

# The Rat Eaters

Byzantine

Oh God I feel I have lost my flock  
We are scattered and without reason  
There is no strength in our stock  
The wolves pick up on our weak scent

Trapped by a system that heralds discrimination  
Underneath an unclean sun your caste will be revealed  
Wallow in servility your branded the Musahar  
Toiling while the hours pass so slowly like drifting dust

Held by laws obscene by all is our unfortunate gift to the world  
Victims of a religion that blackens me as my neighbors' slave  
Bodies filled with poverty burns slow above the fire  
Violence from the provocation of shadows touching higher castes

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Inside on hallowed sins I pray  
To save me from this world that wants to commit suicide

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