

# Neaera, Hibernating Reason

You are a threat to the world  
To its integrity, to its dynamics  
With a conscience on stand-by  
And a servile need to bow  
A puppet of politics you are  
Enmeshed in the all consuming web of power  
You are the subtle voice of others  
Predictions are lies  
Deceive and misguide  
Your eye for an eye  
Has left you blind  
Reinventing black and white  
Your division of good and bad  
The language of social regression  
The right cure for a wounded civilization?  
What have you done to bring peace?  
You have isolated your country  
These erected walls of pride are a defense  
A narcissistic attempt to become immune  
Blind, false and numb  
I don't envy you,  
Your burden must be a hell of a curse  
Protagonist of the theater of the absurd