

Twin Obscenity

"The Usurper's Throne"

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An old man sits on his throne
His limbs all weaken'd and gray
What is a king with no kingdom to rule
This quandary troubles his mind

I am the greatest 'neath the heavens
No thief shall own what is mine
The earth shall tremble in fear
When the dying whisper my name
They came to the shores from the west
His crown and sceptre to claim
In bloody conflict the scores would be settl'd
In a battle o'er land and fame
His men stood by upon the field
From no battle they would shun
Despite their armour and wooden shields
Their blood soon caress'd by steel

A young herald rode forth
Imperial was his voice :
"Return to us the crown of thine;

to whom it rightfully belongs:
Lest our fury be releas'd
in full strength upon thy weary followers.
This is our claim and our threatening
be well advised and comply."

The sun did rise at dawn
The field soon soak'd with blood
With superior courage and arguments of steel
Their claim both right and just

His soldiers fell despite their might
All pierc'd by arrows and spears
And those who surviv'd fled the field
With unbearable shame in their hearts
The old man could but weep
His defeat he could not deny
With gun-stones and swords; his army destroy'd
And the soil discolour'd with blood

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