The New Crusades

By Luka Lesson

Do you know how war goes?
Feeding on the lost souls
Do you speak in morse code?
or do you speak for man?
Have you seen the new day?
Killings on the news page
and we’re all in this crusade
While we live on black man’s land

They say that its hocus pocus
but I know that they’re over dosing
on posters opposed to hope
and supposed to denote the pope
as a post-colonial local
They’re loaded with quotes of the bible
King Solomon’s own survival
They jot it in pen
my saliva’s more salty than all of the eyes
of the children whose mothers have died
In attacks from Afghanistan troops
with their battle camp boots
and a pack of canned soup
in the back of their troop carrier
packed to the roof
with a vat of C2
their jackets their crew
new king their coup
New government the judge and jury love it
you think you’ll uncover but you’ll never really touch it
and it’s proof that you’re a puppet in this ‘Punch and Judy’ covenant
Love – cant get enough of it
more loving for the sufferers
the love making’s a break from all the cussing and the hustling right?
all the tussling and the busting at night
Crime and punishment?
well it’s rhyme and nourishment time
Do or die – are you reading between the lines?
It’s no man’s land if you stand between me and a mic
a meaningful life
so let this genius write
it’s like I’m Jesus, Houdini and a genie combined when I’m reading the signs
so while you whine – I turn water to ink
I’m all talk for the cause that’s how I force them to think
They want me to go to war like Immortal Technique
But I’m not immortal man I’m just a mere mortal who speaks
Pen vs the sword – that shit is boring
our pens are just our compasses and we shall always be exploring
So while you picket signs for your rights on the streets
we must be careful how we justify
a fight
for peace