The Purest Land

Cormorant

Ive slit the throats
of clergymen and governors.
Those bloated swine
May their screams unhinge
a thankless crown.O King! See your soldiers
scrape at the algae growing
below the planks?
They starve, yet still
they quarrel for phantom ore
once owed your throne.Forgive this ship of fools,
said I to the mouths of trees,
leaves as hellhound tongues
outstretched to drink the stream.The beast flung its filth
into the wake,
tail coiled,
fingers grasping
the remains of our splintered mast.
Once weve razed the land of gold
I will crucify him.The corpses on my raft
smell of piss and blood,
yet they were but men,
and all men, slaves and kings alike,
leave stench as their epitaph.
Not I.Holy Mother Church of Rome,
cleanse this ground I conquer!
Rain brimstone upon the judges
who steal from the weary.
Slaughter the Lutherans
and priests who taint your word.
Make Peru the purest land,
for I am its prince
and will forever be.
I am its prince
and will forever be.O King! See your isle
burned by my soldiers.
Your vassals and their wives,
I hung them all.Panama will fall.
With my daughter
I forge an empire

to survive us both.My deeds live on,
for I have seen what men
could only dream they saw.
I have seen what men
could only dream they saw.

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