

The Rat Eaters

Byzantine

Oh God I feel I have lost my flock
We are scattered and without reason
There is no strength in our stock
The wolves pick up on our weak scent

Trapped by a system that heralds discrimination
Underneath an unclean sun your caste will be revealed
Wallow in servility your branded the Musahar
Toiling while the hours pass so slowly like drifting dust

Held by laws obscene by all is our unfortunate gift to the world
Victims of a religion that blackens me as my neighbors' slave
Bodies filled with poverty burns slow above the fire
Violence from the provocation of shadows touching higher castes

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Inside on hallowed sins I pray
To save me from this world that wants to commit suicide

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