

What Is and What Is Not

Insipid little cockroaches of minimal brain,
Those who relish for personal gain and things like acid rain,
I speak to you from a voice you no longer hear,
To the devil you've sold your children,
I fear! I fear!

A gift from G-d you were given,
Sold your soul when you said you believe,
Now I have no pity for your blasphemy,
G-d will relish in your souls in hell eternally.

These words I cry as a servant of G-d,
For I know the fate now of your flock.
I can see your greed is all you have left,
Faith will not save you,
You are worse than Lot

You will go to hell and would take h-s whole creation with you,
For acting as G-d is a delusion of grandeur.
You are evil to the bones,
The children so innocent,
The reason I came back on this mission.

I made a deal and sold my soul,
To come back and offer some hope,
G-d looked upon me as if I were insane,
I think he gave up when you polluted h-s brain,
Or maybe from the abuse you wreak to the animal kingdom.

My message was clear as I mentioned up front,
I was here to give your children the tools to change,

Even those were taken by lawyers who were sworn under h-s
name,
To protect such technologies not steal them in vain.

And now I fear that G-d will not come back,
Turning h-s head on our magnificent rot,
You want my faith in you and your legal system,
I have not,
For you have forgotten what is and what is not.
At least for me,
I can see,
Your children burning from your crimes for eternity.
I told you upfront that I hear their cries,
You promised me that you would all try.

Try for a second, until you got,
Then once you held his jewel,
You forgot.
Beg not for forgiveness on your final moment,
Deaf ears cannot hear.

The jewels you steal are but a token gift,
Compared to the jewels you daily rape of h-s,
G-d laughs for this was for the kids.
G-d will smite your soul forever,
G-d will relish in your pain,
You can't hide by going insane.
You will always be upheld,
As your hearts burn thin,
To watch for eternity you're children burning again and again.

I pity you lawyers, judges and others who have sold your souls,
In your hatred and greed you could not see,
That your children were beginning to burn,
You created this destiny.

Law no longer beholden to a G-D,
Is law that sows the devils' plough.

And when given the tools,
You promised to use them as intended,
To protect the children.
You instead used them for greed and personal gain,
Violating your oaths and thrashing h-s name in vain.

You, with your colored legal college degree,
Can no longer separate out what is and what is not,
For you are no longer beholden to h-m or his flocks.

Remember Lot?

I have a hard time finding men like him,
And when I do I think I will tell them to run,
And never look back again.
As the children cry and burn from the sun.

For such a horrible impression on the brain
Will forever follow your remains.

You know your names,
Forever they will live infamously in shame.
You may hold h-s grail, gifts for the kids, just a moment longer,
With each second that passes your soul lost longer.

Give back what is not yours and confess your sins.
For G-D has a horrible reputation of killing sinners and their kin.
When you forget to pay homage to the miracles G-d gives,
No longer will you or yours see the face of the L-rd,
As Conrad once said, "the horror, the horror, the horror."