

# Last Entertainment

## Coroner

Acted situation  
Cheap shadowplay, sold expensive  
Triumph of a dying culture Rotten core  
Surrounded by the  
Faceless circle stream  
Rolls like the boom  
Of giant granite cylinders  
Exposed victims and their hopeless runs  
Breathe in dust with a boot in their neck  
The fear in their eyes  
Make spectators hearts  
Beat the slow rhythm  
Of executed "justice" Spiral progress, unstoppable  
Exhausted sources  
Replaced by perversion Now we come down  
Down there to the realm of blood  
Diving in seas of  
Putrified bodies

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