

# Burn The Priest, Preaching To The Converted

The Public wants what the public gets.  
Lazarus himself wouldn't rise into this world.  
Decry relativity damned petulant for  
seeing through a Trojan horse  
full of zyklon while Judas' coffers overflow.  
What? New world (dis)order is nothing new.  
Choking on poison air pouring whiskey  
into crescent moon lacerations.  
Time to bite the hand that beats.  
Teach our children well, teach them to kill.  
Global jihad for a thousand years.  
Sanctified our blood spills, sutured with commodities.  
Iron fist in silken glove ripping away autonomy,  
replacing with a placebo.  
Realize that our wounds will never heal  
while Judas' coffers overflow.