

Vii The Fraudulent

The Famine

Liars,
How far is far enough?
When will you stop this?
Just when is your work done?
Who do you think you are?
Children,
Playing dress-up with dad's guns?
Shouting orders
From bitter blackened lungs-
The grandest drunken brawl-
The talking heads will praise your valor.

The crimson gore of the martyr
Bathed in the light of the sun
A monolith forged in fire
Praised by poisoned tongues.

The sheep, when led to the slaughter,
Despite their urges to run,
Must heed the calls of their shepherds
Until there are none. Liars.

Vultures,
Cowards in the sky,
Are now descending
On the bones of what has died.
Their mothers must be so proud
Of them
For doing just as they were told,
Spending their lifetime
Being bought and sold.
I'll see your Ruby Ridge,
And I will raise you one Jonestown.

A battle less cloak and dagger,
And much better publicized.
The towering weight of a nation,
It's better not to fight. Liars.

It's haunting to think that our hands are what built this thing
before our eyes,
But rest assured it is real and it will not stop until it controls our lives.