woods,  
 Besieged by many men.  
 They shot his friend, his son, his wife,  
 And tried to do him in.

But he surrendered I was told,  
 And had his day in court.  
 And then he sued the FBI,  
 And won in civil court.

True, my boy, but we'll call it  
 A bitter victory.  
 Because he lost his only son,  
 And his wife, Vicky.  
 That should have been a lesson  
 For the HRT.  
 A lesson that they never learned  
 By the Spring of '93.

The guys in charge at Ruby Ridge  
 Would all come down to Waco.  
 Licking wounds that hadn't healed  
 From their trip to Idaho.  
 Now their every movement  
 Is focused in this fish bowl,  
 With their pants-seat all ripped out  
 Exposed to any and to all.

Tell me more about the folks  
Who lived inside the house.  
Were they a bunch of crazies?  
Inside that big old house?

The Branches weren't crazy,  
Or some kind of cult.  
They came from many nations,  
Just like the Book foretold.  
They worshipped on the Sabbath,  
That is the seventh day.  
They listened to new prophets,  
And followed Bible ways.

But what about the stories  
We hear some people tell?  
They weren't like the rest of us,  
From what some people tell.  
Those stories come from ignorance  
And fear of the unknown.  
And people talk about the faults  
Of others, not their own.

Nothing could be said against  
Their rights by common laws.  
And their defense of those rights  
Is exactly what I saw.  
In some ways they were different  
And not like you and me.  
But hold a mirror to yourself,  
And then what will you see?

So, tell me more of what you know  
About David's family.  
About the children and their moms,  
Were they a happy family?

David was the father  
Of many girls and boys.  
The children were all schooled at home,  
And shared in all their chores.  
The mothers, they had made the choice,  
To live in just this way.  
It's not for us to judge them  
For choices they had made.

There were other families there,  
Living for the word of God.  
They had come from many nations  
To live among the Sheppard's Rod.  
David picked among the women  
Those to go to bed with him.  
I won't judge, but I wouldn't do it.  
Won't open up that can of worms.

Clinton chose to moralize  
About our native son.  
But it seemed more like jealousy  
Of notches for his gun.  
Slick Willie had a penchant.  
For women he would yearn.  
And he had had his women  
And his intern, in turn.

Back to topic, I digress,  
David had a brood.  
And everybody knew it,  
Nobody was fooled.  
Seventeen, he counted them  
On a happier day.  
Thirteen who would die with him  
And four who were away.

But wasn't that against the law?  
Against the law of man?  
"One man, one wife", is that the law?  
According to God's plan?

The state of Texas does have laws  
Against polygamy.  
To marry more than one wife  
Is known as bigamy.  
But David hadn't married them,  
But mated so to bear  
Children for the work of God;  
In judgment they would share.

I don't know 'bout that, Dad.  
It doesn't seem to fit.  
Obey the letter of the law,  
Or obey the law's spirit?

Who could know the motives  
of anybody here?  
Were they submitting or rebelling?  
And to whose authority?  
Add the paradox of prophet-hood,  
The prophet as a mirror.  
So who's this figure represent?  
The sinner or redeemer?

The thing to understand, son,  
The lesson to be learned,  
It's not enough to know the law  
For God's grace to be earned.  
David's self-willed actions  
Made him to be Pariah.  
But God's will was behind him,  
to be Sinful Messiah.

So God told David what to do?  
 To show that prophesy  
 Was in the hand of God alone,  
 To be or not to be?

That's the long and short of it,  
 But it's not over yet.  
 The judgment's come upon His church,  
 Their Maker they have met.  
 The kingdoms of the world will find  
 Their judgment soon to come,  
 Because of their transgressions  
 Against His true kingdom.

I don't want to spook you, son.  
 It's right here in your Bible.  
 Mar the branches of His vineyard  
 And see if God might find you liable.  
 That's not to say that these are they.  
 But they are an example.  
 A little taste of Judgment Day  
 That maybe we can handle.

You told me 'bout the FBI,  
 About the ATF.  
 They said there was a drug lab,  
 And someone making Meth.

The Constitution says that we,  
 (Beholden to the law),  
 Cannot attack civilians  
 With Army troops and all.  
 But Posse Comitatus  
 Is pushed aside you see,  
 To deal with terrorists and drugs  
 Wherever they may be.

What they wanted was to get  
 The military tools.  
 They took advantage of a rule  
 To circumvent the law.  
 I can't say there were no drugs  
 Because I wasn't there.  
 But evidence was never found  
 Or witnesses to bear.

But weren't they mistaken  
 'Bout David and the drugs?  
 What evidence did they present  
 About him and the drugs?

In searching for a reason  
 To get a special warrant,  
 Liberties they took with rules,  
 And said things that they shouldn't.  
 There was once some kind of lab,  
 But David tore it down,  
 And gave it to the Sheriff,  
 And this was not unknown.

So they lied about the drugs,  
 To make a guy look bad.  
 And then they did those awful things.  
 It really makes me mad!

The siege just started on that day  
 In Nineteen Ninety-three.  
 It would continue fifty more,  
 Till April the Nineteenth.  
 A date we will remember,  
 With memories so vile.  
 I'll tell you more about it,  
 But in a little while.

A siege of fifty days, Dad?  
 A siege of fifty days?  
 How could those people hold out  
 For all those fifty days?

They had a lot of canned goods,  
 And lots of MRE's.  
 (A kind of Army ration,  
 Meals, Ready to Eat.)  
 Their water tanks were empty,  
 Because of bullet holes.  
 They collected rainwater  
 In buckets and in bowls.

As for the intangibles,  
 Who can gauge the spirit?  
 They'd seen this day from far away.  
 It wasn't unexpected.  
 They found it in the Bible,  
 About an open seal.  
 A singular occurrence  
 That they'd be passing through.

And living in that knowledge  
 They had been prepared  
 To face the beast of Babylon.  
 Not that they weren't scared.  
 Their vision of the outer world  
 Might seem to be askew.  
 Between a rock and hard place,  
 What were they to do?

Why didn't they surrender, Dad,  
 As early as they could?  
 They knew they were surrounded,  
 And they were stuck but good.



They prayed and talked it over,  
 Some wanted to give in.  
 The FBI said “Come on out”.  
 Koresh said, “Don’t come in!  
 I’m sending out some people,  
 And a message too.  
 I’m hoping in the meantime,  
 God tells me what to do.”

But what was in the message, Dad,  
 The lady carried out?  
 Could that have helped to settle things,  
 The message that came out?

“Please play this on the radio,  
 So coast-to-coast might hear,  
 A desperate plea to save your souls,  
 Because the end is near.”  
 The FBI was cautious,  
 Just played it locally.  
 Then said in press conference,  
 “Just Bible babble-ing.”

Somewhere you may find a tape  
 And hear what David said.  
 Not a load of nonsense  
 As FBI has said.  
 He summarized the conflict,  
 And told them where he stood.  
 Not that they would listen  
 Or mean him any good.

