Only such self-righteous species Could elevate itself above the beast While itself without senses nor reason Functioning with deteriorated remains Strong in its arrogance Yet feeble just the same With no instinct of self-preservation The predator becomes the prey Uncomplicated intelligence Employed for the search of passing ease Like all backward creatures These too will cease to exist Invoke to skies like the pitiful souls you are Pray when the end is at hand But in the closing scene of man Nature will have its stand Uncomplicated intelligence Employed for the search of passing ease Like all backward creatures These too will cease to exist