

Paeon 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 anyhow And the grace that we really live for
Are the sacrifices made
Protracted and betrayed
Enough to suffer How 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 see Follow 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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