

Martin Walkyier

"A Fissure Of Men"

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If like me you grow tired of the raving and ranting,
of ego-fuelled fools, (mouths a mindlessly chanting).
Let's sharpen our wits and make weapons of words,
transform keyboards and pens into razor-edge swords,
(we should pledge to the service of truth's common-
good,
whilst humanity wades ankle-deep through spilt blood).

For we live in an age where the leaders are liars,
who use sparks of hope to ignite funeral-pyres.
It serves their best interests this hatred to kindle,
(the flames blind our eyes to the profits they swindle).
Though science once promised to make us all equals,
the nightmare continues - a cycle of sequels.

As this new aeon dawns there are two paths I see,
(to A-Thousand-Year-Reich or a land for the free).
When offered the chance to embrace our own futures,
shall we seize the day, (or march onwards in stupors)?
If we choose the latter we'll take the blame when,
we're all caught in a 'net' that's a fissure of men!

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