

SPRINTING THROUGH THE 60s

Eicha!

The wall is breached, o my people!

The supports and ramparts languish together!

We have been struck with steel streamers,
and the shattered sky trembles!

Behold, I will not spare the tall,
the twin, the terrific, the tasty or triumphant.

They will all collapse like cans in a crusher.

The king has been called and is preparing his household for the worst.

Yea, they come from the North and we cannot repel them.

They come from the East and we cannot flee.

They come from the West and we cannot resist them.

They come from the South for our pretty ones.

See how we weep for our children,
and refuse to be comforted.