

## Time Table

Genesis

A carved oak table,  
Tells a tale  
Of times when kings and queens sipped wine from goblets gold,  
And the brave would lead their ladies from out of the room  
to arbours cool.

A time of valour, and legends born  
A time when honour meant much more to a man than life  
And the days knew only strife to tell right from wrong  
Through lance and sword.

Why, why can we never be sure till we die  
Or have killed for an answer,  
Why, why do we suffer each race to believe  
That no race has been grander  
It seems because through time and space  
Though names may change each face retains the mask it wore.

A dusty table  
Musty smells  
Tarnished silver lies discarded upon the floor  
Only feeble light descends through a film of grey  
That scars the panes.  
Gone the carving,  
And those who left their mark,  
Gone the kings and queens now only the rats hold sway  
And the weak must die according to nature's law  
As old as they.

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