

Two Mad Dogs Same Old Race

The dogs are twins
Their names are Anger & Hate
They are used to "win"
Whatever their masters can take

Each race is "winner" takes all
One dog wins one dog falls
Both dogs sin
Their masters take all

I have two dogs
They do not race
They are raised on love
You can see this in their face

I know when dogs are trained to hate
And when they taste a drop of blood
There's nothing left you can do
The dog's must kill, its irreversible

America loves to go through this same old race
The hounds are old and sick
The masters on the take
Same OLE parties same OLE fix

I know a few mad dogs
And many more angry groups
They too are trained to hate
By the same OLE masters on the take

There's nothing you can do
With mad dogs & mad masters
When their dirty deed is done
You cannot reform anyone.. once the blood runs

Thus the endless wars, the takings, the killings
All still left undone
One dog takes
The other dog runs

I wonder often about these two mad dogs
One called Anger one called Hate
Why it is the owner must
Raise such two ugly old mutts

10,000 years of revolutions then 1776
We never changed the wars were fixed
Constitutions are still institutions
Declarations are not enough

I have two dogs
Their names are Free-choice & Free-will
They too are twins never acting from anger or hate
Often eating from the same plate

There are no clubs, no legal fiction or prods
No cages, taxes, coercion, extortion or fees
Ever used on my dogs
Here on my ranch we live in harmony

There are no takings no phony media
No ordinances no acts
No legislation, judication or tribulation
No political attacks

I've had my share of old dogs I suppose
We lived and died together
God knows
Each time I see them seems I was reborn

I've had my share of life difficulties
Certainly more than I want
But when I come home
I see their joy & that's all I ever want

I wonder too how long
Is it going to take
Before we put these old dogs down
The hound called Anger and the hound called Hate

J. R. Venrick

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