

## Titus Andronicus

### "Richard II"

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Soon you'll be burning orphanages down  
Watching ashes scattering all over town  
And when the smoke gets too close to the ground  
You'll see blue trampling over gray and green over  
brown

And you'll be cutting ears off of dead men  
Pumping shells into the carcass for hours on end  
Then you'll swear that we've always been friends  
And be unable to conceive it could ever happen again

Of course, you have never been to blame  
For the various horrible things that you did  
You may have gotten away with them too  
If not for those meddling kids

The lump in your throat, the ache in your bones  
They are nobody's fault but your own

And whatever amount you paid  
For your many distractions, well, it was too much  
Oh, and at the end of the day  
To whatever extent that you hate yourself, it isn't  
enough

And we can no longer afford  
Waiting for someone to lift this terrible swift sword  
In our basements, we all look so bored  
We've never seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

There will be parties, there will be fun  
There'll be tall gallows for everyone  
And we will all be sleeping easy upon the sinking of the  
sun  
But there's only one dream that I keep close and it's the  
one of my hand at your throat

I will not deny my humanity  
I'll be rolling in it like a pig in feces  
'Cause there's no other integrity  
In awaiting the demise of our species

May you endure every indignity knowing all the while  
that life will go on  
And when it ends, may you have nothing to say, except  
that it took too long  
And may I be there somehow  
Asking, "Where are all your friends now?"

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