Was there a voice of reason, Dad,  
 In all of this to-do?  
 Who would stand up and tell them,  
 “Let’s stop, and think this through”?

The media came on the scene  
 To question their intentions.  
 Wasn’t there a peaceful way  
 To put David in detention?  
 Where’s your warrant? What’s your hurry?  
 Who, what, where, when, why, and how?  
 What justifies the Nazi treatment?  
 The public wants to know, and now.

The people shouted from the left,  
 “Our civil liberties”!  
 The people shouted from the Right,  
 “Second Amendment, please”!  
 The press was quick to question  
 The illegalities.  
 The front man for the FBI  
 Said “No” to all of these.

Did they take no for answers  
 To questions that were fair?  
 Where were our basic freedoms?  
 When it was time to care?

The press was told each morning  
 Just what they could report.  
 To demonize Davidians,  
 And ridicule for sport.  
 “And if you want to keep your job,  
 You’ll do just what we say.  
 Just question our authority,  
 And there’ll be Hell to pay.”

There were independent men  
 Who chose what to report.  
 Advocates of justice,  
 Defenders of the poor.

Barred from main-stream media,  
 They fed from other sources.  
 Uncovering the evidence  
 And following its courses.

Wasn’t there some conflict  
 Within the rescue crew?  
 The FBI, the ATF,  
 Negotiators, too?

“Are you coming to kill me”?  
 The voice of a child inside.  
 “Are you coming to kill me”?  
 The voice of a child who died.  
 “No, honey. No one will hurt you.  
 That’s my promise to you.’  
 But it wasn’t his decision,  
 What others were to do.

It took me years till I forgave,  
 If only just to save myself.  
 I gave it all to God and hope  
 He doesn’t give to someone else.  
 Was it all just happenstance?  
 Mistakes with good intentions?  
 Or hardened hearts set to prevail  
 Behind all those pretensions?

They benefit of doubt should go  
 To those negotiators.  
 But we have more to say about  
 The tactical invaders.  
 Despite the best intentions of  
 The men who manned the phones,  
 Others on the rescue team  
 Had motives of their own.

The ATF had been there first,  
 And they had lost four men.  
 And twenty more were injured.  
 There's motive for revenge.  
 Then insult compounds injury  
 When they are pushed aside.  
 The FBI took over,  
 An offence to their pride.

The FBI inherited  
 The stigma left to them.  
 Through the siege they dealt with  
 Somebody else's problem.  
 That's not to say the FBI  
 Were not there for a rumble.  
 The HRT were highly trained  
 And very rough and tumble.

But didn't it get worse, Dad,  
 For all those folks inside?  
 The FBI had dirty tricks  
 For all those folks inside.

They cut off the electric.  
 There was no water, too.  
 They brought in big ol' spotlights,  
 And Miss Sinatra, too.  
 "These boots are made for walking,  
 And that's just what they'll do.  
 One of these days Jack-booted thugs  
 Are gonna walk all over you"!

Late at night they'd play the sounds  
 Of rabbits being slaughtered,  
 Or helicopters over head,  
 Or tanks engaged in battle.

And all the while delighting  
 In Torture 101,  
 Deciding to take umbrage  
 At Branches hanging on.

People started coming out  
 Within a couple days.  
 Didn't things get easier  
 With people coming out?

You'd think it would get better  
 Negotiating peace.  
 But that was just the scent of blood  
 To Federal police.  
 "To Hell with small concessions,  
 A little at a time.  
 We want you all, and right away.  
 We're on our own timeline."

But that's not acting Christian, Dad.  
 No need to be that way.  
 They were getting what they wanted,  
 And more from day to day.

But no, it just was not enough,  
 To sit and wait them out.  
 With forty out and ninety in,  
 The pressure they would mount.  
 They wrapped the house in barbed wire.  
 They drove the tanks around.  
 They lit the night with big spotlights,  
 And terrorizing sounds.

And every father's daughter  
 And every mother's son,  
 Should thank the Lord they weren't there  
 To witness what was done.  
 All night without a wink of sleep,  
 And this was every day.  
 The ground itself was trembling  
 As tanks would pass their way.

The children were so frightened, Dad.  
 It must have been so bad,  
 To live through all that terror.  
 Again I'm getting mad.

I got mad too, and stayed mad.  
 Because of what I saw.  
 I tossed a brick through my TV,  
 And cursed them one and all.  
 But what's a man to do, dear?  
 What's one man to do?  
 They say you can't fight City Hall  
 With Big Brother watching you.

But all the time they had to wait,  
 What did the people do?  
 Was it the same from day to day?  
 With never something new?

We all fall into patterns,  
 And life goes on that way.  
 Even with the tanks outside  
 They went through every day.  
 The children still were home-schooled.  
 They still had time to play.  
 And all would Bible study  
 For hours every day.

Who was the man who led the siege?  
 Who took responsibility?  
 Who led negotiations?  
 Who made the strategy?

The President, he was brand new.  
 He didn't start the plan.  
 And Janet Reno came in late,  
 So she is not the man.  
 William Sessions, he was barred  
 From getting on his plane  
 And flying straight to Waco.  
 But who can stop the rain?

And Larry Potts, Dick Rodgers too.  
 You'll find them in a book.  
 Needless to say they found a way  
 To slip right off the hook.  
 And Byron Sage and Jeff Jamar,  
 They passed the buck some more.  
 "We're only following orders".  
 We heard somewhere before.

So no one ever took the blame?  
 No one was at fault?  
 "It wasn't me. It wasn't he".  
 The buck was passed by all?

But that is not the case at all.  
 They all would take the blame.  
 They all said "Mea Culpa",  
 But it came out the same.  
 They all said "Hey come look at me.  
 Ignore the simple fact,  
 The men behind the curtain  
 Were behind the act."

The men behind the curtain?  
 Who could these bad guys be?  
 And now you're going to tell me  
 'Bout some conspiracy?

"History's conspiracy"  
 Is what some wise man said.  
 "It's written by the winners,  
 Not written by the dead".  
 Some say that stuff ... just happens,  
 And then we make it fit.  
 Our molded preconceptions,  
 Our minds make sense of it.

So tell me it's the Masons, Dad.  
 Or tell me it's the Jews.  
 The Big Bad Wolf, the Bogeyman,  
 Or just the Evening news.

There's time enough to talk of that,  
 The hidden history.  
 And fun to play connect the dots  
 And expose the mystery.  
 And doing that you crack the code  
 And see what others see.  
 Others not unlike yourself,  
 Lovers of true history.

And speaking of conspiracy  
 And all that it entails.  
 Dusting stuff for fingerprints,  
 Rooting through their mail.  
 Peeking through the window.  
 The night should hold its' breath.  
 And if you knew the half of it,  
 You'd be scared half to death.

The old men in the power seat,  
 They will a thing to be.  
 And power thirsty minions  
 Would bring it all to be.  
 Wouldn't you know, about the time  
 They set to do the deal,  
 Someone drops the monkey wrench  
 And messes up the wheels.

