Poem 1: In the beginning

Now the things you’re about to be told
Take place in a world far beyond reality
Where the dark eyes lie below
Our beliefs in the things we can hold
And in this place that’s free of industry
We can attempt to see our own misery
The material of lies we find as fabric
Used as glue to construe this magic

The earth shakes and is replaced by a landscape
Where swing sets meet arms deals through handshakes
And there stand people that represent our evils
In a place that may have been man made

The sky itself is dotted in facts
A frame work of steel and forgotten attacks
And below stands a man with;
Three children in a sand pit;
And we ponder at that
We question his values (who is he)
When we don’t apply the same things to life
We find excuses (too busy)
And don’t realise that we made him alive

We see truth through these children
And that should give us hope;
And in life we may pretend to listen
But really it’s all for show

So the sun sets a light of allegory
And young yet I begin my story
And what you’re about to be told
Takes place in silence, believe me

**Poem 2: The playground**

So there’s these people right just sitting around;
There a bully a wimp a sickly kid on the ground
And this odd group all had something to say;
And a little man watched with a view of their way
So as the music plays; the three start to move
The largest of the group becoming partial to the groove
The first of these a bully joins the symphony
And as we swing the beat he speaks of liberty

I’m the American government personified;
Talk is cheap so I seek to provide through lies
Advocate racial hate and a loss of culture;
Vultures, building nests from the breasts of forgotten soldiers;
That we toppled over; in a quest for greener pastures;
And we’ll lose half the truth but what’s even harder
A sacrifice, a lack of life, within a chalice;
With a fox in the bush claiming that he’s fair and balanced
Economically we’re lying in our bed made
Strangling ourselves with a noose full of red tape
Fundamentalists but we prefer purists
Committing sins with the guise that god made us do it
And the proof that we’re our own biggest nemesis
We indirectly labeled our own Jesus a terrorist
Put on a global face with hate lines furrowing;
A colonial race won’t waste time worrying

These people right; they’re all interacting
And there’s an equal effect for every one of their actions
The impact the bully; enacts on them truly
Properly sets policy as part of a passion
And the music continues; the tune of their sinews
Rises and falls like the moves of fashion
Steps up the wimpy kid with the sniveling nose
He’s got something to say, and so this is how it goes

I’m the Australian government personified
Talk is cheap and it’s easier to accept the lies
We privatize health for; 9 to 5 helpers
To assist the ideology to privatize Telstra
We give with one hand, just to take with the other
And that’s why indirect taxes pay savings to mothers
The aim of a governor to erect an effigy
Cause a vote for a liar was a vote for G.S.T
And that’s me; I’m the guy taxing your property
Cause who needs ethics when you carry the majority?
A pawn on the chess board “playing with death”
That’s why G8 failed to erase third world debt
A marionette our ocean’s a pasture
Our land just a farm for our colonial masters
A toy soldier; a plastic miniature
Signing off on Aussie policy with George Bushes signature

These people right they begin to find the rhythm
The man watching them just continues to listen

The wimp now fully done like the bully

Completes and rejoins the rest of the children

The movements that they’re making attract attention

And the sickly kid from before matches their presence

He steps up, looking overly cautious

And begins to move with the tune and the performance

I’m the global public but personified

Talk is cheap so I seek to buy their lies

I’m just hoping to breath; being our masses;

Cause big business breathes out green house gasses

Consumers part of a global economy

Where private learning offers us a social lobotomy

And the future is our children so the outcome is morbid

Cause we’ve filled unlimited wants with limited resources

If I look sick it’s ‘cause fears a disease

Caught when you believe what you hear on T.V.

We’re spiritually dead; a commercial heritage

Pacified by the lies that we’re fed as a sedatives

And our liberties, rights and if we live happily

Depend on where we happen to reside geographically

An illustration of the problems in democracy;
When government policies only reflect the minority

These people right, they’re all moving around
And the strings on their limbs become a tune in the sound
And in the shadows stands a man with the hardness of interest
And the strings that he plucks are a part of his fingers
He’s a predator, preying on these children;
And the worst of it is that they’re paying him to listen
Erasing a tradition that’s how he plays
Corrupting the truth and controlling their fate
The children dance within their innocence
None aware that his intentions are sinister
As the heart of the group starts to move away
He’s the reason that their moves are made… and so the music fades

**Poem 3: The man speaks**

Now it’s a liberty; to have a freedom of speech,
And it’s a liberty; to have a freedom of press
But what happens when those freedoms you preach
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

Now it’s a liberty; to have a freedom of speech
And it’s a liberty, to have a freedom of press
But what happens, when those freedoms you preach
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

Now here’s the truth but I’d advise you not listen;
Reciting what we believe despite the contradictions
To fight our opposition we cheat and lie equally
We bleed and die equally but lead our lives more easily
Corrupting your children our innocent drones;
And would you let a set of pedophiles into your homes?
(You wouldn’t); we cause much of the damage;
(You couldn’t); even with corruptible standards
The wonder of language; is that it’s often uncertain
And we can hide the truth well behind a popular curtain
The loss of a burden forgetting its happening
Commodify reality and sell it in a packaging

Here’s the truth; and why you have to cop it
Cause the people who could stop it are busy making a profit;
And our lies defy logic and why we might often
‘Prey’ on religion is ‘cause the “truth” hurts ‘prophets’
We hate the Quran but haven’t read it for truth
Cause we removed half the story in the editing room
And what we have left, is just something to please us
A binding of lies that doesn’t even mention Jesus
And what we hate most; are those who take note
And refuse to aim the hatred we made at scapegoats
We parade in plain clothes; forget that we wrote it
If it was one of our friends who planted the explosives

Now it’s a liberty; to have a freedom of speech,
And it’s a liberty; to have a freedom of press
But what happens when those freedoms you preach
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

Now it’s a liberty; to have a freedom of speech
And it’s a liberty, to have a freedom of press
But what happens, when those freedoms you preach
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

**Poem 4: The Beginning of the end**
Now the things that you’ve just been told
Took place in a world with a freedom of violence
And while it might bring less gold
It’s still proof that we don’t need to keep silent
And in that place; we learnt it’s our choosing;
That grants others the powers of music;
And if they lose it, and we keep our innocence
They can’t gain bliss from out of our ignorance;

The earth shakes a landscape replaced;
Gone in seven days now the handshake fades
And the children now free dance for themselves
Come a full circle so their hands are held

The sky itself now a cloth of black
Faded night what we forgot we got back
And below stands a man who;
Wonders where his strength blew
He sees freedom and wonders “what’s that?”

We question his values (who was he?)
And now we know to do the same things to life
We lose our excuses (freedom)
And we realise that we made him die

We saw truth in the eyes of these children;
And the truth was that that gave us hope;
And now we’ve gained the power listen
And these things are no longer for show
So the sun sets a light on dying allegory
And grown now I conclude my story
And what you now know
Will never be silent… don’t believe me? Find out for yourself!