

Fates Warning, The Arena

Words of cunning
shinning stunning.
Men of grandeur
blinding, numbing
with winsome wiles in specious styles.

Speeches etching,
rhyming, wrenching,.
Men so shallow
stumble fetching
for words that maze, to clear their daze.

Calm in disarray.
Sinking day by day.
Hopeless never see
save what they believe.

Choices weakening,
ever sinking.
Men are poisoned
into thinking
That they've a voice above their noise.

Spheres of disarray
worsened by the day.
Sadly led and fooled
without thoughts to rule.