

# No Palestine

No estate should be called Palestine  
Neither now, nor the eons ahead  
Yell at me, as I am way out of line  
For I'm saying what cannot be said

Come to conquer Zion of my own  
Kill and maim my kindred and tribe?  
Not the first or the last to bemoan  
This aggression, to me it's ascribed

There's no jail for crime committed  
It's exchange and freedom for sin  
Far too long beasts walked out, acquitted  
Poked "V sign" for lens, as in "win"

There's no punishment better or swifter  
Lose thy land and be kicked in the ass  
Evil deeds shall migrate thee to drifter  
Tumbleweed, which is homeless grass

This is tongue Middle East understands  
The pain that would linger forever  
Starting war leads to losing your lands  
And hope of return – which is never

This is not a conventional prudence  
But the problem that cries for resolve  
"Vae victis" – complete jurisprudence  
Stops all wars from becoming devolved

No estate should be called Palestine  
Ran its course, to forever be cursed  
Horrid place of ungodly design  
Destined wiped be and wholly dispersed

"Vae victis" is a Latin phrase that translates to "woe to the vanquished"

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