

Point Me Skyward

Which way should I choose to go
When I am led astray?
There are times, I must confess,
I yearn to run away.

The news can be disheartening.
Is it left or is it right?
Do I try to just accept?
Or do I choose to fight?

I live in my America,
Land of the free, home of the brave.
But lately we've been heading south,
Straight to an early grave.

Our founding fathers showed us
How to live and to be free.
But our God has been ignored,
Sacrificing liberty.

Anything goes, right or wrong,
Try it! You know you should.
Even change your gender too,
As long as you feel good.

No longer our brother's keeper,
Looking out for number one.
Don't waste your time on helping others,
Don't forget your knife or gun.

Oh, I believe in my right to arms,
Designed for our protection.
Not from violence, but from the Fed,
Choosing the wrong direction.

Disrespect authority,
They're only in the way.
Enjoy your house, free phone and food,
Those perks my taxes pay.

So do I run, go north or south?
Or stay and see it through?
I'd rather go straight up to Heaven,
In peace, and enjoy the view.