Franks 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