

It's grand when you're bereft of shame.  
You don't acknowledge any blame  
For what you've said or what you've done.  
You babble on, your lies all run  
Along the same self-serving route  
As you gloat over all the loot  
You've gathered: money, that's for sure,  
And now an airplane, "gift" so pure  
It glows like burning souls once sold.  
(I'm told the inside's lined with gold.)  
Your mad excesses, limit free,  
Expand, and as I lately see  
The migrant rules change overnight...  
"Come in! You're welcome, if you're white  
And Afrikaner. Why should I  
Put up objection or deny  
You aid, now that you sense a lack  
Because you're pale instead of Black?

Day after day it seems the same.  
It's grand when you're bereft of shame.