

Prayerabola

I wanna see the world
while there's still a world to see.
The future just ain't
what it used to be.

Somehow in our infamy,
we lost the infant poetry,
forgot the codes of alchemy,
accepted mediocrity
and called graffiti prophecy.

Lucifer,
you little Daystar,
old horny headed pal,
you ain't down there for the count,
you're just tripping on your tale.

Yahweh,
you old buzzard,
bearded hot-headed Jew,
you did not create the universe,
man, the universe created You.
And bless us,

O big Mama Earth!
Keep us on the ground.
And let us not fear
dark or light,
and may Your World go round.