

Poetry Series

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



- poems -
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Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre()

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Freedom Fighter & Poet



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The Sportsmanship In This Land

It's essential the fairness
To the sportsmen in the world

Not taking classes at college
But they could win the degree

But it true
Of Yura strictly
And they deprived her diplomas

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The Divorced Middle Aged Lady

The divorced middle aged lady
Who had made love with young-guy.

Is it the criminal-acts
Must be deprived all of her fortunes,

And detained
In jail for five years,
Hereafter fifteen years?

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The Second Coming

He asserted born in Korea
But suspected in North Korea.

The place where he asserted
Was a stable not a house.

Jesus Christ!
The second coming!
Anti-Jesus Christ is coming!

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The Last Five Years

Tengre

For everyone who asks receives;
The one who seeks obtains;
Therefore the four hundreds thieves
Were coiling this land, their brains
Were full of the reddish water.
They dyed red all the water.

The one knocks, the door will be opened.
So long time the Kim's family're knocking,
By the moon, the borders're be opened,
The unmanned air vehicle are flying,
The bucks put off to nex',
And they preponed to eat without checks.

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They Were Not The Criminals But Forty Years

They were not the criminals but forty years
But the bereaved have lived lowering the breath.
The all kinds of the criticisms have poured their ears
And they have tried to conceal that their place and death.

They young soldiers, and young policemen were called
By nation, and they only had carried their duties.
The bus rushed to the police line and they were sprawled
On the road, the unknown bullets pierced the bodies.

For a long time they were called the slaughter's names
Never, they shot to the people who were unarmed,
But the masses made the dirty names,
But the self-defense is the reason that they armed.

The attacking the jail by the arms is the democratization?
And the guarding the jail by the arms is the slaughter?
Bullshit! By the communists, only the instigation!
A man talks like that is the only the plotter!

Tengre

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Why The Verdict Of The Court Is Not Same

Why the verdict of the court is not same
As the other courts? It's another measure.
The trial is the revenge, the accused claim
For other court, the incident, but the disclosure
Of that, always results in the vengeance. The vengeance,
The trial is not the justice, but only the vengeance.

It's freedom fight? Only the revolt.
The armed mobs assaulted the police and army,
So army fired for self-defense. The bolt
For mouth, and concealment, they're going to barmy.
The hollowed land is the worshiped names!
The men of merit for democratization are hidden names!

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The Secret Service

The Chinese restaurant is suspected as the secret police in foreign nation.
But they said that not the secret information
Agency. But they said to have supported the insane countrymen to back to their
country.

But is there any reason to do the consul duly

As a only restaurant

They built a signboard as Chinese restaurant?

But they can't make the Chajangmyeon, but the CEO

Of the restaurant, try to grow

The external activity, for example, the chairman of the various association

Of their countrymen in Korea. He want to make the station

For other reason?

He only know the reason?

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To Mr. Jesus!

Mr. Jesus! Thou said, 'For if ye forgive men their trespasses,
Your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.'
But I can't obey your Words to one man.
He revolted against the nation for his clan.
During his term, he had collaborated enemy,
Also broken the Army and Military Academy.
For his profit, not only submitted to the China,
Induced the Corona Pandemic from the China.
Now he not only no repents his faults
But making quarrels, there's no halts.
And only bragging, instead of his confession
For his faults but he incites to the fool in egression.
-Tengre

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The Sodom And Gomorrah

The place is the hallowed place
Where became this century's base
For the idols, and the Sodom and Gomorrah
And already, had forgotten the Torah.

The young were moving in large groups
In seminude and be the lewd troupes.
There're the accident and the strange
Passings, in the very short range.

There're no effort for examining
The accidents, already they asserting
The death from pressure, the commissioner
Of the police evaded as a positioner.

The some parents won't release
The Poor to Heaven and they crease
The nation. Seeking for El Dorado
And they act of sheer bravado.
-Tengre

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The Fasting

(Matthew 6: 16)

He said" When you fast, do not look somber
As the hypocrites do, for they disfigure their faces
To show others they're fasting." But not in chamber,
But In the plaza, they put up tents and bases.

