

An Innocent Man

In the garden of belief, he planted seeds,
Of right and wrong, where truth proceeds.
But shadows loom, dark clouds amass,
As whispers of justice begin to fade fast.
Whispers of justice drowned in thunder,
As they dragged him under;
Still, he stands firm, refusing to surrender.

Fists like stone, they beat him down,
Forcing a confession—a tale spun around;
Yet, no crime, no sound,
His spirit unbroken, he holds his ground.

Now, his child is in their grip, a weapon, a threat—
"You're not the father," they swear, "not yet."
Niggardly threats, they seek to divide,
Demanding destruction, our family denied.
A punishment cruel for resisting their quest,
In a universe twisted, where justice is suppressed.

With a 99% conviction rate, the odds are stacked,
An innocent man in a system so cracked.
How can he prove his truth in this biased game,
When silence and fear are the tools of their shame?

Like Roman legions conquering lands,
Foreign powers twist our laws with money in hand.
Their mandate claims better ties with a foreign domain,
While our values dissolve in the grip of their reign.

"What did they do, those wielding power,
To break your spirit in the darkest hour?"
For the silent genocide of 2.4 million souls,
Killed by time, as their harsh mandate rolls.
Their three strikes include stealing a candy bar,
Trousers and bikes, their cruelty ajar.
Are they forcing their Messianic scheme,
Replacing our values over our deafening screams?

"If you're innocent too, why is your silence
Louder than my screaming defiance?"
A whisper echoes, the prosecutor's plea,
"They'll make him a slave; just wait and see.
The prosecutor's pen now hovers, cold as a gun,
"Refuse, and we'll vanish another 'no one.'"

No due process, no cell, no chain—
Just silence carved deep into my name.
These evildoers must go; their reign must end,
Expelled or purged, I care not—no longer pretend.
Or flee this land with your family in hand.

Yet still we stand, though hearts may break,
In the grip of despair, we seek the light.
For in every word, a spark can ignite,
The fight for justice, our futures, our rights.

With ink and pen, I weave my tale,
Exposing foreign masters; monsters their shadows pale.
Now rise, ignite—
The ink flows freely, our weapon in hand,
When every innocent man chooses to fight!
Take this pen, this fractured light,
Unfold the stories clenched in fright.
For every hand that dares to write
Strikes the match to kill their night.

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