

Frank's Enemy, Cauldron

Heat rising
Isolation
In midst
Of sacred fight

Quiet jihad
Slips so fast
No easy
To be right

Not clever
Nor precocious
No fancied flights
On idiot wind

Stand for life
Style of death
Call the wrongs
In style of sin

Surrounded
As advertised
Readying
Slings and bows

Good intent
Honest errors
Never enough
To show

A march for evil on the capital
Flying in on leathery wings
Dig mass graves, blow things up
All will know there is no love

Pine for evil on the capital
Affect the legislation
Claim the angels turn and flee
Dictate reality

A march for evil on the capital
Dismembering children's bodies
One million strong stand side by side
Sing a song and commit suicide