

Pique

Humanwine

Family built of blood and rust
find a place because we must
shelter our heads from the poisoned wind
squat or rot with the rest of our kin

Petrified tongues twisted and tied
reciting your ridiculous lies and
their minds a figment of itself
their hearts are relics on the shelf

The keepers of the spoils that leech of others toil
spilling blood for oil
these seeds are ours
A gala for Eris, lady of our chaos
children carve altars to you in your skin

Un-Warlike in our way of mind
we are bound to rouse and rise
those who still endure the sham
all of the orphans of our Uncle Sam
and they're raised inerudite
scorned from birth
they do the job better for half what they're worth
and their backs are broken but their hearts are pure
So leave your ego at the door

The tenders of the soil aren't loyal to the royal
the bubbles reached a boil
these seeds are ours
We'll take what we grew
we didn't plant it for you
Work for once cause these seeds are ours

Wrinkled fists secure the right to discern
which to to keep and witch to burn
and you see the world through onyx eyes
watch the world flip on it's side

answering...
answering...
"No!"...
answering...
"No!"

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calm sooner or later later calm
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