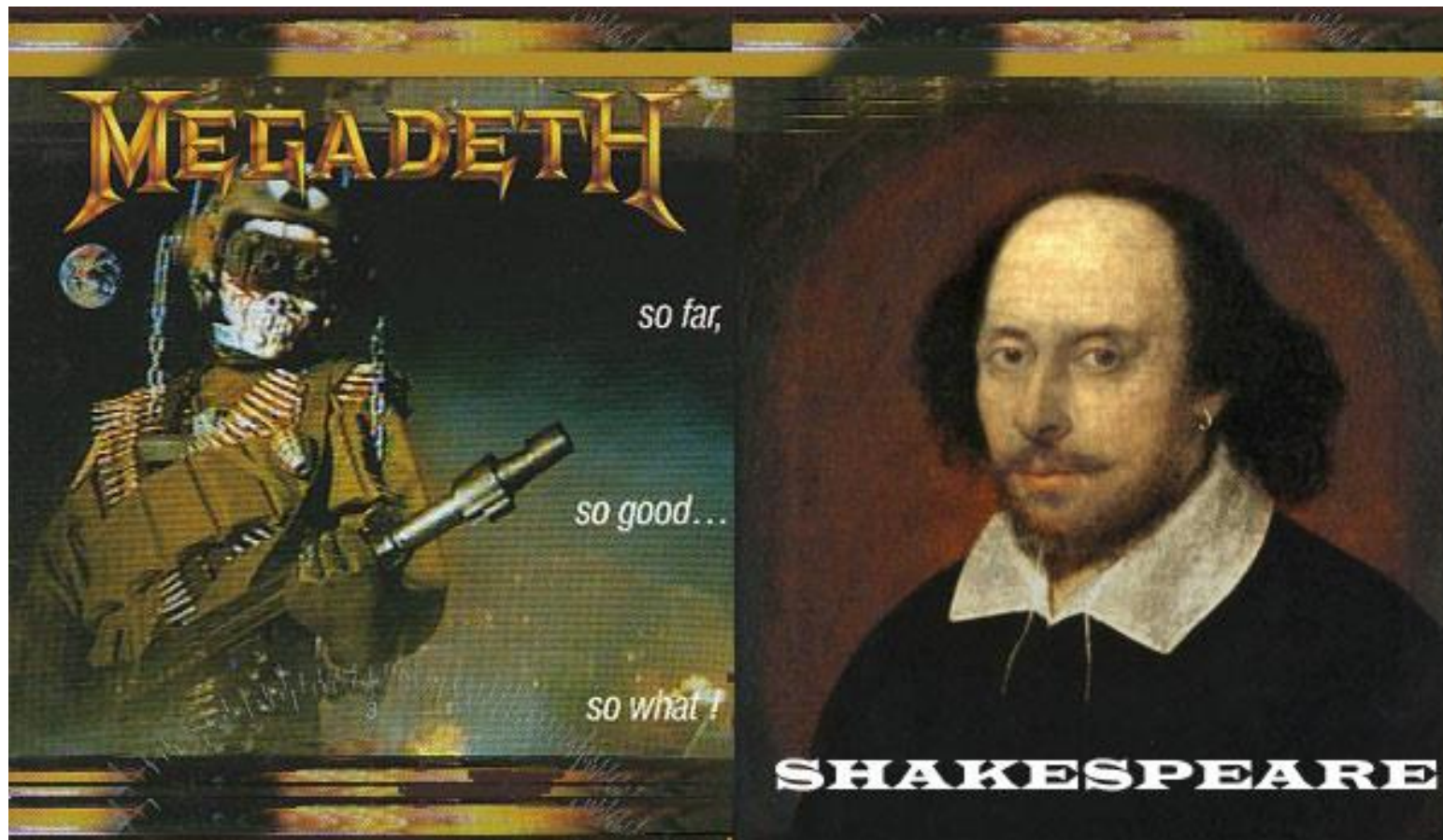


So Far...

So Good...

So What...

... So Shakespeare



W. Shakespeare, D. Mustaine and others



From Fairest Creatures We Desire Increase Set the World Afire

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripener should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:

Red flash clouds choking out the morning sky
They said it'd never come, we knew it was a lie
All forms of life die now, the humans all succumb
Time to kiss your ass goodbye, the end has just begun

Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.

Einstein said, 'We'll use rocks on the other side'
No survivors, set the world afire!