It's not as simple as all that,  
 To plan and then to act.  
 When things go wrong, they cover butt,  
 Then cover up the facts.  
 "Where there's smoke there's fire"  
 Is what some people say.  
 But where you find conspiracy,  
 The smoke and mirrors play.

Now you have me all confused.  
 I don't know what you mean.  
 The good guys bad, the bad guys good?  
 Or somewhere in between?

I'd like to say that you'll find out  
 When you are older, dear.  
 But chances are like chances are.  
 Some things are never clear.  
 But now, back to our story.  
 It's nearly time to see,  
 How events would conspire  
 To confirm God's prophesy.

I hope you tell me, Daddy,  
 How this was meant to be.  
 Because without a reason,  
 It's just a tragedy.

Let's finish with the facts first,  
 How history played out here.  
 How David fought Goliath.  
 He fought him to the death, dear.  
 Just let me finish talking,  
 And then I hope we'll find  
 The meaning in the message  
 That David gave mankind.

The FBI was tired, now,  
 Of all the talk and talk.  
 The time had come for action,  
 So let the BS walk.  
 They took a plan to Reno then,  
 "The kids are being hurt!"  
 They had a plan to save them,  
 Disaster to avert.

"We gas them first, and move them  
 Where we could get close in.  
 Then we'll rush and grab them.  
 This plan we think will win".  
 "But what about the chance of fire;  
 The building, will it burn?"  
 "The gas, it isn't flammable".  
 A lie, we later learn.

But meanwhile in the compound,  
 David got the word.  
 He'll write a little book about  
 The seven seals of God.  
 "Send in a word processor,  
 And send in batteries, too.  
 I've finally got permission  
 To pass God's word to you."

"Yeah, right, Koresh", they snickered,  
 Behind their hidden hand.  
 "We think the guy is stalling.  
 Let's follow with our plan."  
 "We've got some time to give you.  
 We'll send in what you need.  
 Send out a chapter at a time.  
 Just something we can read."

The tanks they kept on rolling  
 And pushing cars away.  
 A firebreak they're making,  
 Preparing for that day.  
 The CS gas was ordered,  
 And booms put on the tanks.  
 A deadline was established,  
 And filtered through the ranks.

Inside a celebration,  
 That God had shown a way.  
 A peaceful resolution,  
 And mercy shown today.  
 "Our prayers have all been answered.  
 Our God has heard our plea.  
 We'll pack our bags, and pack a lunch,  
 And come out, peacefully."

But that was not to happen.  
 It wasn't in the plan.  
 The day was now upon them.  
 The time was now at hand.  
 But sleep had come upon them,  
 What dreams they must have had!  
 Fifty days of torture  
 Had ended. They were glad.

Now dawn had come and with it,  
 The tanks came rushing through.  
 To break in walls and windows,  
 And pump the gas in, too.  
 One corner of the building  
 Was crushed, in films we've seen.  
 The trapdoor to the buried bus,  
 Where fresh air would have been.

The bullhorns were a'blarin'  
 "This is not an assault!  
 We're making us some openings,  
 So come on out, you all.  
 Your fifteen minutes are over.  
 And you are not Messiah.  
 Vernon Howell, you've got to go,  
 Or you will soon expire."

The tanks, they kept on punching holes,  
 And pumping gas right in.  
 In back, tearing the building down,  
 What used to be the gym.  
 Someone tried to use the phone,  
 To negotiate.  
 The tanks had cut right through the line,  
 So it was just too late.

But Dad, I've really got to know,  
 About the Delta force.  
 Were they involved that final day,  
 That super secret force?

Was Delta force inside the house?  
 I really couldn't say.  
 But later someone bragged about  
 The things he'd done that day.  
 And someone else would overhear,  
 And so the story spread.  
 Five agents of the Delta Force  
 Had walked among the dead.

Rumor had the men in black,  
 Protected from the gas,  
 Placing bombs inside the house.  
 We later saw the blast.  
 Names of men were given,  
 Who had participated.  
 But they had died in accidents,  
 "Completely unrelated."

The women and the children  
 Had hidden in the vault.  
 And huddled all together,  
 And prayed God help them all.  
 A tank pushed through the building,  
 To spray that little room.  
 Thirty-five would die in there,  
 The gas would spell their doom.

The kids inside the "bunker",  
 None would have a mask.  
 They never had a chance  
 Against the CS gas.  
 The gas would come from "Bradleys",  
 In special pumping booms.  
 They pierce the walls and then inject  
 The gas into the rooms.

Why was this room so special  
 That all the moms would gather?  
 The room was made of concrete.  
 Protection that would matter.  
 But it had no windows,  
 And when the gas came in,  
 It smothered moms and kids and all.  
 The gas would do them in.

The chapel was assaulted next,  
 The front doors pulled away.  
 They played a role as evidence,  
 The bullet holes displayed.  
 Ten men were in the chapel,  
 And five would get away.  
 But five would die in smoke and flame,  
 And never see today.

The church had once been filled with those  
 Who studied seven seals.  
 The Lamb that would become the Beast  
 Would teach of "wheels in wheels."  
 To break the codes of the last book,  
 To find the truth therein.  
 The seals would open one by one,  
 In judgment they were sharing.

"But Judgment comes to My house first"  
 Is what the Good book says.  
 For knowledge of the Judgment,  
 Judgment you must face.  
 The truth's not academic,  
 No sitting on the fence.  
 The key to Revelation  
 Is in the experience.

The last place that the tanks would go,  
 A corner rather windy.  
 And when the fire started  
 It worked just like a chimney.  
 And when the fire touched the gas  
 There was a fireball.  
 The smoke poured out the windows.  
 The flames went down the halls.

You've heard about the FLIR tape?  
 It films in infrared.  
 Black is cool, and white is hot,  
 And shades of gray between them.  
 At a crucial time it caught,  
 (Just like a candid camera),  
 The gunshots going in and through  
 Walls of the cafeteria.

An airplane flying overhead  
 Would film the fatal fire.  
 And show the world, in infrared,  
 The shots from guns for hire.  
 A blip of light is what would show  
 A signature of heat.  
 And all those blips directed  
 At people in retreat.

"That isn't what it shows at all."  
 The lawyers said at trial.  
 "Reflections of the sunlight  
 Cast from a debris pile."  
 But that is light and this is heat,  
 Heat as shot from guns.  
 Guns that shot the moms and dads,  
 And killed the little ones.

The people in the kitchen,  
 They had no place to run.  
 With fire on the inside,  
 And outside men with guns.  
 Some tried to make it out the back,  
 But were shot or forced inside.  
 None of them escaped from there,  
 And twenty-five would die.

Worst of luck was to the few  
 Who made it to the trapdoor,  
 To find it crushed from top on down.  
 They died right on the floor.  
 The school bus buried on this spot  
 Would have been a shelter.  
 Instead the tanks came through at dawn,  
 And made things helter-skelter.

