

Hypocrisy

A multi-faced spook figure,
With moving hands and twisted legs
Eyes at four sides;
Looks bitterly sweet and weirdly good,
Caste spells to capture the soul,
Golden dragon at hand
Spits out fire,
Nails like hair it grew on body,
When look
its soft,
When touch it hurts,
Arms wide open for embrace
Under that a stinging scorpion rest,
Deceivingly Graceful
Oh! You be careful!
Once come in it's grip
No way to skip;
Sated thorny way,
For that I say,
Just run away
Just run away!!

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