Peter Ostrowski
"L'?ge Idiot"

We lose our minds
At twenty years
When our
Stomachs cramp
With hunger
When we believe
That to cleanse
Our hearts
We only have
To wash our hands
We have eyes larger
Than bellies
Eyes larger
Than our hearts
When our hearts
Should care so much
And our eyes should be
Full of dreams
Across the fields of Armageddon
Comes the thunder of the drums
And the distant cry of bugles
As we watch the setting sun
And prepare to face the night
In our freezing barracks
We lose our minds at thirty years
When our stomachs start to spread
When our stomachs take control
And eat away our hearts
When our eyelids grow so heavy
When the eyes mark off the hours
We realise that now, at thirty
The countdown begins at last
And all the old men
In their caverns
Who treat God as a fool
Each evening light great fires
They rub together women's hearts
We start to feel
We have been damaged
By our years in those barracks

We lose our minds at sixty years
When our stomachs roll with fat
When our stomachs swell so much
They almost crush our hearts
When our eyes run out of tears
And are lost in drifts of snow
When our eyes lose all their power
When our eyes can fight no more
And all we feel for those we love
Is patience as we wait
For the old to return home
Or for the young to leave
And we return to the protection
Of the barracks

We finally lose our minds in death
Like our stomachs, cold and rotting
Our lips now sewn together
Our hands laid out to guard the heart
At last our eyes are opened wide
But unable now to see
Alone in darkness we decay
Lost for always to all light
The golden age lies beyond hell
Where no wealth can buy our freedom
Once more we're as the unborn child
Within the belly of the Earth
Our golden age is when we sleep
In our final barracks