

# Emilie Autumn, So Many Fools

Is there no such thing as friendship?  
Is it possible to not slip  
Past the point of genial with a  
Quip implying something more?  
This is what the young girl wonders  
As her heartbeat races, thunders,  
Trying to drown out the grotesque  
Blunders of a man at war  
With the fact that he could be  
Her father twice over and she,  
A lady of sound mind and body,  
Was not meant for fools as he.  
Must a man be so unthinking?  
When he sees his ship is sinking  
Will he always try to grasp the  
Wing of one who still can fly?  
This is what the young girl ponders  
As she does her vision wanders  
Trying not to notice how much  
Fonder looks the old man's eye  
Down upon her form and face  
Believing she might like the chase  
But knowing still that he has no place  
As he shows his true disgrace.  
Will my life be like this ever?  
Must I laugh and call them clever  
Or else fight and scratch and claw in  
Fury at so many fools?  
This is what the young girl muses  
As she battles shame and loses  
Leaving nothing but so many  
Bruises made by unseen tools  
Wielded by a strengthless hand  
Which could not hope to understand  
How quickly it kills, though unplanned,  
Turning spirit into sand.