We Get What We’ve Got: A Lament

When the church has disolved into fear and unrest,
When mercy and love are no longer the test.
When debaters use words from a seamy bordello
When justice is gone and our backbone is jello.
When the enemy wins without firing a shot
And we lose all our scruples, then we get what we’ve got.

When we pick circus sideshows and tag them as leaders
When we cheer the unmerciful, crass bottom-feeders
When we worship the altars of gossip and fame
It’s clear that we’ve only ourselves we can blame.
When tweets are the apex of critical thought-
It’s a supreme indication that we get what we’ve got.

When the blood of the unborn cries out from the ground
And the band plays along without hearing a sound.
When the kids of Aleppo are battered and killed
Our cowardly hearts are plainly revealed.
When the simple can see each nefarious plot
It’s a sure indication—We get what we’ve got.

When racism severs our nation in two
And guns are the gods, and they’re pointed at you.
When nothing is sacred, praiseworthy and pure
When we trash godly wisdom, our destiny’s sure.
In days of decision this choice says a lot.
It’s just our comeuppance: We get what we’ve got.