No Future Part Two: The Days After No Future

Titus Andronicus

Oh, I recall the last morning
The sun would rise on the race of man
After which, it was clear, nothing could be the same again
When called to answer
For their crimes
The only response
That they could find
Was that it seemed to be a good idea at the time
Now the sun in the sky
Has turned to dust
The rivers are running red with blood
And the cries of the helpless are never, never enoughAnd those of us who were still alive
Were rightly afraid to go outside,
When VuBu said,
"This isn't shoegaze - this is suicide."
Then they came with torches and pitchforks,
Carrying guns, clubs and sharp swords,
When the loudest voice I ever heard said,
"It's over.""And I, too, felt ready to start life all over again. It was as if that great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope, and, gazing up at the dark sky spangled with its signs and stars, for the first time, the first, I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like myself, indeed, so brotherly, made me realize that Id been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration."(Albert Camus, "The Stranger" (Ltranger))

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