

## Hostage Life

# "The Last Superman Or Fall Of The Ubermensch"

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all your gods new and old are dead flying over our  
heads on a fraying thread  
your golden age is through soon we'll all be on the  
same plane as you  
been walking through us on stilts  
out of sight, unmarred by guilt but I can see you  
growing weaker  
the scales teeter  
you're falling from the sky  
one at a time  
you can't hide your crimes forever  
the line between you and your lies can't be severed  
your trade's shading our eyes but the scum under  
your boots is poised to rise

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