

## Brooding Rebel

by Sam Person

Religious turmoil, burning the pure oil,  
Turn the heat up just to watch their blood boil.  
Bodily remains seep deep into the soil  
Of the same fields our forefathers did once toil.  
Who's loyal, who's royal, when it's ash to dust?  
Piss on gold and watch how fast it rusts.  
What's corrupt when even pastors lust?  
Pressures build until we spaz and bust.  
That's enough! But a man's gotta eat.  
Mice get trapped when they try to get some cheese.  
Food's not cheap, we have families to feed.  
See how the American dream is just a tease.  
It doesn't come with ease. It's a struggle to the top.  
You best not rest lest you'll drop if you stop.  
They watch from a box, cast lots, and throw rocks.  
But when it's the carrot or the stick, the rabbit's gonna hop.