

# 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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