

Rhetoric can kill

Brieve Morison

It feels like snow
But it won't I know
It's too early for that
But it's grown so cold
that the sky is sat
In an overcoat

I've listened to
The weather view
And the more I hear
For sure they've got n clue
That what's happening here
Is nothing new.

Well it was no use
That historical abuse
I learned at school
When I was a youth
Something wasn't right
And I'm no fool
I needed proof

So I read some books
Through pages and pages
I looked
Til I thought I'd found
The truth they'd tried to duck
And when I looked
It up and down
It shook

I never thought I'd see
Kids leaving school
Unable to read
It doesn't make any sense
Unless it's just
To work pay taxes and breed
I can't think of a defence
Not even greed

To defend their will
They still stoop to

The illegal
With the past
They've made a pact
Broadcast it like it was real
Well if you don't have a comeback
Rhetoric can kill