

## **Pig** **"Ojo Por Ojo"**

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By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes  
Look down that bloody street for bloody  
Miles and bloody miles where bloody feet have  
sought a trail of dreams that now lie broken  
On some bloody stake that is branded "Ojo por ojo."  
And runs beside it, there, in the  
deep and the dark beyond the liquid  
Corruption and the human fungus lies the  
Reeking sewer that is a mind.  
Where the lesion hides a lesson, where  
Stigmata turns to stigma cries crescendo to  
Cantata... The whiplash of suffering full in the face.  
And in that place there is no cross,  
No crown, no sacred ground,  
All is done and left unsaid.  
How the tongues are ripped,  
The people bled, and there it is  
Written on the slug that is lead  
"Killing is company" so step right up and  
Ride the rubber road to freedom...  
This is the blow off

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