

## Genesis

# "Can-Utility And The Coastliners"

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The scattered pages of a book by the sea  
Held by the sand and washed by the waves  
A shadow forms cast by a cloud,  
Skimming by as eyes of the past, but the rising tide  
Absorbs them effortlessly claiming.  
They told of one who tired of all singing,  
"Praise him, praise him."  
"We heed not flatterers," he cried,  
"By our command, waters retreat,  
Show my power, halt at my feet."  
But the curse was lost,  
Now cold winds blow.  
For from the north, overcast ranks advance  
Fear of the storm accusing with rage and scorn.

The waves surround the sinking throne  
Singing "Crown him, crown him."  
"Those who love our majesty show themselves!"  
All bent their knees.  
But he forced a smile even though  
His hopes lay dashed where offerings fell.  
Nothing can out peace destroy as long as no one  
smiles.  
More opened ears and opened eyes,  
And soon they dares to laugh.  
See a little man with his face turning red  
Though his story's often told you can tell he's dead.

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