**Countrymen**

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I stand before you today a criminal

So they said

And I must speak my last words

Before this fleeting breath I shall draw

Hear now the last words of an innocent criminal

For you shall no longer hear them but in your tears tomorrow

And tomorrow draws nearer like the setting sun

Today it is me

In the morrow it shall be any one of you

When you walk into that courtyard

Your nostrils shall know the blood of your fallen brothers

The smell of blood shall replace nature’s sweet smell

Blood, not of animals’

But the bloods of your sons and daughters

Both born and unborn

When you stand before that jury

Know this

Seated on those seats are cutthroats wearing masks of honorable men and women

You shall soon realize that the courtyard is nothing but a stockyard

And you are the sheep for the slaughter

They shall tear you into a thousand pieces

With their lies and false sense of justice

They shall serve your head to your brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, sons and daughters

On a platter of justice

And your families shall rejoice as they make damn your name

Your families shall sing praises of their injustice

As they read them lines from their book of lies

Countrymen

I hope your senses are open enough to understand these last words I speak.