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This Tribulation

By Michael William Hogan

Dawn now breaks another day;
how I wish it all away.
All the anger that I've borne
still within me this new morn.

People cry about their rights;
Instigating endless fights.
They hit the streets and join the mobs;
Protesting's become their jobs.

Wrong is right and up is down;
victimhood now wears the crown.
No accountability;
that's not progress, not to me.

Pointing fingers, casting blame;
no self-respect, no sense of shame.
Destruction for the greater good
in every city, every hood.

The line defining truth from lie
resides somewhere in days gone by.
And even in the voting booth,
every choice is void of truth.

In every land and every nation
plays out this ugly tribulation.
Useless walls upon the border;
brainwashed by a new world order.

I'll battle through another day;
endure the chaos, find a way.
Love my family, love my neighbor;
pray to God he'll grant me favor.