Nine there were survived the fire,  
 And came out where they could.  
 But seventy-six would die there,  
 And burn among the wood.  
 Among the dead were children,  
 Eighteen were under ten.  
 And thirty-five were women,  
 And twenty-three were men.

And some of them had died from gas,  
 And some of them from fire.  
 And some, they died from bullet wounds  
 That came from guns for hire.  
 And surely some had shot themselves,  
 When the flames came close.  
 And surely we can't blame them  
 For making that hard choice.

There was blame to go around,  
 And always fault to find.  
 And lots of finger pointing,  
 We heard the axes grind.  
 The Feds would say that David  
 And his men lit the fire.  
 They spread lots of accelerants  
 To make a funeral pyre.

Survivors went to media,  
 And told a different tale.  
 The tanks knocked over lanterns,  
 Set fire to hay-bales.  
 The media recounted how,  
 In it's history,  
 The FBI would set a fire  
 To end some kind of siege.

The bodies of the victims  
 Went into autopsy.  
 The Coroner we know now  
 A man named Peerwani.  
 And he himself was suspect,  
 Beholden to the men,  
 Who covered up his sloppy work  
 Time and time again.

The people who were gunshot  
 Were frozen one and all.  
 Someone unplugged the freezer,  
 And decomposed them all.  
 So they were quickly buried,  
 All in a paupers' grave.  
 It was so convenient,  
 And reputations saved.

They later held a trial,  
 And dragged the victims through it.  
 The jury heard the evidence  
 And said they didn't do it.  
 The judge dismissed the jury,  
 And sentenced seven men,  
 Up to forty years in prison,  
 The victims burned again.

So now you've told the story, Dad,  
 I question like before.  
 Who won the war of Waco, Dad?  
 Who won the Waco war?

The story isn't over, son.  
 The end's not mine to tattle.  
 The Waco war, we call it,  
 Was only just a battle.  
 A battle fought for hearts and minds,  
 And the truth to tell.  
 A message clear for ears that hear,  
 And eyes that see, as well.

It's written in the Bible,  
 In all those books I've mentioned.  
 And for this generation,  
 As was God's intention.  
 And now, my son, it's written  
 Within our hearts and minds.  
 So look to God for Judgment,  
 His mercy you will find.

End Chapter One

## Part Two

So tell me how this all fits in  
With God and prophecy.  
It's hard to understand, Dad  
So please explain to me.

Well, let's pick up a Bible  
And we will take a look.  
The first thing we will notice  
It isn't just a book.  
It's many books by many men,  
And written long ago.  
Inspired by God to show you  
The thing you need to know.

And look how it's divided.  
How first we have the law  
As written down by Moses  
The Torah, it is called.  
In Genesis is Adam  
And Eve and how they fell.  
The serpent who beguiled them  
To good and evil know.

And once they had the knowledge  
They had to live in shame.  
And Paradise was lost to them,  
With Lucifer to blame.  
But God would show his mercy,  
Eve's seed the curse would lift.  
His heel would crush the Serpent  
And heal our moral rift.

A time was thus appointed,  
Six thousand years or so,  
Until the One anointed  
Would come, and Satan go.  
But in the in-between time  
A lesson we would learn.  
To choose the good, refuse the bad  
Or perish and be burned.

I see what you are saying,  
That we share in the sin  
Of Adam and of his wife Eve,  
Because we are their kin.

Some generations then would pass  
Till Abraham we see.  
By Sarah and her handmaiden  
Two children were to be.  
First Ishmael then Isaac,  
Blessings they received  
Twelve families for each of them  
In future there would be.

And Ike and Ish they went their ways,  
Their futures for to seek.  
Ishmael against all men  
And havoc he would wreak.  
But Isaac was no better,  
It saddens me to say.  
His blessing went to Jacob  
And Esau went away.

And Jacob he had Joseph  
Among twelve mighty sons.  
And Joseph went to Egypt  
And there a kingdom won.

And Joe begat Manasseh  
And brother Ephraim.  
And here in lies the future,  
So we'll come back to them.

And down the line came Moses  
To draw the people out.  
An exodus of forty years  
To bring it all about.  
And Moses gave us Torah  
To show us all our sin.  
And brought the tribes to Israel  
But he could not go in.

So tell me more of Moses  
Of when he brought them out  
And took them through the desert.  
What was that about?

Moses brought the Hebrews out  
To show you of God's plan  
That none should live in bondage,  
Or servitude to man.  
His service was to Yahweh,  
And to one god alone.  
Establishing a holy place  
Where men could then atone.

His brother was the High priest,  
Of God he was appointed.  
And in the lamb he sacrificed  
See Jesus the anointed.  
And like the serpent held up high  
To cure those who were bitten,  
Our Lord and savior took the curse,  
To save us who were stricken.

And Moses brought commandments  
Down from Sinai's mountain.  
And Jesus later showed us  
They are the Spirit's fountains.  
The laws alone would show us  
How short we are of Glory.  
Fulfilling law was Jesus,  
True moral and true story.

That's how the Bible tells it.  
First shadow and then substance.  
We go from type to Antitype,  
And all in God's abundance.  
And if you can believe it,  
It's happening today.  
The finish of atonement  
Is well along its way.

I'm sorry, Dad, you lost me.  
I think you should explain  
A little further in the book  
And I'll catch up again.

It's my fault, son. I've gone ahead  
And it's not fair to you,  
Or people out there watching  
Who haven't got a clue  
We'll pick it up in Prophets  
And there we'll see the light.  
Then quickly through the movements  
That start with Ellen White.

We first go to Ezekiel  
And find a scene of slaughter.  
It happens to the Temple men,  
Their wives and sons and daughters.  
Men with slaughter weapons  
Going through the city.  
"Defile the house, spare ye not,  
Nor show ye any pity."

"But why? You ask about this group  
Who suffer and are killed.  
It's for the sins of Israel,  
Her people so self willed.  
The land is now so full of blood,  
The cities so perverse,  
A sacrifice is called for,  
Removal of the curse.

The cities say, "God sees us not,  
And we are God-forsaken.  
It's time we look out for ourselves."  
But they are so mistaken.  
Our God has seen and heard it all,  
How we have made our bed.  
And so he shows how recompense  
Will come upon our heads

If God could do this to his church  
Is there no hope for us?  
Where was his grace and mercy?  
How could in God we trust?

The gods of men are not our God.  
Their ways are not the same.  
It's man himself who set the stage,  
Was God to take the blame?

It's ignorance and pride in us  
That brought it all about.  
The blood again is on our hands,  
In God we need not doubt.

Again Ezekiel tells us  
About the pride and fall.  
The story of the prince of Tyre  
Who thought he had it all.  
He was a man and not a God,  
Though God had gifted him.  
He grew in wealth and fortune  
And pride had lifted him.

Because he set his heart to be  
Just like the heart of God,  
The terrible of nations  
Would put him to the rod.  
His wisdom wouldn't save him,  
His brightness it would fade.  
And in the end, he must confess,  
Of flesh he had been made.

