

# To the Victor Go the Spoils

## Inspection 12

I tread down the street today as far as I could.  
I thought long and hard about if what I done was good.  
I petitioned my brain: Was I proud or in vain.  
Where I stood?  
But who are you to say what's true?  
And who am I to say your right?  
It's up to you and me.  
I made up my mind today or so I had thought.  
I planned out a speech for what would happen if we fought.  
No remorse, No regret, No forgive, No forget.  
Something's unethical is it me?

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