

# Paean to the Enlightenment

## Good Riddance

My line falls out tempting providence  
One more dime spent on the fence  
As you mourn the wretch of innocence lost  
    True lies and surrogates  
    Room, board and benefits  
    Boardrooms make breeding grounds  
For selfish bastards anyhowAnd the grace that we really live for  
    Are the sacrifices made  
    Protracted and betrayed  
Enough to sufferHow many rats will tip the scales  
    Of failing finance  
How many brave and able men will be lost at sea  
    Who dares to complicate  
        and the retaliate  
Renouncing tolerance of everything they seeFollow like sheep  
    a face in the crowd  
    a good team player  
        give me blood  
        give me truth  
    Its what we came for  
The frayed myth of enlightenment  
    Is a supposition  
    If you believe  
Smith wrote anything but fiction

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