

Not Buried Deep Enough

The Gone Jackals

We must fight
the good fight
changing wrongs to rights.
Like Malcolm X -
kissed off his slave name,
kissed off his master's god,
raised his fist in righteous rage. And Dr. King doesn't rest in peace
due to the spread of this disease.
The clock has struck thirteen
for all us pups in Centerville -
'cause this triage
ain't no solution.
Heaven help the man who can't sing or dance. Who cast the stone at WWII
'bout the good neighbor turnin' on the Jew -
when time will recall us in the same breath,
you and me?
Fight the good fight.
The scope gun of indifference
is trained on our souls. The gravespin of heroes
seeds the cloud with dust and blood. Not buried deep enough
to distance the thunder of truth.
(better bullet-proof your boy).
Bullys are cowards naturally,
spin on one and sink your knee,
right the wrongs of history. Fight the good fight.

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