

Zyklon, Underdog

When telling the fable of men
The Demise of lies
Let the Underdog be the narrator
Behold the kingdom's rise
Always being held down, the weaker part
You see, that's the state of the art
Father from truth, further from sight
So whoever yelled "might's right"?
A glimmer from the past
The stronger can easily fabricate
A life ending so fast
Anything impious you'll ever advocate
A glint of truth, a vision of rectitude
Whoever took that as bad attitude?
The Underdog will forever remain the unofficial hero
Pictured in a golden covered frame