

Augury, Simian Cattle

Whistle and they will come to fry
Iron into their own hide
Self branded in style for the slavery
To exemplify a whorship that will steer
Their volatile allegiance is guaranteed
(with full bellies and empty minds...)
At times a few wise do revolt
Whose forefathers voiced the brazen bull
They squander their spit in useless warnings
A librarian's crusade for the illiterate
On the hunt for a wivern
A tiny tentacle of a much bigger beast
Whose flesh is ground for mankind
Like a dog, is a land to his lice
(Embody an object of worship...)
Time to pour gasoline down the anthill
The mob is armed
The livestock is corralled
The geese are sent to march
A few wise still do revolt
Newcomers in a long string of martyrs
Still they squander their spit in useless warnings
A librarian's crusade for the illiterate
(On the trail of a hollow armor)
Enticed paint by number rebellion
On the hunt for a wivern
A tiny tentacle of the Leviathan