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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