

Witch Hunt

"Sugarcoated Yet It Festers Inside"

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Ignore the epidemic- Just keep it under quarantine- An
infection of the
flesh on suburbia's face- Let it hit outside air and die-
Dig the ditch-
Push your children in- Omit- Sit idly by- Reality atrophies
this beautiful
suburban town- so we put reality into the ground-
Gasoline in your hand
as the bodies burn- A plastic disease, ceaseless denial-
But when it slips
into your backyard will you put the match to your own
child?- Sugarcoated
yet it festers inside- Just sit idly by as your children die-
The
heroin-sedated lie parallel with you suburbanite
conscience of "all is well".

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