

## Two Thousand Seasons

### The Mountain Goats

How have we come to be mere mirrors to annihilation?  
Whom do we aspire to reflect our people's death?  
For whose entertainment shall we sing our agony?  
One hopes that the destroyers aspiring to extinguish us  
Will suffer conciliatory remorse at the sight of their  
own fantastic success  
The last imbecile that dreams such dreams is dead  
Killed by the saviors of his dreams

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