

Remnants of Man

naked stands the king
dressed in full delusion
presiding over everything
a masterful illusion
where every prol is happy
all the peons are fulfilled
the wars are talked of on tv
no blood is ever spilled

the people are connected
so together, they are fooled
news served to the collective
is but, the rise and fall of tools
and never do the people ask
what lies beyond our gates
of poisoned food and modified air
the dead stare into fate

and naked stands the puppet rube
the mirror loves him so
every word a promise betrayed
life is death and yes is no
games and gadgets control the children
fashioned and fitted to trace and track
every sense awash in distortion
every organ under attack

But alas, the ceaseless slow cull
is supplanted by the fast
the injections of the debt slaves
consumed health and wealth en masse
but the reptiles grew impatient
for the planet to be erased
of all the human animals
no longer needed by their race

now metallic machines
service the lords
so humans must die
by chemical sword
all resistance bred out
subservience well trained
the cattle line up
and take a bullet to the brain

and the narcissist clown adjusts his crown
and paints a sad-ish tear
from the corner of his eye, a dark heart cries
and seeps a trace of fear
for on this day, the triumphant play
is finally thus concluded
and the world has been freed of the livestock to feed
and their spirits diluted

I wonder, your Royal Highness
he queried to his reflection
as if the answer would appear
in his mirror of inspection
if vanquished are the followers
and there's no more blood to bleed
who then remains to kneel,
for this marionette to lead?

and the naked actor shrivels
the adulation fully bled
the world belongs to the lizards
who feast upon the dead
and the puerile peacock who sold the scams
the poseur for the plan
is nothing more than lizard food
the remnants of a man
the remnants of a man

