

The Bureaucrat Is A Leech

The bureaucrat is a Leech my friend, which no human can defend,
He preys on the average citizen, their paper will never end !
He will ask you many questions, that appear to help your plight,
The truth if you only knew is just substance for their fight.

The fight that they are fighting, cause Welfare jobs to bloom,
Social Welfare " here to help you", for Joe Citizen we assume,
Their numbers grow as we all know.... no retribution mate,
But is it clear, do people cheer? for the Irish Welfare state.

The systems are all set up to help someone in need,
But Bureaucrats since days of old, serve only their own greed.
They have a role but with no soul, their salary is always paid,
With hearthless thrill, more forms to fill their game is always played.

Social Welfare can be instituted, A stately body made,
No one has ever worked there, of that they are afraid.
How would they like if Like old Ike, they had to work a day!
And then in doubt they were thrown out, now nowhere can they stay,

You can't go back because you lack a human state of mind,
Joe Citizen is now the master, I'll bet you hope he's kind,
Role's they are reversing, Real people now have their say,
This form filling is not so easy, it took your breath away !

You're not so strong, it took too long, for you to get yor way !
Now you're real, you've learned to feel, a life with little pay,
And so you died and no one cried!, the Master watched you roar,
Are you in HELL he heard you yell.... The answer at Hatch Ninty Four.

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