

Epigram For The Last Straw

Sieges Even

How many prayers have been pattered out in vain,
How many deeds have provoked a renaissance of futile
smiles,
And how many times have we been privileged spectators?

We'd rather be removed from this conspiracy
We's rather close our eyes to the insanity

Lifting our hopes to withered plains.
Dragging our thirst through desert storms
Interlocked through limitless empires of camera eyes,
Observing distress with stoic composure

Is this the act of resignation?

Admist the ruins the actors parade,
Reciting phrases of 'Godot' and 'Lear'
Yet something's different, the play seems so real
How come we notice familiar eyes behind the masks?

Still we smile
While hope and death carry on their dialogue
Still we dance
The sarabande of nihilism

Admist the ruins the jesters parade
Reciting phrases of 'Godot' and 'Lear'
Yet something's different, the play seems so real
Cunnung tears hide a Torquemada smile

We congregate and sit hand in hand
around the table of anachronism
And we form the allianve with gestures of habit,
Carrying on the same old way...