

Everyone sees through you  
How do you sleep at night?  
Translucent eyelids don't keep out the light  
Eyes that bulge apathetically  
From your engorged (yet empty) head  
Resting on a pillow bursting with dreams that will  
never take flight  
Songs that one time soothed their weary minds and tired  
limbs  
Become hauntingly, disturbingly, and loudly chanted  
hymns

Frozen-hearted martyr-maker  
What keeps you safe and warm at night?  
A blanket woven with the flowers of forced labor  
Dyed and colored with the blood  
That you robbed from prisoners and slaves  
Admit it, you get off more when they are fighting to  
escape

And what holds you up there,  
High above the rest of us?  
Mighty only if the sheets weren't pulled over your head  
The posts of your bed carved  
From the bleached bones of your dead  
The faces of your apparitions dripping with the tears  
they shed  
This is where majesty lies awake feeling corruptly  
luxurious  
Is this where dignity lies awake? In a cradle fit for a  
king?

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You are not my hero; you're only my sovereign  
I'm not encouraged to follow in your noble, shallow  
footsteps;  
Just expected to obey  
And even though you're the one that represents all of  
humanity  
You are still only human  
The backbone of immortality breaks every time:  
Our fatal flaws turn to fatal lies