

Boundless Obscenity

Brain Drill

Suiting gray skies over the streets of
Moscow rain down
Mixing with the dull colors of the blood
dripping from her gown
Painting the scene of the woman
Holding high for the worlds display:
Her freshly severed child's head, not
even yet in decay

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"Doomsday will come!"
But doomsday has already come
The pendulum swings to and from

Opening the doors
to a war-torn place
Extending benevolence in good faith
Surely we would run
if we lived their plight
So attempt to restore
revoked human right

We remain secretly transfixed
As opposing cultures try to mix
Advanced and primitive,
before and after
Both convinced we are master

Enforcement responds
to the immediate threat
Society continues only slightly offset
Still blind to the underlying
foundations:
Conflicting beliefs breeding violent
creations

We look upon them
as they look upon us
Each with equal disgust
In retaliation grows our trust
To be the righteous ones, we must

Who is correct in
"moral bloodshed?
A truth we may never see
For pursuing questions has
only led to boundless obscenity