

# The Arena

## MUST DIE!

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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