At the broadcasting cameras, they declare
To start the fasting, with their political slogans.
Trying to disfigure their faces, they wear
The mustache and not wash. The tents look the hogans.

Being not the cameras, hastily drink the enzyme
For fasting or call the delivery service
For the Chinese Restaurant. Sleeping in daytime
But they eat in the dark without nervous.

A month or more they record the longest
Fasting days. The government compensates
For them. `Cause the fasting is Jaundiced
To people. But they always be the baits.

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The Prayer For Year End

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,
Your kingdom come, your will be done
On earth, and the politician know their shame,
The people in north regain their fun,
Feel pity the people, North defectors
Care for the dogs deserted by Moon,
As it is in heaven. Pour them nectars
To the thirsty for perceiving the truth at soon.

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The Xmas Eve

On the street, the wizened flowers are rolling
On the road, and December winds are blowing,
And tattered vinyl tents are waving,
To the subway, the shranked people are walking.

Now the city is the holy cemetery,
They force us the public rage and sorrow,
And won't let the bluebirds go to the faerie.
Uselessly the neon-signs are glittering till morrow.

□

Till the last page of the calendar, they were written
Full of the funerals and memorial days,
And they try to add the new day, the hardbitten,
The old worry their sons for future days.

The Christmas, it's not snow and the bells dumb,
But the many crosses're glittering between
The buildings, suddenly today, if He does come,
Look on the sky, on the wall, I lean.

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The Special Activity Expenses For Information Agency

The civil men had used the money
For their activities during Park's days,
The influential persons of the ruling party
Had divided themselves during Moon's days?
It was founded in the politician's house that the bundles
of money which were tied by the national bank's bands in humbles.

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To Cut Our Own Throat

The ministers supported the North Korean Universities
And the believers had devoted the offertories.
By the offertories, the ministers founded
The Pyong-Yang University of Science and Technologies.
Now the alumni have been the competent hackers
And they are stealing our properties.

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Oh! My News

Even titled 'Oh! My news',
But looks the papers of the agents' speakers.
And it's full of the words for north, they choose
The fake columns and to be the treason-seekers.
No! News, but forgery tales,
Always they're fabricating with devilish details.

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To Value All Of The Living Things

He's regarding to value all of the living things?
But looks that he's always looking for the cash cows.
He returned the dogs, his daughter exploited the dogs,
Making the calenders and making money, by the dogs.

With his words, 'I want to be forgotten from all the observer',
But he has athazagoraphobia, always looks a grandstander
His life, all of him, himself is a cunning liar,
But the idiots trust him a human right's lawyer.

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To Abandon The Dogs Which He's Fostered To Deceive The Charlie

To abandon the dogs which he's fostered to deceive the Charlie
Is not the sorrow for some person who is stick to money.
It can gives the another chance for the business to the some family.
And they're searching for another fools by the new baloney.

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Winter's Flowers

In the center of
Batty Moon's mouth, winter's
Flowers are blooming.

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The Devils And The Angels

When the man fuddles themselves and be not alert
The devils approach with the seraph's faces
And with the honey words and deeds, they flirt
To the stupid anywhere or any places

So the human must keep themselves awake
And must know to differentiate who is angel or devil.
'Cause they are not mountain deity in the lake
But together with us exist in the revel.

It's same to the communists or agents, they
Were always mixed and near to us
Now, the nation's sliding at the brae
But regretfully, we hesitate to squeeze the pus.

The ones who deserted the North at Daehwatoi,
It's the point not shooting the radar to Japanese
Plane, but there're many horses of Troy.
Who are the agents of North's or Chinese?

-Tengre-

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Calling The Forgotten Names, Again!

Now, seventy years have passed
Since it ceased the echoes of the cannons,
But the many soldiers lived with the blast
In the mine, left in the red fields and canyons.
The soldiers couldn't know when the war was ceased
Ev'ry-day, they charged into the mine at least.

By the nation, at home, when they're young, were summoned
And fought for nation and with the nation's names.
At twenty one century, till now, they're abandoned
And for a long time they've lived with numbers no names.
At the national cemetery, they were registered as the missing
Or the war dead, so far they were regarded as no living.

