

*The Cup of Civilization*

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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.