

The Cardboard Box Conspiracy

It had to be broadcasting from the 5G towers
It had to be coming through the plasma TV
It had to be blasted from the cell phone
It had to be announced on the evening news

While the man walked along those old tracks
He's going somewhere that there ain't no turning back
The highway-man was hiding underneath the bridge
A fire was set upon the next ridge

Ol' CNN and the Media are in cahoots
It had to be talked about in common words
It had to be said on national broadcasts
Trump smiled and reached and got shot by a low-level CIA asset sitting on the ridge

Now he's lying on the stretcher, behind the corner
Welcome to this New World Order
His family's left sleeping on their beds
No trust, no values, no peace, no rest

Rich NSA operatives with criminal intentions
Warmongers in the NRO working with CIA warmongers from Washington work an
Odd angle of propaganda spread throughout
And it had to be yelled by their big mouths

Swell, this by-way is pulsing with life, tonight
But ain't nobody's thinking about where it goes
I'm sitting here with him, in the campfire, bright
We're searching for that ghost of Tom, old

It had to be boasted about in town meetings
It had to be chit-chatted among old ladies in sewing circles
It had to be shouted to men in hard hats
It had to be whispered to each other, in the dark
It had to be discussed among the elders and boomers
It had to be talked about when people meet

The man pulls out a notebook from his duffle bag
I light up a smoke, then take a drag..
We're waiting for when his last breath and the final test shall come to pass.
In this old cardboard box, beneath this underpass

It had to be in the articles of the News-Press and Times
It had to be written about in bookstores, footnoted

Poem by: George Brad Million

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It had to turn up the volume of the Tall Room's speakers
It had to echo into heard heads

He got a one-way ticket to hell's gate
With a hole in his head, and a gun in his hand
I'm sleeping on this pillow of hard rock
Washed in the tears of cities useless luck

It had to be taught through Television
It had to be withheld from government reports and investigations
It had to be talked about on internet services
It had to be hell's bell ringing
Politicians stopped right on their feet, in the middle of a speech in the street.
It had to be the FBI Chief leader and the CIA Head monster, a syndicate
Both mouthpieces met on their lunch break, in Washington
Reported through the Fake News
It had to be The Family and FBI working together in this act,
War on one and Shooting Assassination attempts

This highway is vibrant tonight.
But where it is headed, nobody knows
I'm sitting down here in this campfire light
Waiting on the ghost of that shooter

It had to be the Secret Service cops in their vests
Who sold out their former president
It had to be the FBI and CIA's family working together
In cahoots against the party
It had to be ringing from multi-organizational cooperation
A nationwide cover for organized criminal actions
It had to be the CIA, the Family, and the FBI together
They were bigger than Trump.
And they were bigger than the Media
It had to be a large building full of murder
It had to be a mounted shooter, filled with rage
A red-hot bullet
A shout from the rooftop

Now he said:
"Tell Mom, the Secret Service was complacent,
And I was just a hungry teenage boy.
But where there's propaganda, blood, and hatred in the air
Look for me mom, I'm there."

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It had to be a teenager who couldn't breathe
It had to be in Kimberly Cheatle's mouth
It had to be the central intelligence, the family, all of them, the agency monsters.
It had to be an organized operation
One big set of government gangs working together in cahoots
Hitmen
Murderers everywhere
The manipulative
The powerful
The secretive
The filthy rich
From the top of a ridged roof of conceit
Militarized police state
Uranium depleted
Federal rounds

Now he said:

"Tell Mom, the Secret Service was complacent,
And I was just a hungry teenage boy.
But where there's propaganda, blood, and hatred in the air
Look for me mom, I'm there."

His mother's bed is soft from his father's resentment
It had to be the handlers
Who wanted a new order
And they got bought for dispensing the protection of the status one
They wanted threat levels raised.
They wanted the death of one
They wanted them both dead
They wanted war within America
It had to be the CIA, the Family, and the FBI.
Federal & inter-governmental conspiracies
Strong-arm squad, headed by one
Private hitman agencies for politicians
With their police, and agents and their operatives shooting things

"Whenever somebody is fighting for this place, I stand
With the help of this very man,
Whenever somebody is struggling with me
Look in their hearts, Mom, you'll see me.

It had to be a conspiracy.
At the vortex of this rage
This execution

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Of a man
The dead rat by Trump's door
The building's roof
It reverberated with a hitman
Federal gangs gathered in droves
Shot the man, settled the score with Secret Service snipers
Manned, local police outposts
Trump's red ear
Lumped off with dreams of the White House's halls and rooms
A warning to future dictators seeking a governmental position

This highway is vibrant tonight.
But where it is headed, nobody knows
I'm sitting down here in this campfire light
Waiting on the ghost of that shooter

The secret police have been disgraced for decades.
The FBI and CIA keep each other's secrets
The Secret Service and Pennsylvania State Police never hit their own
The NSA and the FBI are single-minded
Brutal forces and money-obsessed
Brutal forces, nationwide, and money-obsessed
It had to be the wealthy, and it had to be the politicians
They had to attempt murder on our soil
And they attempted murder in America