

## **Chess**

### **"Endgame #2"**

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Chorus:

1866--Wilhelm Steinitz.

1894--Emmanuel Lasker.

Molokov:

How straightforward the game,  
When one has trust in one's player!

Chorus:

1921--Jose Capablanca.

Molokov:

And how great the relief, working for one who believes  
in--  
Loyalty, heritage, true to his kind, come what may.

Chorus:

1927--Alex Alekhine.

Frederick:

How straightforward the game,  
When one is free from distraction!

Chorus:

1935--Euwe.

1948--Mikhail Botvinnik.

Frederick:

When your only concern, is laid out so clearly before  
you.  
64 squares--They are the reason you know you exist.

Chorus:

1957--Vasily Smylov.

1960--Tal.

Molokov:

It is the weak, who accept tawdry untruths about  
freedom.

Chorus:

1963--Tigran Petrosian.

Molokov:  
Prostituting themselves, chasing a spurious starlight.  
Trinkets in airports, sufficient to lead them astray.

Chorus:  
1969--Boris Spassky.

Florence:  
Does the player exist in any human endeavor?

Chorus:  
1972--.  
1975--Anatoly Karpov.

Florence:  
Who has been known to resist,  
Sirens of fame and possessions?  
They will destroy you--not rivals, not age, not success.

Chorus:  
1956--Budapest is rising.  
1956--Budapest is fighting!  
1956--Budapest is falling.  
1956--Budapest is dying!

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