

“Mezekir”

Zechariah

To tell the tale,
Ancient scriptures and prophecy,
Alas the future is here!
To disclose the stalemate of their legacy.

Zechariah actually wrote of hope and fidelity,
Reiterated again and again,
And of utmost integrity,
Truth and attainment of the good bargain,
Predictions of life to sustain.

Night and day we work
To make life ends meet,
Absolutely powerless and discrete.
When we eventually go astray,
Off course in desperate need
Our own life to betray.

Army troops and airplanes sent to kill,
Indiscriminate massacre
The rulers' wishes to fulfill.
Incapacitated to face the truth,
Their lack of courage and moral strength,
There's no faith, no sentiments,
No principles so to sway,
And so deprived of basic human rights all the way.

All men curse the earth to be damn,
Comfortable places to inhabit,
Depraved regulators to condemn,
Their own guys, their own fellows to mistreat.
Oh Zechariah you're being left alone,
Your teachings of righteousness
Seemingly forgotten.

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