

Did I ever call for your fame?
Why do we fight in your name?
Is it really true that you're there?
Do you ever answer my prayers?
We are calling for change,
Why don't you come back again?
Why do you spread love uneven?
This is not what I believe in.

Do I have the right,
To write this down?
Without heresy pointing a finger at me.
Rights?
We don't have no more.
In this catastrophe,
Of a 21st century war.

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Turn and let your gaze burn over yonder,
A young man stern with the hunger,
Who never puts asunder,
The late night thoughts and the wonder.
Writing is a lightening speech is a thunder.
Kid, I'm misinterpreted like a Marxist.
The scared will ask this,
Impartial vocabulary martial artist.
Practice verbal Ti-Chi and pilates.
Da Linguist, the proper opportunist.
Quick to drop a new list of rhymes which revue this,
Right wind stifling that we're suffering,
Far from enlightening it's frightening usher in,
A new type of verbal well being.
As your talks are warped by a canopy of entropy,
Enter the Linguist who eventually,
With a dismaying display of rhyme slaying advances.
The impartial vocabulary martial artist.

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