

## The Arena

### Fates Warning

Words of cunning  
Shining stunning.  
Men of grandeur  
Blinding, numbing

With winsome wiles in specious styles.  
Speeches etching,  
Rhyming, wrenching.  
Men so shallow

Stumble fetching  
For words that maze, to clear their daze.  
Calm in disarray  
Sinking day by day

Hopeless never see  
Save what they believe.  
Choices weakening,  
Ever sinking.

Men are poisoned into thinking  
That they've a voice above their noise.  
Spheres of disarray  
Worsened by the day

Sadly led and fooled  
Without thoughts to rule.