

# Strings of Hypocrisy

## Job for a Cowboy

As if this country was reborn  
Birthed and raised in monarchy  
Cracked open from its adolescent  
And fully disfigured shell  
A throne sits in the center  
Of government buildings  
With a ruler imposing his people  
To administer his demands  
Elections over-weighed from the unmindful  
And incompetent herds of the illiterate  
An interbred nation  
Suspended from strings of hypocrisy  
Eventually to strengthen at the roots  
From the predominant union  
Held from the palms of their fraudulent  
And expanding overlord  
For the wrath of God  
Has been placed in his power  
He cast warfare over the kindred  
His military actions compose eradication  
And genocide on the Holy and sacred  
A cloak hides the identity  
Of this leading politician  
His speech distorts his  
Terminological inexactitude  
He remains remorseless  
Toward his ongoing success  
In his fabricated image  
Amongst this crumbling nation  
Unaided possessing the entire world  
Within his palms  
For the wrath of God  
Has been placed in his power  
He cast war over the kindred  
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Lyrics submitted by Cookie.

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