Shaken baby sucking on the festive decoration Turning patrotic colors to a purple stain Dribbling down his belly He's the hope of generations The measure of the damage We have yet to acertain

Mammoth head of paraffin
Of malleable nature
Pounded with the platitudes
admissible for use
Pitiful and blundering
A mortifying creature
His neck to too weak to support
The partial birth of truth

Misbegotten inconsolable
The fitting end result
Of his breed
Misbegotten inconsolable
A product of stupidity
And greed

Watch his as his dim eye
Roll back into his head
See him struggling in
His own filth to stand
Irretrievable and overfed
He reaches out
With his desperate little hands