

# THE HARLOT

Gary Field  
DC # M05398  
Century G.I.  
Century FL  
32535

1-1

Part of her mind, resides in a high-rise,  
In lofty rooms filled with her needs.  
While her heart's out back in a Seedy Shack,  
That's filled with all of her misdeeds.

And her Soul, hangs out in a hole,  
On the other side of the tracks -  
Filled with the lies from her high-rise,  
That have fallen through the cracks.

She sits in church on a lofty perch,  
Cloaked in a pious attitude.  
A "White washed wall" that's ready to fall,  
From the weight spoken of by Jude.

Soon she'll pay the price, and it won't be nice,  
When the walls come a-tumbling down.  
When all her dreams and schemes collapse,  
And lay in rubble upon the ground.

Not too far hence will come recompense,  
For the life she chose to lead.  
And the consequences of sitting on the fence,  
That was erected by her greed.

And soon all will see that her misery,  
was just the price that she had to pay.  
For the perch in church, and the shack out back,  
And all the games that she used to play.

Based upon Rev. Chap 17  
[www.betweenthebars.org/blogs/1398](http://www.betweenthebars.org/blogs/1398)

Printed by: Freddy Lee Haliburton