

Philosophy

Love of wisdom brought the knave
Sadly to an early grave
Till we did but couldn't save
The fated youth that tragic day

Philosophy got yet another
an enemy of the people's hands
We comforted his grieving mother
While philosophy was taking another man

We thought her safe from such a curse
She'd raise some kids or be a nurse
When we arrived it was too late
Oh such an awful fate was hers

Philosophy got yet another
Helpless o'er her grave we ~~stare~~ weep
Such a bright young mind was smothered
Philosophy took her ~~the~~ sweet

When rain with stalk and ~~delicious~~ roots
We meet at night in brave callosities
With torches pitchforks ~~no~~ walk the ~~noisy~~ streets
and ferret out the vile retreats
of philosophy fore it's too late

Burn and jab it where it wants
Return to rest yet fear that we
Will never kill philosophy.