

Missionary Position

Paint It Black

Enter the plague-bearers throwing stones.
The not-in-god's-name swearers picking through the bones.
A refuge for cowards and hypocrites.
Their traps are baited and their fuses lit.
Preachers proselytize, and cancers metastasize.
And you've been properly anesthetized.

So you won't even flinch.

You won't notice the unmarked graves, for the victims of their
crusades.
Cathedrals built on the backs of slaves.

They're the salesmen adept at deception, the neighborhood thugs
selling "protection".