

Seeker Of Truth

by Ninja Bambi October, 2013

Name yourself not a 'seeker of truth',
With blinders in place and ears plugged tight
And mouth wide open, still spewing shite.
The game was afoot but now is won,
But there you are still at the run.
And yet you claim your place at my side,
Oh, you the faker, you the snide.
Your puppet-masters know you well
And in your mind still they dwell
With rewards-a-plenty for 'touters' of ill
Those of you we label 'shill'.
Oh, don't deny. No dramatics, please!
Be at your peace, be at your ease.
There is no vengeance planned for you.
The Universe has measured your Soul.
And the seeds of your next experience
Have, by your own hand, been well-sown.
When you awaken, each morning anew
And look in your mirror, who do you see?
The Warrior of Truth you claim to be
Or the shallowest form of Humanity?