

Monuments

Corpus Christi

All hail the shrine to the apex of self-absorption.
All hail the shrine, you worshipers
of corruption.
You're so impressed with yourself.
Self-centered and unaware.
You bask in your own decline.
Your stench pollutes the air.
You're a monument to yourself.

And the monuments you've made to yourself, will one day come crashing to the ground.
You are your own demise.

Just look at what you've made us; greedy, bloated, shameless whores.
Integrity is sold so cheaply to feed the greedy and rob the poor.

And the monuments you've made to yourself, will one day come crashing to the ground.
And the crowns you wear that you gave yourself so we would starve will one day fall around your neck as you draw your final breath.
You are your own demise.

You would not see but you were shown.
And the monuments you've made to yourself, will one day come crashing to the ground.
And the crowns you wear that you gave yourself so we would starve will one day fall around your neck as you draw your final breath.
You are your own demise.

All hail the shrine

To the apex of self absorption.