In fall, the wild geese fly to the south,
Freely, the birds can fly up and down.
They have longed for home but could not mouth,
Once departing no visiting to their town.
Across the entanglements can the winds,
Even to the birds, they couldn't talk their minds.

Now we all must call their old names
Again. Let's call their names aloud,
The persons in the death land, and forgotten names,
Until that sounds to the heaven, in loud,
Until that it tolls themselves that the peoples' bells
In their minds, till the tears hit the bells.

The Sergeant Kyu-Man Lee who was captured the date, Aug.,1952., and dead of an illness at April,13th,2000.

The Corporal Man-Dong Lee who was captured Jul.1952, and dead of starvation at Jun.,2000.

The Private 1st class Jong-Gyu Baek, who was captured Apr.,1952 and dead of starvation at Oct.,1997.

The Private 1st class Su-Il, Kim, who was captured Nov.,1950 and dead of an illness at 26th, Apr.,1972.

The Private 1st class Young-Chang, Heo, who was captured 1951 and dead of an illness 18th, Jul.,1995.

And 70 thousand officers and soldiers unknown.

We are sorry.

We are so sorry.

Really we are so sorry!

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A Strange Man

He has said "I'm a son of a refugee of Korean War";
And he wrote the name of the ship on the autobiography,
But it is not same at his other writing, and before
His birth, it can be the fake memory.

He deceived his age for meeting his aunt
Who lived in North Korea, he applied
By the North suggestion. The face of aunt
Was similar to him, wapperjaw and nose. It displayed.

He went to meet with his wife and son,
But not his younger brothers. It's curious,
Why? There's a student soldier he's the one
Who claimed to capture his dad, it's curious.

One day the claimer mysteriously died
Shedding the blood, like his words, can be
The youngest agent whom the North embedded?
Now it's up to us and thee.

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The Round-Shouldered Keun-Hye's Figure

Once returned her house, she's been keeping
Her house, never stand up at the supporters.
For last 5 years, exponentially it's growing
The national debts and is weakening the powers.
She planned to reform the nation for the future,
But naïvely trusted that the riven people, she could suture.

It's the hard times, like a thousand years before,
They impeached the Queen and frustrated the reform.
The reactionary-loonies, like the flock of the boar,
For their rights and interests, made the swarm.
So the broadcast were blaming her to be one group,
And they shake the hands with the traitors group.

Long time, it's says that recurrent is the history.
They tried to justify their evil deeds, were begriming
Her, and manipulating the false charges and stories like the mystery,
And her imprisonment, saying the regrets as disguising.
They burned the all of the records for her achievements,
But now a poet finds her again, in the reproachments.

Abdicating, she was confined in desolate the north palace,
But she is trying to confine by herself at the house,
Concealing her by herself from all of the good will or the malice,
Disappearing but stooped old lady's in the house.
She won't to make an excuse or not blame
Her foes, then maybe entrust the history for her claim.

-Tengre

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O, Lord! Not Enough? The Blood

O, Lord! Not enough? the blood,
Just because they believe Jesus,
Our fathers scattered the rivers to flood,
Last war the believers were shot with Jesus.

Again, will be scattered the martyr's blood
In this land? Now there're many priests
And pastors preach on the platform, and bud
The devil's seed to the believers, and the beasts

Begets another beast, and they
Are lurking under the sacred cross.
And they but curse the others, not pray
The blessings and now the believers are at loss.

In the name of Jesus, at their pleases, they raise
The enmity and conflict in many churches,
Not lead to you and set fire to dais,
For their aim, they distort the Bible and Church's.

O, Lord! Merciful God!
Please, shed your water again!
Lord! Please! A Loving God!
By water, make new the world again!

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Think Not Thyself The Make-Believe

Think not thyself the make-believe,
Thou speak to make the equal society
Free of poverty and disease, and to thy sleeve,
Not conceal the incorporation card for the sashimi.
The card is but the people's precious money
Not the magic club for thy family's funny.

Plot not thee thyself to thief
The public properties, for thyself, thy family,
And off-springs. This land is not belong to thee,
Thyself, not think the object of thy banditry.
It's the time that thou must regret thy crimes,
Not the time to sing thy habitual rhymes.

