

Burn The Priest, Lame

Whine, whine, whine.

How can you afford to throw me those looks
when you haven't pulled the bloody wool
from over your eyes yet?

How can you say those things to me
when you haven't pulled the boot
of the past out of your mouth?

Tepid morals personality set for easy
calibration knowledge of importance paramount.

Marooned a suicidal caste deal with isolation
grease the wheels chameleon.

Sliding through social strata and yet you still whine.

Your conviction is merely iconographic.

I'm so sick of hearing you whine shut up.