So Many Fools

Emilie Autumn

Is there no such thing as friendship?
Is it possible to not slip
Past the point of genial with a quip
Implying something more?
This is what the young girl wonders
As her heartbeat races, thunders,
Trying to drown out the grotesque blunders
Of a man at war
With the fact that he could be
Her father twice over and she,
A lady of sound mind and body,
Was not meant for fools as he.
Must a man be so unthinking?
When he sees his ship is sinking
Will he always try to grasp the
Wing of one who still can fly?
This is what the young girl ponders
As she does, her vision wanders
Trying not to notice how much fonder
Looks the old man's eye
Down upon her form and face
Believing she might like the chase
But knowing still that he has no place
As he shows his true disgrace.
Will my life be like this ever?
Must I laugh and call them clever
Or else fight and scratch and claw in
Fury at so many fools?
This is what the young girl muses
As she battles shame and loses
Leaving nothing but so many bruises
Made by unseen tools
Wielded by a strengthless hand
Which could not hope to understand
How quickly it kills, though unplanned
Turning spirit into sand.

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