

# 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