

THE HYPOCRISY OF THE INSANE

7-30-11

1. I saw a vision from the bowels of prison,
tortured there for over-30 years.
My land was taken, the foundations shaken
overrun with tares, freaks and queers.
Was there still a chance, if I took a stance —
Yes! But are me and me all that remain?
'mong the stunned, outrun, crippled minds outgunned —
By hypocrisy of the insane.

2. It came to me in a stormy sea,
determined I would not break free.
The sea was peoples in the land of steeples,
— a storm brewed hot, as a pot, of boiling tea.
The waters raged, for their own sons caged,
sold as merchandise for their gain.
As they cheered the slaughter each of their own only daughter —
In hypocrisy of the insane.

3. Screams for a savior — from their own behavior
and the consequences that it's brought.
The strange, deranged, wrongly blamed, soul-maimed,
living-demised, despised, distraught.
Incorrigibly blind, mass-hypnotic mind
of the billions swirling down the drain.
By their own plea of rage in this final stage —
Of hypocrisy of the insane.

4. Those with minds intact, hunted, sought and tracked
'mid the haunting echoes in the dark.
Though they can't take more, they can't find a door
to escape the beast and its mark.
Seeking but a thread, 'midst the living dead,
"Hold your faith!" — even if the last grain:
for before we're depleted, they'll be destroyed, defeated,
Their hypocrisy and the insane...

Before we're depleted, they're destroyed, defeated...
Their hypocrisy and the insane...
The hypocrisy of the insane

[VAMP ON THIS TAG OF FINAL 3 LINES, TO FADEOUT]

[END]

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