

Franks Enemy, Codebasher

Two thousand years of oppression
Is the view that's held today
He's the cause of all wars
He's the author of all pain
No one will hear him out
He's the last minority
No one has a problem with Jesus Christ
Only those who invoke His name
All others have instant forgiveness
But he will have to pay
For the intolerant claims of salvation
Only attained in his one way
Two or three catchphrases will be
Enough to close most doors
Muted whispers of concern
For those who walk into his doors
Forever outside of the fashion culture
Around which the world revolves
Increasingly quaint and inscrutable
Are how his standards will be regarded
The cyanide laden Kool-Aid cup
Will be thrust into his hand
Amidst the laughter and the mockery
The time to make the stand