

## Chuck Prophet

### "God Deciding"

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Transgressions are made  
While cowards convey  
With a demon's ear, fixed and set to slay.

While the statue awaits  
To be whittled away  
With a mock of a slogan hiding filth with fear.

Never to learn,  
Only to burn... and be burned.  
Branded straight through slate.  
Clear as common day.

What shall be the mark to be made?  
When we crush it all to burn it down,  
Without sight, without sound.  
Not anything but a casualty forgotten in the ground.  
A simple shell, that's solemn still--without sight, without  
sound.

Go slowly cause at the moment  
Things you'd never think you'd ever see  
Are happening and you can't believe the hatred.

Make a martyr,  
A pedestal with ribbons of slaughter.  
Feed the altar,  
Stoke the fire it will take over.

Ignore the cut... the skin with callus as well as interest.  
If all are reckless none is to profit,  
None is to win it.

So who will pay for all the tears,  
All the lives, from either side?  
All the years, all the time of living blind  
Playing "God Deciding?"  
And who will die next in line for the lie?  
Justified for the rise of sitting high playing "God  
Deciding."  
And who will walk away

From the rage and revenge?  
Inhumane consequence comes in time  
Playing "God Deciding."  
And who will fall in line to arrive,  
Out of sight and out of mind?

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