

IDEA-OF-WICKEDNESS

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March 8, 2023

Whats this evil that is on everyones mouth
They seem so eager to point fingers at
That o'er there, that I know is not us
They seem to grow weary of strange-faces around
Only if they could see they are powerless
Their self-grighteousness worth some laughs
They are inverted to think they are right
Only the punyest can ever survive
A world of runts is left behind,
pointing the fingers at whats best
Nagging the better with their righteous-remarks
They will rule the world of the puny man
Don't ever excell don't ever live free
Of their invisible fetters
They tell us we are lesser, mistaken at best
For not following them, not being like them
But with my soul I tell you <I am forever a singular man
Blood is warm on this singular brain
Spark of mi soul, you don't seem to get
You may rule over us
The better than you,
That seem's like the case
This era will pass and you will be forgotten
Your finger pointing and nagging lost to time
But the work of the greater will forever remain>