

"Dark Wave."

• double plus ungood •

We're all sidesteppin' in the devil's dance
eating Karma encrusted humble pie
Intellectualizing Morals seems our only chance
and the room in the mirror's a discerning eye.

A procession of spectres coming down the hall
approaches the king who would be man
Steppin' on the cracks; headin' for a Fall
whistling down the wind of a ghostly plan.

Pixelated motions scurry crazy through the rain
in nomadic limbos between soul and sand
Tropical tarantulas are nesting in my brain
and I'm reaching for the Saviour's hand.

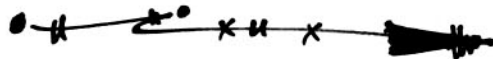
Back by popular dementia from early graves—
and I'll meet you at The Poor Man's Bar
Welcome to the tropics built by former slaves—
always question you are who you are!

Sifting the Soul is the priestcraft goal
while witches 'round their cauldrons prey
Politicians, as a whole, serve both delusions in
their role
and are promising a strange new day.

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• Claudio Oswald Medwrok •

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A dark wave rolls into a blind man's view
While he's making his prophetic claims
Mystical voices read a summons for the few
and the thunder begins calling out their names.

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Claudio Oswald Niedworok

Written Post hurricane "Rita."

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