

None of his discoveries ever evoked
From him. He understood his
Ingrained dusty cowboys and the image
Disappeared forever,
He felt, he felt.... he was in the
Movie. It was not the religious or
Drug induced inspiration on his youth
He felt a calm resolve and open eyed
Relief and saw he was dealing with
A transparent lie.

He pitied the sheep, thier minds
Were too lost to the idol of security,
Thier unconcern meant death.
He saw the Kings and Queens of the world
Indulging the ambitious as they worshipped
The material idol enpalaced and cooed
At the photo albums, thier titilating
Royal license meant death.

He found the door open on the self-satisfying
Party of liberal, intellectual, and drug cultist,
Unwittingly serving the Kings and Queens
With new mottos to sing to the sheep,
He saw thier songs meant death.

He found Jesus again blindfolded
Erected like an idol, his people crying
I believe, I believe, I believe, the tails of
Thier garments licked by flame,