And this reflects on someone else  
Who was once in Eden.  
On Lucifer, The Morning Star,  
Of all the angels leading.  
His beauty was astounding.  
His brightness it would blind him.  
He set his mind to be as God  
But darkness will soon bind him.

This group that paid atonement,  
What else can you tell me?  
What do the other prophets say  
About this group that will be?



Isaiah talks about a tribe,  
 The crown of pride of Ephraim.  
 They're drunk with wine of different kind,  
 Of private interpretation.  
 Here they're seen to stumble,  
 And in vision they will err.  
 Their tables full of vomit,  
 (Old doctrine, we infer).

For precept comes on precept,  
 A line upon a line.  
 A little here, a little there  
 Will make a bitter wine.  
 But new wine is for new skins,  
 And old skins they will burst.  
 New doctrines being introduced,  
 They disregard the first.

And disregarding warnings  
 They hasten to a man,  
 To stumble, fall, be taken,  
 According to the plan.  
 It never should have happened,  
 If they had followed law,  
 The cornerstone foundation,  
 To catch them in a fall.

The message is to Judah,  
 In God's Jerusalem.  
 A puzzle made to ferret out,  
 It could be you, not them.  
 "Therefore be not mockers,  
 Lest you are in there too.  
 Judgment sits upon the world.  
 Yes, including you."

But what about in Daniel,  
 Who was in Babylon?  
 He wrote about the end times,  
 About what is to come.

Daniel had a vision then,  
 About our very days.  
 Seventy weeks were foretold,  
 Four hundred ninety days.  
 And in that time a cleansing,  
 An end to sin, you see.  
 Restoring of the temple,  
 And human dignity.

And here we see two princes,  
 A giver and a taker.  
 A messiah to be cut off,  
 And rise to meet his maker.  
 The other prince will desolate,  
 The daily he will take.  
 For this abomination  
 He would meet his fate.

Daniel goes still further on,  
 And that's where we are now.  
 The kings assemble for the war  
 Between the north and south.  
 And these kings will go to war,  
 With strife and with turmoil.  
 Two liars at one table,  
 All for the love of oil.

And while these king are restless  
 The saints will be at rest.  
 God's kingdom is established  
 In tribulation's test.

And if you make the grade, son,  
 The keys are in your hand.  
 The gates to you will open  
 In God's promised land.

So the Prophets told of this?  
 A story for our time.  
 But did Jesus teach about it?  
 Or even Paul or John?

Jesus taught the kingdom coming,  
 And pointed to events to come.  
 He spoke of Daniel's desolation,  
 To let the signs be known to some.  
 Then he spoke about the wedding  
 And the virgins who were waiting.  
 Are we the virgins with the oil,  
 And the groom anticipating?

The key to this is preparation,  
 And listen for the midnight cry.  
 The marriage of the Lamb is pending,  
 And we should know the reason why.  
 The bride of Christ is in her chamber,  
 Behind the sacred curtain.  
 And she's the living Holy Spirit,  
 Of this we can be certain.

Paul speaks of the coming Christ,  
 And events that usher in,  
 About the church that falls away,  
 And about the Man of Sin.  
 He says that day shall not come,  
 Lest this shall first occur.  
 A man will take the place of God,  
 And so the law invert.

With signs and lying wonders  
 He moves in on the sly.  
 And God sends strong delusion,  
 So they believe a lie.  
 They follow in a falsehood,  
 That this man is God.  
 He leads them to perdition  
 And to Judgment's rod.

But what of Revelation?  
 The prophecies of John.  
 All books meet and end there,  
 'Cause it's the final one.

The book of Revelations  
 Is very hard to read.  
 It's full of signs and symbols,  
 To hidden thoughts they lead.  
 It's written by the Spirit  
 And only told to John,  
 Protected by the seven seals  
 That open one by one.

David claimed to be the Lamb  
 That opens up the book.  
 And in that way convinced them  
 That they could have a look.  
 And look they did and wondered  
 The meaning of it all.  
 The little bits and pieces,  
 Together how they fall.

But knowledge comes with a price,  
 And what a price they paid.  
 They bought a ticket for a ride,  
 An early Judgment Day.

But in the price they paid, dear,  
 A lesson for us now.  
 We wait in patience for the time  
 When God will show us how.

The day will come of Judgment,  
 The heavenly and earthly.  
 And David too will resurrect  
 To say no man is worthy.  
 To loose the seals was not his job,  
 But reserved for the author.  
 The Son who sits upon the throne  
 And the Holy Spirit daughter.

What you say is really deep,  
 But why is it all needed,  
 If Jesus died once for my sins  
 And is for judgment seated?

The sin of each of us is covered  
 By Jesus' sacrifice.  
 But sin is now found in the Church,  
 And so we're paying twice.  
 It's corporate sin that keeps us  
 From God's saving grace.  
 And when that sin is paid for  
 The Church regains her place.

Once the Lord ascended  
 He left mankind alone,  
 And doctrines false all came in  
 To take away the throne.  
 Two thousand years we've waited,  
 With lies among the truth.  
 A cleansing is what's needed  
 To bring us back to youth.

A reformation started  
 Around year fifteen hundred,  
 With German Martin Luther  
 And the blood would run red.  
 "Live by faith" is what he said,  
 "Your works be proof of that".  
 Don't pay for an indulgence  
 To let the Church get fat.

His timing was judicious,  
 His message spoke of reason.  
 Then Wesley, Knox, and Campbell  
 All came in their due season.  
 And each would bring us closer  
 To righteous understanding,  
 Of how to live a righteous life  
 That our Lord is commanding.

But wasn't there a movement, Dad  
 That taught about the Advent,  
 The working of a timeline,  
 And great disappointment?

A man named William Miller,  
 He studied it all out,  
 And counted days from Daniel,  
 Till advent came about.  
 If days are years, and years we count  
 From Dan nine twenty-four,  
 The cleansing of the sanctuary  
 Is eighteen forty-four.

For fourteen years, both near and far  
 He preached the coming day.  
 And fifty thousand joined him  
 Across the U S A.  
 But their great expectations  
 Were soon to come to naught.  
 October twenty second  
 Just wasn't what it ought.

They prayed for understanding  
 Of just what had gone wrong.  
 And their prayers were answered,  
 It didn't take too long.  
 "It wasn't here but Heaven,  
 The cleansing to be made.  
 Judgment sits upon the throne  
 And it's foundation's laid."

And we still look to Miller,  
 And we still count the years.  
 We live anticipating  
 The ending of our tears.  
 And our great disappointment  
 Has brought us maturity,  
 And patience came to replace haste,  
 And Christ is our security.

You mentioned Ellen White before,  
 But how does she fit in?  
 Did she teach the meaning of  
 Atonement of our sin?

When Ellen White was very young  
 God spoke to her in dreams.  
 He told her of the Sabbath  
 And everything it means.

The seventh day and not the first  
 Is set aside to pray.  
 It is the fourth commandment,  
 And holy is that day.

