

WE BUILT THIS TOXICITY

Ode To Politicians

He was a lawbreaker.
Though rarely caught,
Breaking so many laws
He could get into trouble.

He became a lawmaker.
It's fair, he thought,
Making so many laws,
He could break a couple.

We Built This Toxicity

Chance of survival is slim.
It's too easy to kill, too convenient.

Industry is king, its finger down our throat
Taking back all that it forces us to consume
Has made us sicker than we've ever been.
They'll kill us with medicine,
Cancer the prize in our cereal boxes.

Our bodies are poisoned since birth.
Our life expectancies were growing,
Now they're lowering, with the earth's.

We can't take the environment with us in the end.
We're all going to die and it's fine,
The streets will be clean in heaven.

We built this toxicity
On rock and roll!
So let's lock and load,
Paint the towns red,
Eat plastic fruit,
Smoke cigarettes.

Let's let the bad in,
Spit the good out.
Abandon your morals and immune systems,
They can't win now.

Subliminal Message

When there are
Subliminal messages
Of love and kindness,
Our subconsciouses
Will give up cola and trying new flavors.

Advertise to us
The reward of
Best behavior
And acts of compassion.

Let the frames between
Our scenes of sex and violence
Show in split seconds
The average American
Taking moral action.

Up Pushed The Roots Through The Concrete

Up pushed the roots through the concrete.
Up bloomed a rose,
The first to grow
Since weeds were paved
Under sidewalk graves
In rows of tiled tombstones.

Vines climb the building sides
And wind through every window and slit
Until the ivy web grips tight
And crumbles brick
Like a clenched fist.

The river running under
Spurts a geyser
From a bursted hydrant
To feed the thirst of roots
So long confined
To window boxes
And small patches of grass
Or the fine cracks between stone slabs,

Stems stretching
Like hands from the grave
Live again
As nature is saved,
Prevailing at last
Where industry failed
To give back what it takes,

And all manmade material sheaths
Break from the resurrection beneath
Crumbling to pieces
To return to the earth
The sediment that they were,
Their reign too long to forgive.

All left of the city's remains
Is left to rust in nature's sieve -
A city of dust,
A city tilled,
A city killed by nature's will to live.

Warzone

The General's first breath
In waking from death
Was filled with the most wretched stench
That he, in all the years he'd served his country,
Had ever had to endure,
Accompanied by the unholy sight
He'd seen since he'd entered the war.

"Is it over?"
His first thought
Was answered by the silence
Of a hundred fallen soldiers, who had fought
To end this violence,
But for naught.

He should have seen this coming.
Even with his body numb,
His heart felt twice as much with aching,
And in his mouth there was no mistaking
He could still feel the reaper tonguing.
He could feel the grass, so drenched in red
As if its blades had done the cutting.
He'd never felt more disgusting

Among the bodies
Since that morning's bloody shower,
Cooking in the heat,
Resembling more and more
Raw cuts of butcher's meat
In a boiling red and muddy chowder
Reeking of defeat.

The unearthly aroma
Had him wishing he could slip
Back into his coma,

But worse, with the distant burst of gunpowder
Came in an instant, a filling of adrenaline -
One that made him mad,
One that made him lose what was left
Of whatever sense he had,
For when inside him snapped the last
Remaining tether to his health,
He lost right then his sanity,
Reveling in such morbid acts
That shamed profanity itself.

He used the boys like toys, as he

Galloped from one marionette to the next,
Believing just like dolls, that he
Could give some kind of life to them
By playing pretend.

And playing God, he made them talk
And moved them with voodoo
To chat, to gossip, laugh and jive
All like they used to do,
As if they all were still alive
And not a gravedigger's zoo.

He rushed to one man's lifeless side,
A man whose face he once knew
As having desirable hair and teeth
Was now unrecognizable,
With scars,
Sizeable, to say the least.

And though they moved like gelatin,
He moved the flaccid limbs
And spoke words for the muted lips,
Making of this wounded corpse
A bloody mannequin.

Placing him facing a friend of war,
He gave them words they would have said
Had they both still been back home
And not before each other, dead,

"How've the wife n' chil'en been?
Hasn't been a short time since
We've had you over to wine."
"No, not exactly,
As a matter of fact, we
Haven't dined for a while now, have we?"
"Fraid we haven't found the time."

After an hour of playing his game,
When whatever had snapped inside him was fixed,
He awoke once again, to at last, a clear head,
Wondering when, for God's sake,
Had he become a ventriloquist for the dead?

Raising and clenching his swollen fists,
Striking them down in the puddles he sat in
And cursing the God that had let this happen,
For the first time since he woke,
He saw himself, the madman.

He saw what had happened to him and his men

And he knew why.
They all had signed that line
That sentenced them to die.

He alone survived, as punishment!
To see what had come of the lives of
Men he'd met the wives of,
Men he'd fought beside.
He saw them now for what they were,
Breeding grounds for flies.

He watches ungodly deeds repeat
In their lifeless, open eyes
And begs of the skies,

“Oh, save the soul that feeds this soil
With the blood it's drowning in!
The blood we've shed by foul sin!
Oh, God, if there a heaven be,
Never in its name should we
E'er be allowed in.

“Desecrated are the names
We've signed into this slavery.
Forgive us, Lord, our trespasses
That we mistook for bravery.
May our names not go down in,
But be erased from history.

“Take away our freewill,
For it only leads to evil.
Leave us only with our pistols
Aimed at our own crowns.
And only will there e'er be peace
When all our race is tranquil,
And every man who holds a gun
Is buried with it in the ground.”