

Beware the charlatan
Slinking amongst
The pallid colonnades

Beware his garb
Of threads woven
In gilded opulence
Beware his forked tongue
Its diction foul and impenitent
Delivered on the winds of sulphur's breath
Its noxious arguments
Crudely spun into a mesh of bedlam and fallacy

The charlatan sets his eyes towards the throne
Tongue adrip in revolting ecstasy
And the lackeys gnash their pearly teeth
Pining for his next decree
Erect and euphoric with unquenched delusion
Thirsting for a power absolute

Their intentions reek of an impure faith
Born from the promise of a glutton's lust
Their minds too dull and weak-willed to break
Servants to the charlatan's every desire

Sever the corrupt tongue
Of the imperious fool
Silence the gangrenous root
Of his abhorrent voice
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