

# Good Riddance, Paeon To The Enlightenment

My line falls out tempting providence  
One more dime spent on the fence  
As you mourn the wretch of innocence lost  
True lies and surrogates  
Room, board and benefits  
Boardrooms make breeding grounds  
For selfish bastards anyhow

And the grace that we really live for  
Are the sacrifices made  
Protracted and betrayed  
Enough to suffer

How many rats will tip the scales  
Of failing finance  
How many brave and able men will be lost at sea  
Who dares to complicate  
and the retaliate  
Renouncing tolerance of everything they see

Follow like sheep  
a face in the crowd  
a good team player  
give me blood  
give me truth  
Its what we came for  
The frayed myth of enlightenment  
Is a supposition  
If you believe  
Smith wrote anything but fiction