

Jungle Rot

"Pronounced Dead"

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For success you strive, all for naught
Instinct to survive, withered by drought
Airborne disease, bubonic plague
or trying to survive on minimum wage

Societal value, surely misled
Remembered no longer, I am pronounced dead

Patriotism, you firmly clasp
The future of our nations, held within our grasp
Shipped off to battle, a mutual foe
Sent home in a box, your life you forgo

Heinous corruption, ravage the land
Distorted allegiance has got out of hand
Dethrone the monarch, off with his head
Respected no longer, you are pronounced dead

Rancid stench of decay
Drifting in the air
Rotting body parts, scattered everywhere
Fetid fragments of flesh

Awaiting judgement day
No one left to care
Soul beyond repair, languish in despair
You acknowledge you death

Heinous corruption, ravage the land
Distorted allegiance has got out of hand
Last strands of vigor, hang on by a thread
Annihilation, we are pronounced dead

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