

# The Reprobate

Coldworker

Take it in, this spiteful brew  
Sharp with rancor's spit  
Formed, flawed, enticing wit  
And words, sharp with avarice  
Stoked, awed, his minions march  
Drinking hard his bitter wares  
Drunk they vomit up and chant  
Dogma-soaked intransigence

The effigies afire

The saviour approaches the stage  
Hungry masses gather round  
They shift at every word  
The wolf surveys, and sheep surround

Godlike presence calms  
Oratory skills unmatched  
Suppressed forked tongue  
With bated breath, the world is in his grasp

Fuming crowds, stampede forth  
Usher in a primal age  
Architects of apathy,  
Feed and fuel their disciples unswayed

Reprobated anthems  
Reprobated laws  
Spew the sadist doctrine  
Smiling as his plan unfolds

Spinning untruths  
Salting open wounds  
Recall the last time  
We let this disease run amok?

Invoking artifice  
Diatribes unwind  
With fire in his eyes  
His clenched fist hammers home each lie

The casualty is truth in this design  
To tap into the weaknesses of men  
Veracity dissolving through his hands  
Replaced by toxic theories unrefined

Fuming crowds, stampede forth  
Usher in a primal age  
Architects of apathy  
Feed and fuel their disciples unswayed

Reprobated anthems  
Reprobated laws  
Spew the sadist doctrine  
Smiling as his plan unfolds

Spinning untruths  
Salting open wounds  
Recall the last time  
We let this disease run amok?