

The Deity Misconception

Job for a Cowboy

The withering serpent puts out his cigar with a scoff and sneer
below his frigid exhalation
Its embers dance overhead (its embers dance over head) his polished boots,
As his yearning parade bubbles: for a xenophobic nation
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the boiling sun
For shackling the blameless men and women in unroofed reformatories is priority number one
He releases his soldiers under his command racing to feast on anyone who criticizes his work
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the boiling sun
As un-violent inmates die in rotting cages, giving the man nothing more than a smirk
After years of waiting, nothing has changed. he spits a cesspool of deception
A leader? a hero? a territorial martyr? more or a less an enormous misconception
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