

## Burn Season

### "Preaching To The Converted"

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The Public wants what the public gets.  
Lazarus himself wouldn't rise into this world.  
Decry relativity damned petulant for seeing through a  
Trojan horse full of zyklon while Judas' coffers  
overflow.  
What? New world (dis)order is nothing new.  
Choking on poison air pouring whiskey into crescent  
moon lacerations.  
Time to bite the hand that beats.  
Teach our children well, teach them to kill.  
Global jihad for a thousand years.  
Sanctified our blood spills, sutured with commodities.  
Iron fist in silken glove ripping away autonomy,  
replacing with a placebo.  
Realize that our wounds will never heal while Judas'  
coffers overflow.

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