Stranded

In a life in which your struggle for acceptance Is a never-ending chore,

Upbraided

For your actions past and present and rewarded for the ideas Of the future's bright open door.

The henchman

Is the human analogue of the suffering multitudes Who like good dogs sit and lick for their reward.

So what good advice have I got for you

To insure against your likely metamorphosis into this reprobate ?

Don't be a henchman,

Stand on your laurels,

Do what no one else does and praise the good of other men For good man's sake.

And when everyone else in the world follows your lead (Although a cold day in hell it will surely be)
That's when the entire world shall live in harmony.