

# Sieges Even, Epigram For The Last Straw

How many prayers have been pattered out in vain,  
How many deeds have provoked a renaissance of futile smiles,  
And how many times have we been privileged spectators?

We'd rather be removed from this conspiracy  
We's rather close our eyes to the insanity

Lifting our hopes to withered plains.  
Dragging our thirst through desert storms  
Interlocked through limitless empires of camera eyes,  
Observing distress with stoic composure

Is this the act of resignation?

Admist the ruins the actors parade,  
Reciting phrases of 'Godot' and 'Lear'  
Yet something's different, the play seems so real  
How come we notice familiar eyes behind the masks?

Still we smile  
While hope and death carry on their dialogue  
Still we dance  
The sarabande of nihilism

Admist the ruins the jesters parade  
Reciting phrases of 'Godot' and 'Lear'  
Yet something's different, the play seems so real  
Cunning tears hide a Torquemada smile

We congregate and sit hand in hand  
around the table of anachronism  
And we form the allianve with gestures of habit,  
Carrying on the same old way...