

Zach Morris**"Original Heracy Of Puritans"**

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There once was a land
Where kings and queens ruled
Where heratics were banned
And jesters fooled

Long live the king
But manipulated by queen
Bound by a gold ring
Broken by paper unseen

Sedition in place
Followed by high treason
The head of gossip has no face
As well as morals have no reason

Originality is out
Become dust in the wind
Filled with volatile doubt
Quartering those who sinned

Opposition's main tool
Has been placed with the teachers
Nowadays in school
Or at lunch behind bleachers

Strict rule
And a firm hand
Historical yet urban too
Turns a boy to a man

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