The Governor Speaks From The Mouth of a Bigot

by Todd Aaron Horneck

Oh wondrous tomorrow
where will you lead us?
Out past the vacant car lot's on the stiff side of the stockades?

The city is expanding

moving up the east side of the Mohawk like a silent plague.
With all the symptoms in the form of Spics and Negro's
Fists in the air and teeth clenched

Sorry Diallo
Didn't mean you

Street meat keeps treading the same trail
With a needle in one hand and blow in the other
Keep treading that trail
Out past the east side
west side
go South
and give those Southern boys a taste of the city
they love you good
black eyes and a broken jaw

We'll keep our soil clean
And wash away the pigment of tomorrow today
We'll look at yesterday
And push the people back across the ocean
The muddy, dusty, yellow pollen shawled types
With slanted eyes, and knuckles that drag across the floor

We'll keep our soil clean
And wash away the pigment of tomorrow today
We'll wash away tomorrow today
We'll wash away our soil
We'll wash a way America
With an ethnic cleansing
That leaves America empty end asking why.