

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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