

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?