

I'd like to propose another toast for the gents and gentiles.
Yes we swallow, regurgitate, high five, but from our
troughs comes enlightenment for at least 5 and a half hours.
4 with the hour of power.
They say the sheep have been abandoned by their shepherd.
It was the wolves that took him.
In packs of 6, 12, maybe 30.
No chance of retaining his field.
Pity for who? The flock or the victim?
With this a new world order is upon us.
To prepare, they will fight for president, vice, and so
forth to the route in which assholes are doomed.
Pick up the pace, refill the glass.
The stakes get higher as the population grows.
And soon this world will be spinning faster than you can cope with.
The sinners sway from side to side with no remorse.
The virgins marry us with pride in the disco room, be cool.
Now bestowed amongst kings and queens, much like in Roman
times, the gladiators gather around a circle of death.
Choose each tactic wisely baby.
You don't want to go down in flames.
With balance and precision you could stay on top of the can.
One fatal move and you're history.