

Deep within the heart of sin,  
Is evil people with leather as skin;  
There's no hope for a corrupt world like this,  
Without the love and faith that's his.

With police and citizens all creating a racket,  
In the hope that there will be pay in the packet;  
All with small minds and brains in their head,  
Likely to die and go to hell and be dead.

The problem with politics is that world will go around,  
And each country the struggle to remain and look after their own

And although all the earth's people still try their best  
The devil and his ways are still put to the test;  
So the next thing to go wrong is the bible and law,  
As the pigs wallow in mud and in money endure.

What must be one is for people to realize,  
That the hope of the future is beauty to idealise;  
And when the rest of the world comes to it's senses,  
The answer will be obvious so as to not fight over fences.

And the death of the sin is the only thing left,  
All the filth and the dirt down the toilet as theft;  
So the result in the end is order and peace,  
And the future not dismal once corruption does cease.

Signed,

Please no more