

The Reprobate

Coldworker

Take it in, this spiteful brew
Sharp with rancor's spit
Formed, flawed, enticing wit
And words, sharp with avarice
Stoked, awed, his minions march
Drinking hard his bitter wares
Drunk they vomit up and chant
Dogma-soaked intransigence

The effigies afire

The saviour approaches the stage
Hungry masses gather round
They shift at every word
The wolf surveys, and sheep surround

Godlike presence calms
Oratory skills unmatched
Suppressed forked tongue
With bated breath, the world is in his grasp

Fuming crowds, stampede forth
Usher in a primal age
Architects of apathy,
Feed and fuel their disciples unswayed

Reprobated anthems
Reprobated laws
Spew the sadist doctrine
Smiling as his plan unfolds

Spinning untruths
Salting open wounds
Recall the last time
We let this disease run amok?

Invoking artifice
Diatribes unwind
With fire in his eyes
His clenched fist hammers home each lie

The casualty is truth in this design
To tap into the weaknesses of men
Veracity dissolving through his hands
Replaced by toxic theories unrefined

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