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Rage

They're mostly men in blue-black suits.

A contrast tie and handmade boots
they bear as vestment of their sect;
the black apostles of Neglect

Envoys, potentates and cronies;
the masters of ceremonies.

They smile without and hate within -
they're avarice in human skin.

They all are part of an elite
of narcissistic swine in heat
who speak of honour as they plan
to cover up what they began.

The wars of Men - their creation,
to uphold their place and station.
They crave attention to their needs
whilst hoping time unlearn their deeds.

Its time to stop and stand up straight
to let them bear our brimstone hate.
Man for decades has stood muted;
pigs have ruled us undisputed.

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