

Seven Seven Seven

Heavenly 777 is an ancient seal depicting the finality of Death;
Without explanation or warning, Death gasps for a final breath.
Death comes after life, death is not the end but new beginning
A new love in a different place, a new future without an ending

Engraved from a star, stamped the Earth where free choice be
Death comes consoling the infinite soul letting the spirit go free.
777—The seven day week, seven heavens and the seven seas,
Nothing stands before Death, all must kneel to bend their knees.

Death reclaims the soul, light invested in the flesh, an attenuation
Returning to the soul dwelling in Heaven awaiting an explanation.
How things went back on Earth, in free choice deeds were done?
True embarrassment awaits the hypocrite who angels always shun.

Bush in Hebrew means Embarrassment and certainly Bush was;
Trump, with a different distinguishing mark in numbers because
His birth and his ascension to power happened through the 777,
A sign of Death sent to the world directed directly from Heaven.

In 5777 the eclipse of the sun ravished the Bible Belt igniting hate
Trump was elected in that year promising to make America great;
Seventy years, seven months, and seven days when inaugurated,
And 777 days later Manafort was sent to prison and incarcerated.

Trump is a premature ejaculation, promising lies from a nonevent
Arrogance is all we get from our neckless pig headed president;
While working people from the rich to the poor and bourgeoisie
Built this country and spilled blood for our nation to keep us free.

The pig headed president, born into opulence is a feckless clown
His feet smell, his nose runs because he was built upside down
Trump should not be running our country and seeking resolution
For a lunatic forever wailing at the moon, there is no constitution.

The End of Days is when the six thousand year calendar expires
Trump, The Angel of Death, typifying the end of institutional liars;
Premature ejaculator, soon to be wiped away at the End of Days
Devil who is incarnate, your sulfuric fate will be no golfing holiday.

Hated and over-rated, your polls number are a catastrophic display
No tear be shed for the blood you will bleed as your body is flayed
Traitor to a kind country, shackled with perfidy, religious hypocrisy
Impeachment then prison for turning democracy into an idiocracy

Trump, is the final test for a world provoked by this bulling whore,
Is not to make war, but the Angel of Death he wants so much more
Total destruction, Death's last obligation without hesitation, is strong
To finger the bomb, raise expectations, life will not be lived for long.

But, Death soon to die, a new era arise helped by love from the wise
Wisdom not guns, dogmas undone, no more deception, no more lies