And Ellen brought this special truth  
 Into the Miller movement.  
 She took them into present truth  
 Much to their improvement.  
 And over time, she showed them how  
 The love of God is known,  
 In what we eat, and how we live,  
 The grace of God is shown.

And Ellen in her visions  
 Was told of the Atonement,  
 Of Jesus special sacrifice,  
 And of those final moments.  
 But atonement wasn't finished,  
 Though our sin was covered.  
 Jesus as the high priest  
 Must pass it to another.

Mrs. White would recognize  
 That Lucifer must pay.  
 And on Earth his movement  
 Would come from S.D.A.  
 Referring to Ezekiel,  
 And to his chapter nine,  
 She said that we would witness  
 This event in our time.

But wasn't that enough for them,  
 To make them stop and think?  
 The price that some would have to pay  
 For standing on the brink?

You'd think that that would be enough,  
 But they pushed her aside.  
 The Spirit never could break through  
 The leaders' silly pride.  
 And Mrs. White would pass away,  
 The SDA lukewarm.  
 Until a man named Houteff  
 Would bring about reform.

Victor Houteff, foreign born,  
 Was teaching Sabbath School,  
 Considering the kingdom  
 Of which our Lord would rule.  
 This kingdom is to be on Earth  
 If prophecy is true.  
 And people must make ready,  
 And must know what to do.

So Victor started seeking  
 To find the truth in type.  
 Those men will fit the character,  
 When prophecy is ripe.  
 And those events predicted  
 Would soon come into play.  
 A Joshua, A David,  
 Would soon be on the way.

But tell the truth and you will find  
 That some don't want to hear.  
 "Don't teach the Kingdom message"  
 Is what they said quite clear.  
 "If you want to teach this truth  
 Then you will have to go."  
 So Houteff and his small group  
 Chose the town of Waco.

What was this group about, Dad,  
That they could cause a stir?  
And how did people treat them  
In places that they were?

Shepard's Rod they called themselves,  
And then Davidians.  
Provoking truth to SDA,  
To make them understand.  
"It's your book, too, the Bible,  
I hope that you have read it.  
And prophecy's a cycle,  
We better not forget it."

He saw the past as present,  
The present in the past.  
The types are shadows leading  
To anti-types at last.  
And Hitler, for example,  
In Nahum we will find.  
He comes to dash in pieces,  
Assyria to bind.

Though Hitler didn't do the job  
The type comes round again.  
Today we see Bin Laden  
As fitting in this trend.  
The Church, it plays a part as well,  
In types, complex and simple.  
Cyrus, David, Joshua and  
Rebuilding of the Temple.

When Houteff died in '55  
His followers would say  
"He'll resurrect in '59,  
The Joshua of today."

But that just didn't happen.  
The plan just fell apart.  
Ben Roden stepped onto the scene,  
To give it a fresh start.

What happened then, when Victor died  
And didn't resurrect?  
Did they continue teaching  
Or did it end the sect?

The group was in confusion,  
And some thought all was lost.  
And Mrs. Houteff sold the land  
And headed for the coast.  
But Ben and Lois Roden  
Would purchase of the tract,  
A portion of the property,  
The church would have it back.

"My name is Branch", he told the world,  
"And Branches we'll be called.  
We'll learn the ways of righteousness,  
And teach them to the world."  
And Ben would teach of kingdom,  
Of feast and festival.  
Of each beneath his fig tree,  
And Christ within us all.

Said Ben "Next year Jerusalem!"  
And brought them to the land  
Of milk and honey, Immanuel,  
And love for fellow man.  
But life is full of struggle,  
And effort from the start.  
Despite the best of efforts  
Things would fall apart.

A farm they bought in Israel,  
And tools to work the land.  
But people drifted on their own  
And didn't keep the stand.  
So back they came to Waco,  
The women and the men.  
"The time's not right, so we'll regroup,  
And we'll be back again."

But what of Mrs. Roden,  
The part she had to play?  
I heard she had a message  
And something more to say.

In time as Ben got older  
And near the end of life,  
The leadership of council,  
He gave it to his wife.  
And Lois had a message,  
Of God, the Feminine.  
The loving wife of Yahweh,  
As Eve was to Adam.

A willing co-creator.  
The wisdom to His will.  
The Jews called her Shekinah,  
The Holiness indwelled..  
It was she who filled the Temple  
With light from on the Ark,  
And sat between the Cherubim,  
On Moses sacred Ark.

Ben had died and his son George,  
 Was eager for his role.  
 But leadership was given  
 To Lois, bless her soul.  
 George was prone to anger,  
 And looking for a fight.  
 The group took him to land-court,  
 The judge upheld their right.

With George removed things settled down,  
 At least for a short while.  
 The Branches hated conflict,  
 It was not their style.  
 But peace is never easy,  
 And comfort has its price.  
 Perhaps they all had gone asleep  
 Against God's best advise.

This part I remember,  
 When David came to stay.  
 And George got mad about it,  
 And how things got that way.

First things first, I'll tell you  
 About young Vernon Howell,  
 Before he came to Waco,  
 Before what you know now.  
 Vernon was from Tyler.  
 His mom was just fourteen,  
 Was raised by his grandmother,  
 And times were very lean.

Then when Mom got married  
 She took him to her house.  
 From stories he would later tell  
 He was beaten by her spouse.

But Vernon was resilient,  
 And was a quiet kid.  
 Enjoyed the Bible stories,  
 And what the heroes did.

He went to school like others,  
 But there was something that he needed.  
 Today it's called dyslexia,  
 A problem with his reading.  
 To compensate he studied more,  
 But still he fell behind.  
 He said they called him "retard",  
 And that messed with his mind.

But Vernon wasn't stupid,  
 He had some special skills.  
 He spoke well and played guitar,  
 A triumph of his will.  
 But most of all he knew the book.  
 The Bible was his friend.  
 And that was the beginning,  
 Of course you know the end.

There was a time in Tyler,  
 When Vernon fell in love.  
 It was the pastor's daughter  
 That he was thinking of.  
 And she would have his child,  
 A pretty little girl.  
 But Vernon was disfellowshipped  
 And sent out in the world.

He sought to do the right thing.  
 He wanted then to marry her.  
 Her father wouldn't hear of it  
 And made himself a barrier.

And Vernon sought a prophet,  
 To turn his life around,  
 Was told of Branch Davidians,  
 In Waco they were found.

So tell me, Dad, how David came  
 To Waco and the Branch.  
 And tell me how he came to be  
 A prophet at the ranch.

In 1980 Vernon came  
 And stayed about a week.  
 And on and off about a year,  
 Until he stayed for keeps.  
 The people who remember him  
 From the early days,  
 Recall a serious student  
 Quiet in his ways.

Vernon liked to work on cars,  
 On motors he would work.  
 Whatever he put his mind to  
 No business would he shirk.  
 And Bible talk was always there,  
 He was a constant witness.  
 Not to be self-righteous  
 Of judgment and forgiveness.