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Please, Force Not Me To Grieve

Please, force not me to grieve,
And leave me to weep when I feel like to weep.
They're turning on the funeral music to grieve
And try to raise the people's mind the cheap
Sympathy, for the unanimous funeral ritual.
But only for their power, the grief is habitual.

Please, force not me to believe
Your words which are not proved or without the basis.
The parrots in the broadcast recite to relieve
The doubts for the thieves trying to escape the crisis.
It's habitual to them 'cause they're the liars,
And knowing the legal nodes as the lawyers.

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All The Men Who Are Talking The Bible

All the men who are talking the Bible
In the Platform are not the priest,
You must discern the Jesus' Disciple
Or the men of Lucifer's pupil.
The Disciple who prays for blessing the mankind
But the others curse men to blind.

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The Death Party Is Beginning Again

One day, there're the sinking in the sea road
But no one know it was the beginning of the party
There were many imposed haphazardness, the boatload,
The thick mist, drunken captain's run, beer party.

But there were the live broadcast for the sinking the ship,
And the people, no cause of accident but had fallen
To the liability for a crime. As the parents, the friendship
For losing the young sons and daughters, it's all in.

The lurked robbers were coming out, and instigating
Every day, and succeeding they overthrew
The legal government. Never trying
To recurrence prevention, but the moneys flew.

And there're the big accident in Halloween party.
There're many odd ones for the `cause, but again,
They try to give the New Death Party.
'Cause, bloodthirsty of brothers, they are the Cain.

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Homer Hulbert And Missionaries In Yanghwanjin

King Sejong invented the Hangeul letter,
But for a long time it was not widely used
Even in Korean, between the people the transmitter
Was the traditional letter, and it cannot be fused.
The great King invented the letters for the people
But the missionaries diffused the letters to the people.

Most of the plain people are ignorant.
The missionaries translated the English Bible
To Hangeul, and to know and to have, it's different.
He claimed the grammar and it can be sensible.
He researched the Korean letters and taught to people,
To the Hangeul, the great King was the inventor, the father,
Hulbert researched and fostered, was the mother.

The missionaries founded the modern schools,
Underwood, Kyunshin, Appenzeller, Baejae,
Scranton, Ehwa and others founded the schools.
And to the students, they taught Hangeul and the new way.
The many missionaries from US, England
And other western countries, have worked for this land.

They fought with Korean for many years
Against for the old thought, independence and freedom.
In wartime, they shouted to the stuffy ears,
For assisting Korean to fight for freedom.
Now we can enjoy our language and letters,
But to whom, laid in Yanghwajin we're debtors.

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I Cannot That There Is No Telling

Why the MBC, they tried to broadcast
The Halloween day's Itaewon festival before?
By the main news program, they tried to broadcast?
As a result they knew something in before?

Maybe is it only the coincidence without conspiracy?
At Sewol-Ho, exactly someone anticipated the accident
And they overthrew the legal government and democracy,
Again, do they try to comply with the precedent?

Strange thing. Why the broadcast was boosting
The festival in before and after accident they are criticizing.

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To See The Great Disaster At Itaewon

The late fall, the night of the Halloween day,
The crowd of the many youngsters gathered.
Gradually they went to troppo in gay,
To the alley thousands of the guys jammed.
It's very sorrowful news to the people
But agitators'll start to instigate the sheople.

Poor souls, they have no teachers to guide
Their life, taught to be the revolutionist
By the Educational Worker's Union, were dyed
By the Red ideology, outdated communist.
They love the Japanese' and their sons are Americans,
But they exclaiming and inciting the anti-Japanese and anti-Americans.

The mass-communication, they already lost
Their natural jobs, but only fallen to the Red Guard.
By the Anti-Americans, the future of the nation was tossed
To the Red fire, and systems of the nation were marred.
They succumbed to North Korea and China,
And earning and powering by way of China.

Now, we need the real revolution
For sweeping off the outdated ideology.
It's time to fight for the nation's renovation,
To casualties, instead of telling apology.
Let's stand up! Eradicate the parasites of the nation!
Hand over to the sons the promising nation!

