

ODE TO A TRADCON URGING MARRIAGE TO HIS HARLOT OFFSPRING

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What can ye say to Johnny?
Johnny canna stay..
Ye said it would be well and good
If only we would pray
Ye said if we were men enough
Ye said it could be right
Ye said if we chose well this time
Ye said we lacked the sight
Well now the cradle's ashes
And now the whore will rule
Well now ye call us fascist
Ye say unlearned fool..
But now I have the right of it...
And now I hold the steel..
You can beg and plead and cry and bleed
And n'er will it be enough.
Do not look for angels,
you traded them for whores..
Do not look for charity,
tis justice wanted more..
Every flaw a harlot has,
every ill deed of her kind
Is reckoned to her personally,
forever deemed her mind.
Ask not why whores go lacking, old man..
Ask not why harlot-princess cries..
We only hope you watch them starve..
..and suffer 'er you die.

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there doesn't seem to be anything here