

# The Deity Misconception

## Job for a Cowboy

The withering serpent puts out his cigar with a scoff and sneer  
below his frigid exhalation  
Its embers dance overhead (its embers dance over head) his polished boots,  
As his yearning parade bubbles: for a xenophobic nation  
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes  
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the boiling sun  
For shackling the blameless men and women in unroofed reformatories is priority number one  
He releases his soldiers under his command racing to feast on anyone who criticizes his work  
He puts his hungry wolves upon leashes  
They choke as they sniff out racial agendas under the boiling sun  
As un-violent inmates die in rotting cages, giving the man nothing more than a smirk  
After years of waiting, nothing has changed. he spits a cesspool of deception  
A leader? a hero? a territorial martyr? more or a less an enormous misconception  
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