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The Sorrow Of Rok

Now, the Princlings got the main positions of China,
And the revolutionary children got all of North Korea,
The persons of democratic merit has all of South Korea,
And May eighteenth merit too, and nation got the angina.

China resembles the North Korea and South, too,
The Red Moon sought for socialism like Soviet Union,
And yet subordinates are lurking in the Democratic Labor Union.
It only left the people who'll make the long line, queue.

Tengre

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To Sing For Calling Liberty

China is another North Korea.

The ex-president was kicked off during the conference,
And their records were effaced and disappeared like the poxvirus.
And now the nation is wandering in the leah.

The exploding the human rights suppression,
And they annihilate to the minority, Xinjiang and Tibet.
And bulldoze borders and the topsiders abet
The north to launch the missile in aggression.

For three consecutive terms, they try
To make the clean city from the corona,
To blockade all things to the doubtful zona.
None of their business, the people live or die.

The axis of devil, they must be perished
From the earth, not only for poor Chinese
But also for world people. Blow the breeze
Of liberty! Rain, the liberty be nourished!

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New Millennium Room-Salon

It's the hallowed five one eight day,
When it comes the memorial service day.
The people who want to join the ritual
Must wash off their body and spiritual
Pollution by strong gin and lady's smell,
Young and women's flesh and cosmetic smell.

And they must call names to whom, the disturber.
It's the only their rite, to be a joiner
At the hollowed ritual. The smell of the liquors
And the young girls' breathing, recollecting the servers,
They're weeping and singing a song at the ritual.
When finishing, they seek for the other ritual.

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What Is The 6.25-Korean War?

The Eighth Route Army soldiers take off their uniform
And for invasion putting on to North Korean uniform.
So to the same people it's the ugly invasion war
To draw in the foreign power for attacking war.

But they are asserting it as the national liberation war
But treacherous to the same race and only fratricidal war
So Kim Il-Sung is the person who likes the Polyneices
And eternally he'll be recorded at the treachers' indices.

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Piggy-Melda And A Dotard

The Indian government requested First Lady to visit the Taj Mahal? So lonely,
She tripped to India by President Plane extravagantly?
The Khmer requested to visit Angkor Wat, sincerely?
So she the President's 2nd plane flew from Seoul to Phnom Penh only for that
journey?

The Egypt requested First Lady to visit Pyramid? So stealthy
She visited and her guardsmen caught the Corona and concealed in secretly?
In Prague Museum, Walking with hurried steps she shouted to seek
For her husband, only there were no general viewers, with reddish cheek.

Piggy-Melda and her husband enjoyed the foreign travel
During his period, North has accomplished the Nuclear to ravel
All the problem of the nation. A dotard made nation fall in perplexed
But yet the NL(Kim Il Sungist) represent their evil deeds, are hexed.

Piggy-Melda are speak ill of the demonstrators who complaining
His misdeeds and her luxuriousness. But shamelessly, she asserting
Her justification. And without feel guilty, living in Yang-san palace,
He brags his sweet potatoes on the Facebook account in callous.

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The Sonnet For True Freedom And Democracy

Fall and rainy day, in the Seung-Man Lee Square,
The millions of the people were gathering from here and there,
The Longing for the true democracy heated the air.
And the yearning for freedom blazed up, to be the flare.⁴

Last five years, the nation was operated by pseudo democrats,
The president was impeached, ridiculed and detained by the wicked,
And the national finance was run out of the red rats.
There were many strange dead, but that were neglected.

Last years, during the Red Moon's shining period
Was the dark and the Devil's regnant terms to the nation.
Every day they'd shouted equality but there're the myriad
Of the inequality, and the peace but living with the fragile situation.

By heart to heart, we must concentrate our heart,
For true freedom, for true democracy, let's stand up and start.

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To Fallen Soldier On The White Horse

The battle field, on the White Horse
The fallen soldier was founded as a corps.
In the trench, he was crouching,
He is the same posture as before, and observing.
Having been buried in the soil, the soldier,
For seventy years, has been waiting for the order.
The mission is over now, please,
Have an eternal sleep of ease.

