

Strings of Hypocrisy

Job for a Cowboy

As if this country was reborn, birthed and raised in monarchy,
Cracked open from it's adolescent and fully disfigured shell.
A throne sits in the center of government buildings,
With a ruler imposing his people to administer his demands.

Elections over-weighed from the unmindful and incompetent herds
of the illiterate. An interbred nation suspended from strings
of hypocrisy.

Eventually to strengthen at the roots from the predominant union,
Held from the palms of their fraudulent and expanding overlord.

For the wrath of God has been placed in his power.

He cast warfare over the kindred, his military actions compose
eradication and genocide on the holy and sacred.

A cloak hides the identity of this leading politician.

His speech distorts his terminological inexactitude.

He remains remorseless toward his ongoing success in his fabricated
image amongst this crumbling nation,

Unaided possessing the entire world within his palms.