**Warders Creek**

*1979*

Come along!

Ask us. Why we seek your life.

As we know it is what our masters say.

Cry not of innocence. Nor babes nor wife.

The populace need sustenance. A festive hanging day.

Oh poor fool. Why tell how you lived

A life sans sin or harm or greed.

Your simple human acts and deeds will serve as well and give

Excuse for prosecution righteousness. Judicial hypocrisy.

Warders we. Warders they. Catch a lamb to sate the lust.

Countless ancient brothers have known our dreaded knock.

Ran this perverse gauntlet. Mockery of search for truth.

Silence pawn. Come meek now with us.

Pay the piper. Not for what

Your own short years have held,

But for the fears we cannot face

And quench with ritual blood.

Smug and sure as the trapdoor springs.

Secret lust as the choir sings.

Sacrificial suffering.

Satisfaction.

Sickness reigns.

Ask not us.

We only bring

You back before the bar.

Ask not why

You die for naught.

You die because

They need someone.

You die

Because

You are.