

Fates Warning "The Arena"

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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

Spheres of disarray
Worsened by the day
Sadly led and fooled
Without thoughts to rule

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