

(I K)new

beneath the sun there's nothing new

it's all been done before

i try to pillage someone's verse another's metaphor

it's written in the stars - or else it's already been said

it's raining so i take a shield hold it above my head

and hold a longsword as i eat use it to cut my food

and clothe myself in mourning black when in a foul mood

and watch the planet fall apart and cry - though i'm the one

who let it die, and turned away -

at least i'm having fun