



The Gods Are Wrong
So pass that bong
And a tale fit for mortals
I will tell ye

It's not their words
That ring absurd
Nor their lack of morals
That do rile me

See they are us
Despite the fuss
And insistence of priests
So unseemly

Since they are we
Writ abstractly
Our folly does not cease
Predictably

So wrong they are
At least as far
As mortal tales can tell
Reliably

We're more a far
Bright bardic star
With a wild dream to sell
Rather cheaply

My what a strong
Hit from that bong
Got me talking of gods
Dangerously

If I'm not wrong
Priests are along
Heretics live long odds
Quite discreetly



T.W. Joseph

*Honestly though it's
exhausting being
right all the time.*