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The Strange Deaths During The Red's Reign

A Chairman of Oligarch was fallen from the balcony
The CCTV footage was turned off because of the repair
The Persons who can't tell the truth are in agony,
And smoking, some persons slid down to the air.

The certain persons killed themselves,
And by hanging, and by drinking a cup of coffee.
There're many oddities that they're dead by the elves,
But the authority announced their suicide hurriedly.

There're many doubts to their death, but the authority
Ignored the oddities and there's an elaborate funeral,
And by the cremation, and it left the ash, only.
Under the Red's Reign, it's general.

But we should not forget the mysterious passing
If not, the strange death won't end.
We must examine, and make them standing
Up to the court for correcting the bend.

-Tengre

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The Defector's Shattered Dream

Even they were born in the frozen Land
But having dreamed the blue birds.
They tried to seek for the freedom but banned
To get it by Moon and the dream left the sherds.

They were banned to get the human right,
And being the human sacrifice for the devilish show.
They casted a slur on to defectors but it's trite.
And repatriated the young guys to North, no woe.

So the poor's dreams were shattered by Moons,
They drove them bound and eye-patched like the cattle,
'Cause we were stupidly stirred up by the buffoons,
And being woefully trusting the Fire of the candle.

We must not forget the shameless criminals,
Jae-In Moon, Nak-Youn Lee, Eui-Yong Jung, Yoo-Keun Kim,
Youn-Chul Kim, , Hun Suh, Young-Min Roh, for their terminals,
For their law court, I'll pray and sing the hymn.

-Tengre

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The Elegy For The Young Defectors

-To memoriate the two young guys whose name was Hyun-Wook, Kim-born in 1996 and Beom-Seon, Woo-born in 1997.

The poor guys tried to escape by the sea,
They succeeded to land the South land by boat.
But they were captured and detained in spite of their plea
Maybe they were appointed to be repatriated with the boat.

The young guys whose ages were twenty two
Years old. If being born in South,
They were students, and dreamed their blue
Dreams, and were singing their praise of youth.

'Cause of being born in North,
They're born for praising their Supreme Leader.
But longing for freedom made them set forth
To seek for freedom and almost be the winner.

But they didn't know the Jae-In who he was.
On landing the earth, being captured and detained,
They couldn't have the rights to be helped by laws,
To death place, being bound, eye-patched and repatriated

-Tengre

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The Bloodie Moon

He sometimes shouted the reconciliation and forgiveness but interior, tried to attempt,

During his term several times accusing persons of libel and contempt.

-Tengre

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The Faker's Instigation

The persons who truly know the history aren't deceived by the fake
Anti-Japanists who shout Anti-Imperialism with drinking the sake.

-Tengre

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The Sharon's Rose

The sapling stood alone by herself,
Being soaking up the blood for several years.
The freedom tree were growing itself.
The history has been running for seventy years

From the one-day, the Yeouido be the den of the robbers,
The lobbyists' and bribers' nest out of courts.
Her passion for the nation couldn't endure the destroyers,
Tried to whip and drive them from the courts.

Sadly, but the zeal for the nation consumed her
The cunning robbers responded her by the impeachment,
By treachery of the close people, she had been a prisoner,
In the dark place, was framed by fabricated judgement.

The agencies were breaking the nation in every
Days and nights, and the vermin are flying.
With blood, we must guard and restore our history,
Raise the Sharon's Roses'll be blooming.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

A Fratricidal War

Polynices attacks the brother's castle
With the Argives and seven against Thebes.
The red army blow a bugle and whistle
With the military-uniform-changed Chinese.

The field is full of the brothers' bloods,
The bitter grudge is going down to mind.
On every summer, it rains and floods
It can't relieve the crime and the time can't unwind.⁸

To draw the foreign power, so no space
To be buried in the earth and eternal rest.
Now, his body is laid on the palace
And world people ridicule his body and detest.

