

Oberon

*He shuffles down the empty streets,
stinks of piss and judged by life's poor choices.
Collar turned up against the wind,
he lives forever after in the real.*

*Well-intentioned dreamers sit in rooms of power
and think they have the answers.
Rip out her lungs, and through her heart
they drive ten thousand yards of gleaming steel.*

*And as you pass him on life's path
you think you know him well enough to judge.
Tear the shrink wrap from the pack
and look the other away to eat your lunch*

*From Tamworth's moor to Avon bank
A thousand years she ruled in joy and hope.
Surrounded by a wall of kindly strangers,
Titania dies alone,
A hard tube down her throat.*

*He shuffles down the empty streets,
collar turned up to the consequences
of well-intentioned dreamers chanting runes of power,
that think they know it all
A thousand years of joy and hope,
you think you've learned enough know the answers
Titania dies alone,
Another Oak tree falls.*

*Oh Oberon, where is your queen?
Do you still seek her?
Or do you still grieve?
Does she dance for you?
Does your love hold true?
Where is your queen?*