

Power Writes the Moral Code

Morality, logic, fairness — names of gold,
Chanted by tongues that the strong ones hold.
The weak may pray, the wise may plead,
But might alone defines the creed.

Kings wrote virtue in their reign,
To mask their rule, to justify pain.
Priests called obedience a holy art,
Not to free the soul — but to chain the heart.

Logic bows to the hands that reign,
It builds their walls, it guards their gain.
Fairness speaks when the thrones agree,
It's silent where the poor can't see.

Appeals to reason drift and die,
In halls where selfish echoes lie.
The powerful smile, the powerless cry —
And truth is priced too high to buy.

For nature knows no moral law,
It kills with grace, it feeds with claw.
The lion feels no guilt to slay,
The storm regrets no fallen prey.

So call it fair, or call it sin,
The rules are drawn by those who win.
Morality serves the will of the strong,
And weakness never writes the song.