

Nothing Changes

Anaïs Mitchell

The dark cloak of winter's war left a future still unsure
Sitting in a class of the future's past
We saw a list of dates
And we knew we would last to see them all
1984 was a year to fear, hope was dead, a police state here
Halley's comet was to fly by and we would see a shining in the night sky
Now 2001 is soon to come and just as soon will have come and gone
Nothing changes
Standing at the crossroads of what is, will be and was
The obvious eludes us not because the zeros line up
We should change our way of thought
More, if we do not, the way ahead is dangerously fraught
And if we did the things we all know to be right
Left would be the childish fears of danger in the night
We, each of us are fine
For we have all heard the word
But grouped together, Babel's triumph stampedes the thoughtless herd
Nothing changes
Nothing changes and nothing stays the same
And life is still a simple game

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