

## False Shepherds

Neaera

False guides  
Black lights

Grim, pitiful and helpless  
In anger towards yourself and the world  
A cold violent rush against whatever  
To soothe your misguided souls

You are shovelling your hate  
Upon a wretched pile  
Of ignorance and fear  
In self-denial

Then comes the helping hand  
Another pariah  
A treacherous pied piper  
To fuel your toxic fires

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Have we lost our minds?  
In loss of a humanity that binds  
Borders, flags and pride  
For a world without colours we should strive

You keep shovelling your hate  
On your pathetic piles  
With ignorance and fear  
You feed your self-denial

Bombed out of their distant homes  
They seek relief  
Only to become a scapegoat (here)  
For all that's wrong with you