

# Conflict, Slaughter Of Innocence

The balding man sits compiling his next move  
That mortgage hangs around his neck, now feeling like a noose  
The new gas bill, oh God, how bad he feels  
Those kids he can't reject, his emotional success

He's a man of set opinion; the weight of the world sits in his hands  
He just cannot seem to reason so he will never understand  
They just won't listen to hardly anything he says  
They simply smile politely, then with one accord turn away

A son stands at the pond observing the creation that is nature  
Mother prepares dinner, roasting bacon taints the air  
Dog sits as master barks, then leaps lovingly into the car  
He waves and smiles emotionally, his assurance that they will go far  
The stakes rise as each owner unfolds plans, men tempt and bait each other, money exchanges hands  
Animal love now snarling hatred, muzzle unlocked hair raised  
He smirks from behind the wooden fence and shouts his destitute his praise

Teeth tear, blood splashes the face of a young child playing  
She cries out in disapproval but daddy's now immune to what she is saying  
Driven mad and into frenzy, limbs torn, skin is shorn  
Like sex perverts at their peep show, this is the ultimate in porn

Eyes glare. Beast and master. Animals both, crazed and weary  
There can only be one real winner here; the results are now seen clearly  
Teeth marks bare where fur once protected, flesh hangs dangling in shreds  
Their faces grimace rejected strips of meat exposed, selected  
Bloodstains and saliva splatter the fuel of precious life  
Master and servant segregate the ritual sacrifice

The sacrifice of innocents who obeyed the spoken law  
Tired beyond endurance but the spectators cry for more  
Death before dishonor a demand that is so obscene  
The men they appraise each other to keep their conscience clean  
Laughter hides the guilt they feel at every savage blow  
Someone whispers "cruelty" but they don't want to know  
The balding man stands silent as slave fights for life  
He thinks of all the good things that he has promised to his wife

She caught a glimpse of God through the windscreen of his car  
She tried to rationalise her looks but time don't heal the scars  
Some vague association she feels with the loser of the stake  
She stares into those sightless eyes, what use for heaven sake?  
The TV flickers images of the ideals she once knew  
The fresh young girls displaying soap to keep us clean and new  
She shrugs and folds her arms as he constructs the wooden box  
To hold his faded hope that took the heaviest of knocks

Like peeing in the ocean, their options disappear  
As they think about the overheads, they know the taste of fear  
Kids to feed and clothing they must show how much they care  
But how to tell the birthday gift is lying dead out there

What should have paid for birthday cards went on the prime cut beef  
Now celebrations of their birth make way for tears of grief  
Did only what they thought was best to give some sense of pride  
To give the kids a place in life and now the dream has died  
And how to show his love for her, now she repels his touch  
His remaining sense of manhood kicked away just like a crutch  
He promised what he couldn't give, the masters ruling word  
Urged the beast to glory, but the servant never heard