Fear And Loathing In Mahwah, Nj

Titus Andronicus

Why do you do the things you've done
And how dumb would you have to be
To do them again like I know you're going to?
If you're the poet you say you are and beauty's in everything you see
Then how can love exist in a world run by people like you?
Because when there's suffering, you're there
From southern trees, you hang them in the air
The world screams out in agony and you don't care
But should the shit hit the fan
I just pray you will not be spared
Fuck youYou took a heart with so much room for love
And filled it with hatred and rage
Until there was nothing left but for it to shrivel up and die
People will tell you that if you don't love your neighbor
Then you don't love God
But no god of mine would put light in such unrighteous eyes
Now the way we hold each other so tight
Would look more like a noose if held up to the light
Because we betray each other in dreams every night
Now let's never speak of it again, all right?Even now I curse the day, and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears,
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.(Act V, Scene i, lines 129-148 of Shakespear's Titus Andronicus)

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