

## Pop Crimes

Rowland S. Howard

Are you Stalin's secret daughter?  
Did you murder history?  
Your twin pals, genocide and slaughter  
Were born on Calvary  
When all the good got good and gone  
And all the bad broke free

A sock-puppet government  
Left to it's own device  
The hand that used to hold my hand  
Has grown bored of it's delights  
I guess that I won't see you tomorrow  
On this, our planet of perpetual sorrows

Pop crimes  
These were pop crimes  
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These were pop crimes  
It was a pop crime  
This was a pop crime

The Catholic church cannot verify  
That there's a single soul in hell  
It's just a wasteland of adversity  
Devoid of all but the sound of wedding bells  
From this vast expanse of nothing  
Nothing good will come of this  
But the hole in the zero  
And an open-heart-surgery kiss

This was a pop crime  
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Did you go down with the Gorgons?  
Is that why you turned to stone?  
Or was that state reserved for me?  
For me and me alone?  
Does the hissing of their coiffured snakes  
Desiccate your soul?

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