Many people say "It's forgotten war, "
But it's the splendid history for freedom people,
And it's the triumph for defeating the darkness, the war
Will be recalled to the off-springs as the freedom sample.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

Waiting For Sharon's Roses

We are waiting for the Sharon's Roses. The roses
Are already withering in June. Opportune
Deed, we await the flowers? The hours
Are going to the High-noon. The moon
Wouldn't be setting and cling to the Peak. Leaking
The dim light, the moon shines on the world. In dream-world
Are Some People, are resisting the dawn. The dawn
Is coming, blooming will be the Sharon's Roses. The Roses.
-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



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Had Run At Full Capacity With Rear Gears

The last five years the Red Moon was rising
On the mountain, the moonshines were full and prevailing.
The mice openly had broken the nation.
Job-lost people were satisfied with the ration.

The deserters were repatriated by Moon to the North,
They were sent back to the dead and frozen earth,
With the names of the crime were born on the land,
By the nation were reigned by Yellow Band.

The big trees were fallen down on the vales,
And the Chinese solar panels were covered on the hills.
The electricity from the nuclear power plants
Were cut and the more fuels went to the plants.

The gang of the traitors shook hands with Chinese
Red group, and were been the dogs with talking the peace.
Wanting to efface the last five years,
We have run at full with rear gears.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

Five Years

Always talking for peace, they'd committed the treason,
Cause for their properties, gladly be dogs. It's the reason.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



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Red Moon

For a long time, the human had thought the moon as a timepiece,
But, now, the Red Moon is a counterclockwise masterpiece.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



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The Son Of Devil, Moon

For a long time, he had asserted himself human-right-lawyer.
But he couldn't be a son of man, but the Son of Devil.
The person is not first but the North is first to a liar,
By Tahg's direction, an actor read the dime novel

The young fishermen deserted the North Korea for freedom,
But the G-men repatriated them to the North Korea again.
They were announced the criminal but their crime were to refuse their serfdom.
There're no proofs for their crime, but regime, they could not remain.

Their small boat was sterilized without investigation by government.
Being bound and worn the eye-patches, they were sent under escort.
They have no chance to announce to public for their statement,
And no opportunity taking the lawyers' support.

The poor souls were dragged to North Korea by the evil
Soldiers. No use for their resistance, He's a Son of Devil.
-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Dusky Times To Koreans

The Italians make money by sailing the Versaces
But Jeong-Eun wastes wealth by shooting the varsaces.
A genius can feed a million people for a long time,
But the people are left to starve by evil crime.

For making nuclear weapon, he left the people
To starve to death. Jae-In hoisted the candle
And was a kissass, he committed evil crimes
For pleasing the devils. For our nation, it's dusky times.
-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



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A Heinous Murderer & Liar Moon Jai-In

Long times, he appealed to be a human-right lawyer
But he verily was proved to be a heinous liar.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



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The Laocoon And The Sons

A big horse was lonely left on the seashore.
The people tried to carry a booty in the castle.
And Minerva wanted Laocoon forbore
His words, for succeeding her plot to the people.

She sent the serpents and coiled him to death
For maintaining secret, from Yong-Jun, Lee detective,
And strange suicide, To Hyun-Uk, Kim's death.
Who is the horse? It's very sensitive.

The silly prosecution try to examine
The suspects and testifiers killed themselves,
The strange deaths but they do not examine,
And there're bumper-to-bumper killing themselves.

Who is the Trojan horse to Korea?
Who is the Minerva to screen the truth?
Today, the people holding the candles in Korea
Exclaiming the democracy for concealing the truth.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Most Disgusting Traitor

Moon and four hundred robbers destroyed
The Constitution system, and always enjoyed
To see the Nation's destruction. They repatriated
The poor, for human sacrifice, and humiliated
The army, for ruining the defense, and hated
The patriots and for governing always separated
The Nation into many pieces.
And wasted all the national resources.

His term, Moon persecuted the patriots especially
The officers, the alumni at the Military Academy
Who drank the waters at the Hwarangchon, like the Lethe,
Who crossed the brook, reborn the healthy
Patriots. Like the moon reflect the light,
The Moon always tried to incite
The people and recited the candle,
And he left the nation with the doctorless trouble.

-Tengre



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Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Tears Of The Defectors

Many years has passed discontinued
The food-rationing, the authority banned
The market place, to buy the foods.³
For heating, but the mountain no woods.

Many people tried to look for the asylum
So hid to the Chinese slum.
Whenever public peace capturing
Them and they're repatriating.