- W. Shakespeare and D. Mustaine



When Forty Winters Shall Besiege Thy Brow: Anarchy in the USA

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

And I am an anarchist.
Don't know what I want,
but I know how to get it,
I want to destroy, possibly?

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

I thought it was the U.S.A., or just another country
'Cause I want to be Anarchy, cause I want to be Anarchy,

- W. Shakespeare and J. Rotten



Look in Thy Glass, and Tell the Face Thou Viewest Mary Jane

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.

And I'm still wide awake... Mary Jane
From the earth up through the trees
I can here her calling me
Her voice rides on the breeze

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shall see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.

Fingers gripped around my brain
No control, my mind is lame.

- W. Shakespeare, D. Ellefson, D. Mustaine



Unthrifty Loveliness, Why Dost Thou Spend 502

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.

Romance the road, winding left to right.
The stars above guide me, the moonlight is free.
A feeling inside me and the whole world to see.
Driving fast makes me feel good,

For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Driving the interstate, stopped for a 502.
Stopped for a 502, next time it's gonna be you.

- W. Shakespeare and D. Mustaine



**Those Hours, That With Gentle Work Did Frame
In My Darkest Hour**

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;

Did you ever think I get lonely?
Did you ever think that I needed love?
Did you ever think, stop thinking
You're the only one that I'm thinking of?

Then were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

Won't you hold me again?
You just laughed, ha ha, you bitch!

- W. Shakespeare and D. Mustaine



Then Let Not Winter's Ragged Hand Deface, Liar

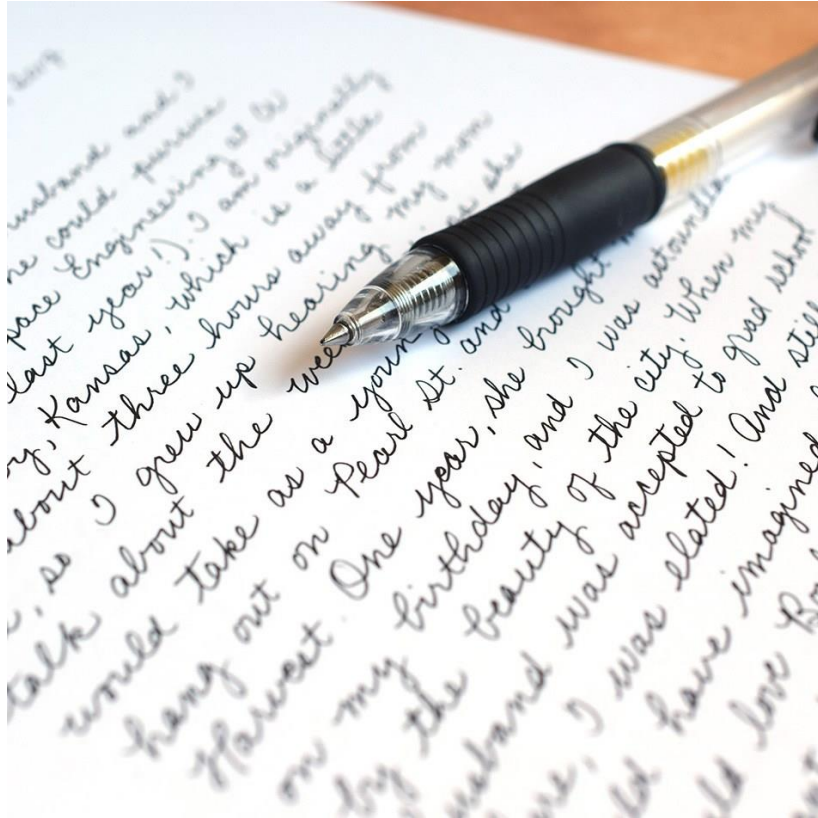
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure ere it be self-killed.

You're sister is a junkie, gets "it" any way she can
Your brother's a gay singer in a stud leather band
Your girlfriend's got herpes to go with your Hep & AIDS
There ain't one person you know you ain't ripped off yet

Ten times thy self were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

You're a liar, liar, liar, everyone can see
Liar, liar, it's all you'll ever be

- W. Shakespeare and D. Mustaine



Lo! in the Orient When the Gracious Light Hook in the Mouth

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;

A cockroach in the concrete, courthouse tan & beady eyes
A slouch with fallen arches, purging truths into great lies
A little man with a big eraser, changing history
Procedures that he's programmed to, all he hears and sees

But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:

Rewrites every story, every poem that ever was
Eliminates incompetence, and those who break the laws

- W. Shakespeare and D. Mustaine