

The Arena

Fates Warning

Words of cunning
Shining, 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 Spheres of disarray
Worsened by the day
Sadly led and fooled
Without thoughts to rule

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