

Fuck this, I'm done arguing
Our fate is not bound to your cold foretelling
And the doctrine that you serve does not serve this discussion
Irrelevant nonsense disqualifies you

It's a sonnet
There's no way to put a ribbon on it
While you're leaving
The rest of us will be here grieving
Cradling our reason

Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame
Sing the words in line and prey
Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame
Walk, willfully in reins

Hurricanes are coming like empires
Rising seas your willful God's damning lake of fire
And your certainty dismisses solution
The result of our behavior is the reason that you run

It's a sonnet
There's no way to put a ribbon on it
While you're leaving
The rest of us will be here grieving
Cradling our reason

Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame
Follow the party line and prey
Hallowed be Thy Shame, Thy Name
March willingly into...

Wars won't be named, won't be framed, won't be strange
You and not just them will fight for land, hanging man,
Will you still prey then?

I'm done arguing
Our fate is bound to innovation, not theory or fiction
That book you love but never read shouldn't leap into debate
Especially when your faith absolves you of empathy
Accountability

Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame
Sing the words in time and prey
Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame
Fight for a home in the name
In the name

We will be killing for it