

PIG, Ojo Por Ojo

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
Look down that bloody street for bloody
Miles and blood miles where bloody
Feet have sought a trail of dreams that
Now lie broken on some bloody stake
That is branded "ojo por ojo"
And runs beside it, there, in the
Deep and dark beyond the liquid
Corruption and the human fungus
Lies the reeking sewer that is a mind
Where the lesion hides a lesson
Where stigmata turns to stigma
Cries crescendo to cantata
The whiplash of suffering full in the face
And in that place there is no cross
No crown, no sacred ground
All is done and left unsaid
How the tongues are ripped
The people bled and there it is
Written on the slug that is lead
Killing is company so step right up and
Ride the rubber road to freedom
This is the blow off