

Masked Jackal

Coroner

I saw his face, on every channel
His slogans in all the papers
I heard people, repeat his words
I saw them shouting, his flag in their hands

I saw him making promises
I heard him talk about life
But I saw his fingers too
They were crossed behind his back

Darling...of the TV screen
Manipulator... of the purse strings
Master... of the spoken words
Jackal... with connections

Worshipped... by the masses
Leader... with ulterior motives

[All talk and no do]
[Is neither a good offense or defense]
[Get with it boys and girls]
[Your house needs to be put in order too]

His slate, clean as snow
Covers over his dark past
To be in league with workers
Pictures he loved to see

But I read in his eyes
Promotion... reality
He played his part to the end
Shot... leaving a shambles