

# Upon Viewing Brueghel's 'landscape With The Fall Of Icarus'

Titus Andronicus

I was born into self-actualization  
I knew exactly who I was  
But I never got my chance to be young  
So when you lay me inside of a coffin  
Bury me on the side of the hill  
That's a good place to get some thinking done  
It didn't work out the way that I planned it  
They all seem to want to take it away  
Everything that I thought to be true  
So it's obvious to me somebody  
Somewhere must have really done a number on you  
And I know because the fuckers got me too  
All the pretty horses  
All flowers and trees  
They will all mean less than nothing  
When it all has come to be

God sent me a vision of the future  
In a dream on a Saturday night  
And I see no reason to celebrate  
For when I saw it I wept like a child  
It came to me like a knife in the chest  
You and me and everyone, forever, to ache and ache and ache  
So Father, if it's possible  
Let this cup pass me by  
But if it can't without my drinking it  
Then thy will be done