They were sent to the compulsory labor camp
A bowl of the limped samp
Was the ration per day and by compulsory-labor,
From dawn till night, be the motor.

The escaped young ladies were kidnapped
By the hoodlums, sold and dispersed
To the remoted area, and be the wives for the old,
Or be a wife for all of the household.

The poor souls looked for the asylum by the sea,
But the Moon rejected their plea,
Whenever they were captured, being expelled immediately,
By, being under orders, navy.

The poor souls were bound and worn eye-patches,
Were repatriated like the dried fish bunches,
Against their will, no assistance of the lawyer
By the order of the big mouth liar.

God only know they're live or dead
But heard that they're shot to dead
By the crime of treason, Only God knows,
How many times He sorrows.

Now, the remnants take places
And they watch for the other chances
To demolish and snatch the lawful government
Like overthrew the former government.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Military Academy

Crossing the Hwarangchon, there's the other world.
On every year, it comes the new year,
The young guys cross the Styx for new world,
And drinking the water and forgetting the rear.

By the fire, they face the purification ceremony,
Like the sword they're hit by the hammers on the anvil.
Being heated and hit, enduring the agony,
They transform the new seeds located on white nil

And from dawn to night, they recite the nation,
They're newly fostered, by severe schedule,
To the shields against all kinds of the situation,
And do their best like the part of the module.

It's the reason that the enemies try to destruct
The school, and the Moon tried to burn to ashes.
But like the old days, they will lead to construct
The nation, it's smoggy, but the lighthouse flashes.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Traitor To History And An Ethnic Community

Skinny cows bleat at the bank of bleak country,
For prevention, they banned the market fields,
Without the trees on mountains, the rainy
Days, the muds were flooded to the fields.

They wanted to escape the barren fields,
But by the Red Authorities, the borders were blockaded,
And to the sea, they escaped from the frozen fields.
But the defected fishermen were forcibly repatriated.

The corona are prevailing all of country,
But they announced the success, against the epidemics
It never resurrect, on the once broken industry
And it won't raise again the collapsed economics.

In South, yet, there're the glorification to the Supreme leader.
They tried to buy the peace on bribing,
But it was exposed that Moon and his subordinates're the liar.¹⁵
And the candle light was the thorough swindling.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Grotesque Man-Slaughter, Moon, Jai-In Is Thy Name

The grotesque man slaughter, Moon, Jai-In is thy name.

In the in the mutiny murder on the Pesca Mar, thou had defended the murderers to the end time.

Thou was informed by North, without the examining, thou repatriated the defectors to North.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre



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Sirens And The Song

Anyone hearing the beautiful song,
The person who leaps to North from overboard.
And on hearing, the mads drive the ship at the wrong
Way, with the passengers who went aboard.

Il-sung, Jong-Il, and Jeong-Eun, are their names.
They sing the peace, non-aggression and one race.
Mr. Kim gave lot of money but their aims
Is to make money and crooked in grace.

Mr. Roh jumped down on the earth, `course
Heard the siren's and trusted the song.
For five years, Mr. Moon drove the nation by death course
So the economy fell headlong.

The people are angry with his treasonous deeds.
He banned the military discipline by the song.
And repatriated the defectors according to the Moon's creeds.
Not knowing his future, but he heard the song.

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre

The Black Magician

Whenever he geteth up at cockcrow
He kneeleth in front of the cross,
His praying is watched by the black crow
And the dark hall smelleth the moss.

As usual, he openeth the Capital,
With skill, instead of the Bible.
First of all, it's vital
For him, and there's tearing candle.

The Scriptures and the Swords is old
Fashioned, and the Capital and the Bible,
Is new fashion to relieve, from the cold
World, the groaning people.

So whenever standing
On the pulpit, he sayeth, impeachment
Equality, distribution, and calling
The Lucifer and be the agent.

Always he kicketh out the faithful
But never ceasing the black magic
No the shines, the church is now full
The echoes of the hollow music.

He never believeth the Bible
So far and ever more, be
Willingly Lucifer's disciple.
The priest? How can he be...

-Tengre

Tengre Asasiun Gurun Tengre