

Enter The Tyrant

For a very long time
He tried to do what was fair
He tried to follow what was right
Without undertaking a harmful course
Avoiding hurting others, even when he had no choice

And what he got in return was suffering and stress
And no less than hunger, debt, lack of prospects for success
Oh I confess! God! He tried to be humble and kind
With a conscious mind he respected and expected respect
Little did he suspect that kindness would be taken for a weakness

Betrayed by those closest to him, who owed him so much
Knocked down by those unworthy, who were threatened by his goodness
In petty silliness and conniving insecurity, they pushed him into obscurity
To be broken, suffering, persecuted, and scorned
He was adorned by his morality and ethics, which they trampled without remorse

The most painful was the betrayal of those he would have died for
For they did not stop to even lend a kind word or an embrace
He did not ask for material help, just for friends to be friends
Yet they kept moving forward, and they left him for dead
But he did not die; he survived his purgatory, his life's living hell

He came to see, in certain truth, that tyranny was salvation's only course
To beat back the wolves from the gates, he had to become a werewolf
Vicious disposition, unforgiving, and a demeanor most punishing
He understood to rise above them, he needed to employ a fear most crushing
Until they feared to cross him, harm his interests, his security, his life

Now you will see that you should not have poked the bear
Now you will learn that being human trash is the path to downfall
Your fall from grace will be into the bear's lair
So now shake in fear, for you have nowhere to run or go
It is too late for forgiveness, ask the Lord God for it so

So enter the tyrant! You asked for it so!
The good hearted benevolent man you did not want to have
So have the caporegime, the unforgiving, unpredictable dictator
Who with his scepter of power will make you fear to cross his path
And you will learn to avoid his punishment, and his anger's wrath

And God, may you forgive the need to become a scourge
He never wanted it to be this way
But to keep the wolves at bay, he must mercilessly slay
He will remain merciful to those who are of maliciousness pure
But he will crush the malevolent, of that he is sure

Enter the tyrant, he is here to stay
Long live the day of absolution
When he is gone from this inferno, this fray

MAY 5, 2016
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