

Euphoreador "Stammering"

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You've been stool-pigeon-towed
Along a dark strait narrow road
Where the winds of our civility
Blow away
As another of the zealots explode
Attache-case-in-point
Impressionable youths we anoint
In the blood of an endless violent circle
Forgiveness to heavy a load
Down the wrong fucking way we strode
All stammering 'bout how
We longed for lesser human rights to be wronged
The wayward pilgrims thronged
As a huddled mass yearning to breath free
We just don't care or see
That buried inside a vengeful T H E M
Is equally culpable M E

We are all flawed

Our bullshit meandering self-righteousness
Carve the human carcass on which we trod
In two pieces
Specious species increases
Into pieces

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