He had spurned his sinful ways,  
 But his regrets would follow him.  
 And if he weren't careful,  
 Depression sought to swallow him.  
 Prayer was his companion,  
 His Bible at his side.  
 He always sought redemption,  
 Old guilt he didn't hide.

But as he gained in stature  
 Within the church he found,  
 He must be true to nature  
 If he were duty bound.  
 And in that recognition,  
 He found the Serpent's root,  
 The heart of sin original  
 In Eve and Adam's fruit.

He let his nature blossom  
 To lead him where it would.  
 And he kept no secrets  
 Of evil or of good.  
 Rumor said that he seduced  
 The older Mrs. Roden.  
 His mentor she would thus become,  
 And on him she was dotting.

But George, her son, he called it rape  
 And pulled his mom away,  
 And cast his threats at Vernon  
 And had lots more to say.  
 In '84 the Branches met  
 And voted Vernon out.  
 He took a group to Palestine,  
 Said "we'll be back, don't doubt".

And George, he took the property,  
 And let it go to ruin.  
 He tried to work it as a farm.  
 Didn't know what he was doing.  
 He couldn't keep his tenants,  
 And wouldn't pay the tax.  
 And didn't have a message,  
 And these are just the facts.

In 'Eighty-seven Vernon  
 Received a strange direction.  
 A challenge sent by George himself,  
 About a resurrection.  
 "I've dug up Mrs. Anna Hughes.  
 If you can bring her back  
 You'll move onto the property  
 If not I keep the tract".

He wasn't having none of this,  
 Vern called the Waco sheriff.  
 And Harwell said "I won't come out,  
 At least without a witness".  
 So Vernon got a camera,  
 And brought along some men.  
 And snuck onto the property,  
 To take a picture then.

But George caught wise, and got his gun.  
 An Uzi, yes it was.  
 And had a little shootout,  
 And that brought down the fuzz.  
 And Sheriff Harwell took them all,  
 And threw them all in jail.  
 It took a little while  
 But Vernon made his bail.

And Waco was a'buzzin  
 When this thing got to court.  
 The newspapers would have a day  
 With something to report.  
 They even brought a coffin in,  
 Don't know about the body.  
 And said that George abused a corpse,  
 And treated it quite shabby.

With Vernon's men acquitted  
 You'd think that that'd be all.  
 But George had cursed the judges  
 With plagues of AIDS and all.  
 So George, convicted of contempt  
 Was taken to the prison.  
 And Vernon and the Branches  
 Came back while George was missing.

That was sure exciting, Dad.  
 I hope there's something more.  
 I know there is because you told me  
 All of this before.

Well they came back, just like I said,  
 And found the place a shambles.  
 The cottages had fallen down,  
 The fields were full of brambles.  
 The well, it wasn't working,  
 The tractor, it was broken.  
 They organized a clean-up,  
 And no complaints were spoken.

And all the while Vernon preached  
 From A.M. until P.M..  
 And came to see himself as one  
 With Jesus Christ the Lamb.  
 He sought to fill the prophecies  
 Of those who were anointed.  
 And showed how these, the latter days,  
 Were times that were appointed.

But there were shadows over  
 The prophecies he taught.  
 The way he understood it  
 The Glory must be bought.  
 “If we’re the ones to do this thing,  
 A price we have to pay.  
 We are to die and resurrect  
 Somewhere along the way.”

This was quite a shock to some,  
 And they would run away,  
 And tell a tale of guns and girls  
 And how they got away.  
 But more there were who stayed  
 And listened to this man,  
 Who brought the Kingdom closer  
 According to his plan.

Vernon Howell had found himself  
 In the book, Isaiah.  
 A Shepard called by YAHWEH  
 To be a new Messiah  
 To break the gates of Babylon  
 And free the captive nation.  
 And bring them to Jerusalem  
 To God’s own Holy station.

And Zechariah’s young man  
 Who measures on the mountain.  
 And later in the same book  
 He opens up the fountain.  
 He knew they’d smite the Shepard  
 And scatter all the flock.  
 But then a restoration,  
 They gather by the Rock.

This wasn’t only his idea,  
 A product of his mind.  
 But Branches now for years and years  
 Had thoughts of just this kind.  
 Victor Houteff was the first  
 To think himself the David.  
 A Joshua for today he said,  
 To make his nation sacred..

Ben Roden was the next in line  
 To say he was anointed.  
 To teach the feasts and festivals,  
 For this he was appointed.  
 And then the Mrs., Lois,  
 Would teach the Female Spirit,  
 But in the process found that she  
 Was more tempted to be it.

Vernon Howell would change his name  
 To be David Koresh.  
 David, king of Israel,  
 Of YAHWEH, he was blessed.  
 Koresh, Hebrew for Cyrus,  
 Who was the Persian king.  
 He brought the Jews from Babylon,  
 And Temple was restoring.

But who would play the villain,  
 The terrible of nations,  
 The present day Assyria,  
 So mighty, so impatient.  
 And how is one to set the trap,  
 And lure the beast right in?  
 And more important set the stage  
 To lose, and yet to win.

“Just be yourself”, his Lord had said,  
 “And I will see you through”.  
 And so Koresh became himself.  
 Just what else could he do?  
 “Brace yourselves” he told his crew,  
 “And I will cry out loud,  
 A message to the nations,  
 So haughty and so proud”.

The guns, the girls, the rock and roll,  
 The motorcycle, too.  
 And if you didn’t know the end,  
 You’d wish that it were you.  
 And that was God’s intention,  
 To show us our own face.  
 And rub our faces in the mud,  
 To show us our disgrace.

And as for the Assyrians,  
 We know who they are now.  
 The bloody hands they cannot wash,  
 As if they would know how!  
 The branches of God’s vineyard  
 Are marred for all to see.  
 And Judgment sits in Heaven,  
 Waiting patiently.

And so we come full circle,  
 Shots coming through the door.  
 Panic at the compound,  
 The start of Waco’s war.  
 Things would never be the same  
 For me after that day.  
 And till the end, God knows when,  
 The memories will stay.

But what's the situation, Dad,  
 The situation now?  
 What's happened to the Branches?  
 How are they all, now?

You know this happened long ago,  
 According to your years.  
 To me it's just like yesterday,  
 Still ringing in my ears.  
 More than twenty children  
 Came out before the fire.  
 Witnesses to massacre  
 And the funeral pyre.

Now they've grown to understand,  
 As much as anyone,  
 How the Branches sacrificed  
 Their all for everyone.  
 It doesn't dull the pain of it,  
 The loss of folks and friends.  
 The memories of better times  
 Should heal them in the end.

Some elders of the Branch have died  
 But some are hanging on.  
 And each is left with memories  
 To latch their life upon.  
 "David was the Son of God",  
 Says Catherine now ninety,  
 "Sent to bring the Judgment  
 Upon an Age now ending".

Mary Belle, near eighty now,  
 Was Perry Jones' wife.  
 And Rachael Jones' mother  
 Who would be David's wife.

Mary doesn't harbor hate,  
 Despite all of the pain.  
 She only hopes to live to see  
 The children once again.

