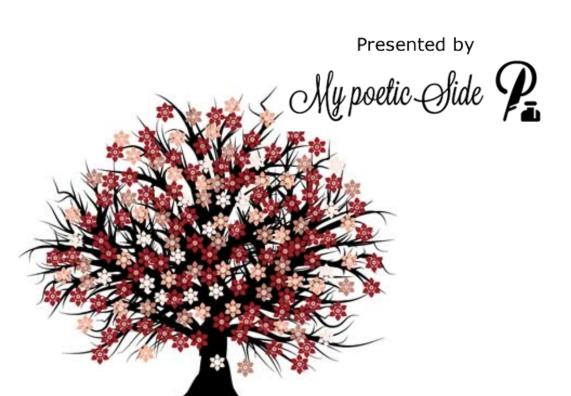
Anthology of JPR





summary

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Christmas down Oxford Street

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Rose

The prosperous prosper The weak weaken The invisible worm Hides the beacon.



Christmas down Oxford Street

Lights resonate with the success in the eye
Of the blissfully ignorant passing by
Wearing their trendy, cosy, wholesome attire
Spending money in a playful transpire.

But what about the ones who are left behind Slumped in the doorway with a coked-up mind? Like a hunted, defenseless, ugly creature Removed from the scene as an obscene feature?



\'Run Along\'

Where has our humanity gone? When there is death, disease, deprivation at our door and all we say is - 'Run Along'.

What's happened to 'love thy neighbour'? Because the doomed squalor always getting into bother just waiting for a saviour.

Dying in the inhuman dearth disrupting our lives and making us forget that they are people of the earth.



Paths of Glory

His righteous plea for power gets stronger by the hour so the tabloids devour from their ivory tower.

He's moulded into an invitation for their condemnation but aint it a revelation to see their frustration.



They Tell Us

They tell us we carn't acheive They tell us we carn't rebel The tell us we carn't ignore They tell us they can never tell

They tell us we carn't see
They tell us we carn't depend
They tell us we carn't cope
They tell us we can only spend

They tell us we carn't be 'appy They tell us we carn't be sad They tell us we carn't be free They tell us we must be mad

They tell us we carn't be nasty They tell us we carn't be nice They tell us we carn't be safe They tell us love is a vice

They tell us we carn't stay still
They tell us we carn't stray
They tell us we carn't be satisfied
They tell us there's no other way.



After Light

The darkness solicits the feral sight, Spectral sirens manoeuvre senseless night, Convoluting around the dancing light.

Recalcitrant fellows in lustful mode, Parading their ridiculous abode, Only to unlock the restrictive code.

Their boisterous watches as big as me, Glistening abruptly like the dark sea, Attempting to be what they wish to be.



Hate

The cesspit of hate emerges onto the scene in everyday life - in everyday places where imagined tranquility prospers.

Innocent creatures - slaughtered. In the name of hate. In the spirit of hate. Across the world, bigoted buffoons riding the wave of hate paving the way for terror.

Inaccessible realms of power are accessed to program us to hate. You have more in common with the ones you hate than the ones you are hating for.