A Poem about America

Oh my Lady Liberty, how I mourn for thee...

My poor Lady Liberty, now a den of cowards.
What once audacious and strong, is now broken and corrupt.
My sweet Lady Liberty, how far did you fall?
You once shined bright with torch of hope, but crumbled at darkness call.

Oh my Lady Liberty, how I mourn for thee...

Your squalling babes placed high upon a pedestal of pride.
Screaming and shrieking, their cries go not ignored.
You feed them milk of compensation from your sour breasts, in hopes they’d be content.
Yet like addicts they crave for licentious ways.
Although you try to no avail.
Their gorging lusts prevail.

Oh my Lady Liberty, how I mourn for thee...

Too often are your noble sentinels with hearts so grand and pure.
Struck down by their brethren, as if a loathsome cur.
Like tall, titanium pillars they stand together hand in hand.
Blocking the vicious rain of fire, from those who would do us harm.
Selfless they live, generously they give
Yet they face retribution from those they protect.
Ungrateful for their sacrifice and ruddy drops they’ve bled.
Paladin blood from Civil War is shed.

Oh my Lady Liberty, how I mourn for thee...

Your leaders reign over a mighty people
Such charming and well played facades, hide hideous beasts from the naked eye.
Malicious tyrants, crooks, and cheats each just the same.
Like icky, repulsive spiders spinning their web of lies.
Hungry for power, their venom seeps into the blind little flies.

Oh my Lady Liberty, how I mourn for thee...
Look how your ego swells, like a disease without a cure.
Arrogant you are, although you cannot see.
Patriotism is grand, but always remain humble.
Your sons, torn by greed and pride, have done cruel deed for crueler need.
My sweet Lady Liberty you wield great power in your hand.
In this world you stand tall, but remember my sweet Lady even the mightiest can fall.

Oh my Lady Liberty, by now you must know...
You have given into evil, and suffer many faults.
Broken, shattered, tainted...
You’ve fallen into ruin, yet I call you home for in hopes you will rise again.
By the irreproachable power of peace and gentle touch of love.
Until that day, my dear Lady, I will mourn for thee...