

Eulogy

Thou

Drink deep of your mortality
Accept the blueprint for non-achievement
The well-tread path of capitulation
Bury the suffering and the ecstasies

When will the old gods be avenged?

Extol a life of compromise
Resigned to quiet submission

Welcome boredom and banal normality
Farewell to joy and laughter and trust

Welcome fear, suspicion, and hatred

There is the stench of the gathering of flies
You have the look of a strangled child

You have the look of a hollow shell
You have the look of a rotting corpse
Entombed under intolerable weight
In the delusions of wish fulfillment

Escape the standards of youth, find sanctuary

In a cringing half life

It's called moving on, it's called growing up
It's called giving up

Lurking in the shadow, the shadow of your past
Lurking in the blackness of acquiescence

Pathetic acceptance