Sheila Martin, Wayne's wife,  
 Lost him to the flames,  
 With four of Sheila's children.  
 Just memories remain.  
 But Sheila still has two in teens  
 And she will raise them right,  
 To justify His handiwork,  
 And be precious in His sight.

What about the ones who went  
 To prison and all that?  
 Are they still strong in faith and all?  
 After going through all that?

I guess you know those seven guys  
 Were gone for many years.  
 They went through many changes  
 In all those many years.  
 Prison is designed to break  
 The spirit in a man.  
 They seek to take your very soul  
 And crush it, if they can.

So if a man should change his path,  
 I hope you understand,  
 It doesn't mean rejection  
 Of who they were back then.  
 They know the truth, for what it's worth  
 Of their experience,  
 And draw their own conclusions  
 Of what it means to them.

Now, these are private persons  
 And well within their rights  
 To keep these matters personal  
 Or bring them into light.  
 We should only hope that  
 Given time and space,  
 Their psychic wounds would start to heal  
 As things fall into place.

I know that two are going strong  
 And still profess the Branch.  
 The others they will get along  
 If given half a chance.  
 The God they chose to worship  
 And sought to comprehend,  
 Is there above and here below  
 And helping them to mend.

What about that Tim McVeigh,  
 The O.K. City bomber?  
 Was he at all connected  
 To the Waco drama?

An angry young man was seen  
 Hawking bumper signs,  
 At the roadside circus  
 On the highway past the Y.  
 He was even photographed.  
 They interviewed him too.  
 Protesting the government,  
 (My Uncle Sam wants who)?



Timmy served the Army  
 In the first Gulf War.  
 He even won a medal  
 For bravery and valor.  
 He came home a casualty,  
 Wounded in the spirit.  
 If he cared to tell it,  
 The Army wouldn't hear it.

The Army then released him,  
 A veteran and hero.  
 Tim would go a little sour.  
 He knew he was no hero.  
 He recognized that others  
 Were in the same position.  
 He visited Militias,  
 Searching for a mission.

He read through many pamphlets  
 To further his inquiries.  
 And outlined like a Bible  
 The popular Turner diaries.  
 I remind you I don't know  
 The truth of what I say.  
 I only know the rumors  
 And what the papers say.

They say Tim got the notion  
 The day he read the book.  
 And put it into motion  
 With Waco as the hook.  
 There are so many questions  
 That never got an answer.  
 But motive is an easy one.  
 Revenge, the ready answer.

I won't commit to paper  
 What I really think.  
 What the hell... they did it themselves!  
 That's what I really think!  
 Did I say that? I really mean,  
 We really do not know.  
 Just my deep suspicions  
 We saw just half the show.

I know I'm sounding paranoid.  
 But what else can I say?  
 In fifty years we'll know the facts,  
 But that is not today.  
 The mighty Murrah Building  
 In Oklahoma City,  
 Was chosen as a target,  
 By men who showed no pity.

Early in the morning,  
 A truck was parked close by.  
 And suddenly exploded,  
 And blew itself sky high.  
 And down came half the building,  
 To that crushing fate.  
 Recovering the bodies,  
 They count one sixty-eight.

A couple dozen children  
 Were killed attending day-care.  
 Just collateral damage.  
 The bombers what did they care?  
 They had hit their target,  
 Another trick to spring.  
 That pending bill in Congress,  
 Just waiting in the wings.

Curious to mention, Pops,  
 But I just need to say.  
 Who called up all the agents  
 And had them stay away?

Where did you hear that, son?  
 Not from me I hope.  
 That kind of talk is treason,  
 A reason for a rope.  
 Don't bandy bout conspiracy.  
 Not in the public eye.  
 That's for you to research.  
 The truth is yours to find.

The thing that binds two tragedies,  
 They came two years apart.  
 April nineteenth, sealed by fire.  
 A scar upon our hearts.  
 Though one would wish the wound to heal,  
 It festers now and then.  
 Opened fresh by new events,  
 We suffer once again.

On that day in history  
 It's notable to find  
 Turning points dramatic  
 A few come quick to mind.  
 That is something they can't hide  
 In our history books.  
 Dates are no coincidence.  
 Take another look.

That day's an anniversary  
 Of Paul Revere's night ride.  
 That day is called Patriot's Day,  
 Militia Day besides.  
 At Lexington and Concord  
 Before our Revolution,  
 We defined our native rights  
 To find our own solutions.

A solemn day in Warsaw  
 In Nineteen Forty-Three  
 They burned the Warsaw ghetto,  
 A holocaust was seen.  
 The flames would climb into the night,  
 The smoke to God would reach.  
 A gathering of martyrs,  
 A lesson there to teach.

Never again is what we say  
 And that's just what we mean.  
 But fifty years to the day  
 We repeat the scene.  
 So, did we learn our lesson  
 Or make a mockery,  
 To burn Mt.Carmel to the ground  
 In Nineteen Ninety-Three?

What about yourself, dad?  
 What part did you play?  
 Were you there? If so where?  
 And why? And did you stay?

You know all this you little scamp  
 I shouldn't have to tell you.  
 What I did was nothing much  
 At least not in the long view.

I came to look, then hung around  
 And got to know a little.  
 I met some fire survivors.  
 I wish that I had done more.

I mowed some lawns and took a job,  
 In town I did some framing.  
 Of course I studied Bible  
 With survivors I've been naming.  
 These people have been demonized  
 In all that they've been through.  
 I wouldn't think to judge them  
 For any thing they'd do.

I saw the civil trial  
 A travesty of law.  
 The judge showed bias in the way  
 He ran the court and all.  
 He twisted rules of evidence,  
 We never saw the FLIR.  
 He determined what was heard  
 And what we didn't hear.

It should have been expected  
 He was the Judge before.  
 At the criminal trial  
 In San Antonio.  
 They say he rigged the jury pool  
 To stifle all dissent,  
 And overruled the jury  
 Who called them innocent.

I also helped when men came in  
 To build upon the ashes.  
 I wasn't good for very much,  
 So I won't do no bragging.

They worked for twenty Sundays  
 Never did they despair.  
 They never took a dollar.  
 All their work was volunteer.

I lived there on the hill awhile,  
 About five years or so.  
 I met a lot of people,  
 I've seen them come and go.  
 Most were sympathetic.  
 They seemed to know the score.  
 They had an ear and will to hear  
 The tale of Waco's War.

I've moved on, but still remember,  
 Moments spent in awe of God.  
 Sitting in the field at night,  
 Beneath the moon, and all the stars.  
 Voices, much like little childrens.  
 Very much an unknown tongue,  
 Rehearsing for the Song of Moses,  
 Virgins all on Mount Zion.

Before my memories fail me  
 I give them all to you.  
 A burden or a blessing,  
 Depends on what you do.  
 The pieces on the board are set,  
 And waiting on the players.  
 And witnesses to the game  
 Should keep us in their prayers.

End Chapter Two