

The People Are President

So here we are
With this idiot at the head
The culmination of greed, hate, ignorance
The final straw of capitalism
Raised to prominence by the idolatry of fame
A human-like T.V. dinner
Microwaved democracy in a Styrofoam cup
Set ablaze into a soul of ash
Touch it and it crumbles
Backtracking Nazi fools
Violent and frigid to present realities
America is not color
It is culture
Where pain, poverty, and addiction meet
All the places the media gets wrong
We stand tall as outcasts struggling to survive
Families striving to relate
Millions in the same boat
Washed out to sea
Fighting not to drown
Body and soul
I love you all
I am you