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Reverse the Longevity

Forecast my motives on the universal news station

Below the subtitles lies my fate

My people grant their subsistence to the Government

Government will rear its ugly head on the pillow of lies

Feathers of that eagle rampantly float down to the Mother

Filled with commodities and land agreements,

the feathers scatter throughout the country.

While Satan stands at the gates of Hell waiting for company,

He imagines a family to call his own,

a delicate golden retriever running amok,

a white picket fence surrounding his cage,

and a payment for his due.

Does he desire for us to devour the evil apple?

HELL NO!

Does he want us to burn the bible?

HELL NO!

The misconception of the Universe lingers around the Black Hole.

The vicious Holy Hole eats our sins.

The Government sins disappear into Oblivion.

We are taught not to remember.

Promises are always erased by the future.

Why call them promises when we can call them unfulfilled negotiations?

Feathers on the ground, we pick them up and hope.

We hope the feathers entail the ups to our downs.

Satan stands by the Black Hole anticipating the human's negativity.

Our integrity follows us as we walk.

We want the damn lies to evaporate.

Damn that man and his militia who deceived me.

