

The Imperialist Skunk

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Faces of so many watch over this turbulent world
The stories reported to us in quantities so large.
So convoluted and convulsed with every spoken word
An inundation that's difficult to cut through or barge.

As the present condition starts to fall into collapse
Disarray clouds the visions between nations.
As tensions rise between the States and North Korea
The stakes are ramped up in this automation.

From a rogue state in the peninsula and so-called Dear Leader
Of a totalitarian country so impoverished and crushed
Comes an armed threat with undying hatred for the rest of the world
Spitting resentment from a previous era that has never hushed.

There's nothing more devastating in this world
Than the potent hate that grows on disdained love.
But the things that separate us go so deep
With the North's desire for war so high above.

But what can we do? Any move could set off the trigger
We won't wait at their gates or let our guard down.
If they want a war, then so be it – they shall get a war
I'm ready to walk in to rise or to drown.

Will we witness success ascend or fail so miserably?
Mercy is for cowards like the leader in their borders.
Wearing my parents' flag in paint on my bare chest
With my rifle in paw and waiting for orders.

Whether or not they truly have nuclear weapons
Threatening war is something very few will tolerate.
Someday their people will see beyond the blanket
That denies them any voice except allegiance to sate.

Reporting to my division for my usual regime of training
The end may come soon, and if it does I will fight.
I rise up my tail and let off a huge torrent of strong smelling spray
To say that if they touch us, we'll strike back with might.

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