

## Chariot

Elvis Depressedly

The chariot swung too low  
Hit the ground and spiraled out of control  
I saw an angel dashed on rocks and snow  
Now dying of a broken spine

The chariot swung too low  
People gathered 'round to take photos  
And tell their stories to the evening news  
While their children rot in a classroom

The chariot swung too low  
Last night I met the antichrist's publicist  
He told me that "a manger is for feeding pigs"  
And someday my songs would "make me famous"

The chariot swung too low  
Crying out in a final breath  
I saw the angel turning wild on death  
It must not have accepted Jesus yet