**ALMS DE RIGHTS**

Rejoice. Rejoice.

Black Tyrants Be Fini.

Mort. Done. Over.,Dead.

Give Thanks At Death.

Of Pontiffs. Kings.

Who Molder. Rest.,

In Their Most Deserved.

Just.

Sod Clod Clay Lightless Graves.

Mold By Dent Of Root Worm.,

To Ash Of Life Spark Quenched. La Vie Coals Doused Cold.

So Rendered.

To Unheralded. Dank Dirt.

Dry Barren Deceased.

Bare Desolate Dust.

We Cleaved Fell Serpents Heads.

Now Bell Of Freedom Rings.

Peons. Peasants. Serfs. Slaves. May Frolic Dance In Joyous Liberated Streets.

What Be Lined With Noble Lifeless Bodies. Stiff. Cold.

Struck By Throes Of Righteous Death.

No Mas To Feed.

On Life Stuff Of Poor.

Nor Feast.

Avec Insatiable.

Hunger Thirst.

Drink. Eat.

With Avarice. Gluttony.

Of. On. Soul Killing Stuff.

Toil Fruits Of Starving Populace.

Nor Yet Draw Breath.

Foul Hearts No Longer Beat.

Blood Runs Red.

Fills Gutters. Awash.

Of Cruel Ministers. Warders.

Magistrates.

Who Met Their Ordained Fate.

As So Corpse.

Spilled Plasma Gore Ichor.

Of Pope.

False Prophet. Priests.

At This Grand Cusp.

Of Space. Time.

No Mas Dark Clouds Of Dogs Of War.

Starvation. Oppression. Subjugation.

No More. No More.

Stygian Foul Fog. Mist.

Throne. Church. Crown. Pulpit.

Grip. Choke. Grasp. Broken.

Pall Lifted.

Sun Shines Of Liberty.

Men Live In Tranquility.

Free.

With Gentle

Alms. De Rights.

Dignity.

Rare Grace.

Of Brotherhood.

Sisterhood.

Harmony De Humanity.

Peace

Psychic. Mortal.

Mind. Body. Spirit. Soul.

Mort.

Of All Hope Left.

Self Sudden Death.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 2/13/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At High Noon.*

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