

Exercises In Futility IV

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Some are born without a purpose
Other than prolonged demise in ornate ways
Most of the time it's pathetic, quick and useless
And good neighbours don't bother digging up the graves

It's rows upon rows of kings, whores and pawns
And the storm is rolling
The vengeful and the bitter reach out for their fix
Rebels never realized that their angst was a mockery

Every empire
Every nation
Every tribe
Thought it would end
In a bit more decent way

It is an unlikely alliance of assorted failures
Various degrees of deceit, doomsday prophets
The clenched teeth, the vinegar down the veins
A stylish pit right next to Judas, Brutus and Cassius

Every empire
Every nation
Every tribe
Thought it would end
In a bit more decent way

Every prophet
Every ruler
Every seer
Will chew on this ruin
And repeat ad nauseam