

WILLIAM. I had a speech to God upon my lips,
But all of that at present? Merely quips!
Religion is a manmade iron cage
To mute domestic enemies who rage
And use their voice to criticise our lords,
That enter wars and other false accords!
It's always common folk who end up poor:
Austerity when bankers break the law;
Impoverished, we join the army ranks,
10 That fuel the oil wars; fund the off-shore banks,
And it is us – the average man who dies,
Or kills a family from airborne spies,
Because our kings seek plunder from their land:
A hegemonic psychopath – how grand!
Why do we bother? