

Wrath Matters
(Wrath of the Awakened Saxon—Reloaded for 2019)
copyright © December 20, 2019
Robert Alan Balaicius

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
impotent swoon and say;
they dream such fantasy that's limp,
like jackasses they bray.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
no savage now so fears;
our women often useless dikes,
our men cowards or queers.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
—that ship sailed in the past;
the saying now is just as if
some thoughtless clod passed gas.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
in Kipling's day had hope;
before our people turned from God
to smoke Bab-y-lon's dope.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
you reap what you have sown;
you cannot harvest apathy
character never shown.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
'tis useless doltish creed;
for cowards never shall up stand,
'less vict'ry's guaranteed.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
at one time would have been;
back when we honor'd true our God
and truly hated sin.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
I'd laugh were it not sad;
are you really that psychotic?
are you completely mad?

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
all talk, you're just mere words;
our nation has been overrun,
by Turks, Shiites and Kurds.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
how wrathful can you be?
you let sav-ages rape and kill,
raze monuments with glee.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
how brave indeed thou art;
as politicians rob us blind,
expensive wars do start.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
it shows how much you care;
as aliens our nation steal,
while you just silent stare.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
how noble thou must be;
you watch the enemy play ball:
cheer monkeys on t.v.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
is all that you dare say;
you watch the filth pollute our land,
too neutered e'en to pray.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
you blather like a fool;
you're impotent and all dried up,
except for all your drool.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
what have you ever done?
you let them play the knock-out game
let primates have their fun.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
tell me what's the last straw?
what will it take for you awake
and do more than talk tall?

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
close your mouth or you'll catch flies;
why do you even waste your breath?
no one believes your lies.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon,
you can't e'en count the cost
somewhere your fore-bears dropped the ball
vast IQ points were lost.

Wrath of the 'wakened Saxon
the simple-minded cry;
they don't know how to make it count,
like old milk cows they die.

Wrath of the **weakened** Saxon
is what's reality;
reduced to shame and apathy
by immorality.

Wrath of the **weakened** Saxon
God made you cowards hide;
you re-fuse still to bend the knee
and in His Law abide.

Wrath of the **weakened** Saxon,
repent throughout the land,
or one day soon you too shall meet
Wrath of the Vengeful Lamb.