

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