

## Compromise

Eidola

Oh, my friend  
Look at what we've built  
A hermetic sanctuary  
From all our pain and guilt

They say it comes in waves  
The swell and the receding  
As you and I both know  
These weighted thoughts are never fleeting

This great exchange  
(Who will proceed us)  
Our egos displaced  
(When we fade away)  
Life rearranged  
(To prove it's not pointless)  
Providence interlaced  
(So that we can stay)

You claim to be a martyr but your hands are far too clean  
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These post-modern methods have done us all in  
We've lost sight of the function, now where to begin?