

Cicero Was Right

by [Kenneth Francis](#) (September 2018)



The Course of Empire—Destruction, Thomas Cole, 1836

Cicero was right: The enemy
Works behind the gates from
The inside out in the dead
Of night, infecting the body
Politic, with dark whispers
Wafting through the sewer
Pipes of power, while the
Lemmings tumble round and

Round the drain; destined to
Inherit the abyss
And there are no rats on the
Enemy's back to expose his
Rotten deeds while feeding
His proxy warriors tyranny
And bondage in the name of
Equality; degenerate identity
Politics replacing economics;
Sordid carnal crumbs
Flung at a nation in ruins, a
Colony of misled willing slaves
In a State of religious chaos,
Drunk on virtue-signalling and
Toxic tweets featuring girly
Emoji hieroglyphics; too blind
To see the Wizard of Id
Manipulate their melted minds
Marinated in maudlin trendy
Altruism and carnal desires,
While looking for the latest
Cause célèbre hoax of social

Injustice; and they turn
Their back on the sacred Host
That once cleansed their souls,
Now at risk of a Hell eternity,
While the new counter-culture
Rebels and the dispossessed
Suffer a lonely Gethsemane
Yes, Cicero was right:
The enemy speaks in the
Pierced tongues of the
Metropolis mob, the babel
Of Baphomet and culture
Of death—and what could
Be worse than the death of
A nation by the will of its own
People? Is a murderer less
To fear? Cicero thought so.

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