

She is the perfection of this ages crew  
Of devilishly inspired humanists  
Taught to hate her mate, the  
New Amazonian disciplinarian,  
The first infantryman in the sordid  
Assault on the human race. Prodding  
Her bayonet of brainwash down the  
Throat of all creatures that cross  
Her swathing path, leveling thought  
And emotion and truth in her  
Way with a mind like a metronome,  
Ticking off the rules of her book.  
In the manner the swordsman  
Pulls his sabre, she pulls her  
Inflections of approval and censure  
In instant accordance to her rules,  
Embellishing every snitch of information.  
Our notocords suffer her vengeance  
Flirting with kidney failure, our  
Souls most magnanimous thoughts  
Choke in our minds throats  
Before they can congeal, until  
We are the overzealous bitch's  
Crippled pups. We are the  
Progeny of the black  
Angel of victory, headless and  
Winged draped in black.