

The Cup of Civilization

Over the Waters of Night
Charon comes in his boat;
Upon the prow
Grins the Death-head
And picking out our strongest men
From whom the Soul of Good Judgment
Has momentarily departed,
Leaving them living yet dead,
He steers them to the Scene of War
Centered in the Heart of Hell.
Here man kills man without reason,
Even without Passion's Excuse
And Pluto, gathering up their souls,
Builds for himself
A greater Kingdom of Darkness.