

What On Earth Is That Smell?

By Ninja Bambi at Winter Solstice 2013

What *is* that smell?
The rotting flesh of this dead-by-consent system.
Oh, it reeks
This maggoty-meat, fit only to feed to packs of wild dogs!

*I am witness to humanity wailing at the unjust Just-ice system
whose puppet-stringed players serve ritual deceit!*

What stench is this?
The sickening odour that is slavery.
Oh, it is evil
This ancient *cess-pit, neck-deep, putrid, thick as quick-sand!

*I am witness to that cadaver named Legal upon which feed
Eager flocks of carrion crows, all black-robed and beak-nosed!*

What *is* that stink?
The halitosis of the fork-tongued liars.
Oh, it is garbage
This heap of guilt-stained paper, enslaving with spells and mal-intent!

*I am witness to the myriad crimes of so-called humans,
Who hide behind their corporate-bodies and glued-on paper faces!*

What on earth is that smell?
The odour of mass-treason is foul,
Oh, dealers in misery!
The destruction left in your wake is well-measured and well-known!

You deceivers can no longer mask your stink.
You abusers can no longer disguise your stench.
You liars can no longer deny you reek.
So be gone, be gone, be gone!