

The Arena

Fates Warning

Words of cunning
Shining stunning.
Men of grandeur
Blinding, numbing

With winsome wiles in specious styles.
Speeches etching,
Rhyming, wrenching.
Men so shallow

Stumble fetching
For words that maze, to clear their daze.
Calm in disarray
Sinking day by day

Hopeless never see
Save what they believe.
Choices weakening,
Ever sinking.

Men are poisoned into thinking
That they've a voice above their noise.
Spheres of disarray
Worsened by the day

Sadly led and fooled
Without thoughts to rule.