

Spinning that stone uphill again
Like atonement for a bygone sin
Under the weight of it, my bones
Cracking like a dry branch in a westward wind

But Zeus and his pantheon of kin
Take the first nine out of every ten
Minas, like lightning changing hands
It all returns back to his pockets, in the end

You can't take any gold or rings further than the grave
Nothing we make can we bring
But still the bait hanging from the string is calling my name
And like the wind it slips again
Out of my fingers

As Fortuna sits idly by
I spin her wheel with all my might
Crushing my kin for warring-wage
Minted from the ivory of your tooth and eye

Under the table where she dines
I sit hungry with my mouth foamed white
Fighting for crumbs that trickle down
As she finishes her cake, then takes a bite from mine