

The bureaucratic, autocratic, concrete aristocracy,

Plato, Socrates and all the way to philosophies of Aristotle;

Kings and Queens and Princes with their princesses to delight,

Lords and Dukes and Earls all ready to serve and fight.

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Well Sir, I ask, how is all the Aristocracy tonight?

Has today gone and passed without the glory of the knight?

Has heaven opened up to receive all the saints and angels,

Or has hell swallowed up the evil demons and the devils.

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Well within the social structure of hierarchy and normality,

Aristocracy plays it's part and duty for our nobility;

For Serbs and Sunni slave away to fight for peace and order,

Like the peasants of the dark ages were to serve within the border.

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And the medieval times of middle ages and their castles,

Were all revealed in turns like the children's pass the parcels;

Each to win a prize of law and refinement in the process,

So each could learn the truth and know the present and the progress.

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As each revolving door is like the drawbridge over the mote,

Which retracts and spins accordingly to the coin and the note;

In history's memory etched is a vivid recording of the past,

When all are judged by aristocracy when the first becomes the last.

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Now aristocracy has taken us from the gutter and the grave,

To build high and mighty towers n which we had to slave and save;

And the meaning and authority over one another's human rights,

Was written on the table when paradise was twinkling lights.

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Signed,

New World Order