

Legacy

*The goals we work for, day by day
What if they were stripped away?
The work we do, and efforts make
Their foundations may be fake
Our achievements, glory be,
May not last for all to see
Our toils and strivings, all life through
Our foolish actions may undo*

The politicians in government
They run a well-oiled machine
They influence society through their cunning manipulations
They use their smoothly sculpted public personas to their advantage
Their golden futures seem set in stone

One foot wrong
One misspoken word
One eyeball out of place
The stone begins to crack
The machine falls apart
The future is derailed
The political machinations count for nothing

The media personalities
They use their shallow talents for their image
They build a profit and a fan base
An empire surrounds them
Shielding them from reality

The stories emerge
Sordid tales from days of old
The underhand actions of the past tarnish the beatified reputation
The pedestal on which they stand crumbles
They are left with nothing but their own infamy
The architect of their own downfall

A well-crafted life
A seedy double life
Can we have both?
Apparently not

*Two different lives, bound like a brother
It seems that one destroys the other*

*One life of bounty, pleasure, greed
The other, spawned by foul of deed
Once the second life is shown
The first life whittles to the bone
Will human beings ever learn?
Indulge Life One: Life Two will burn*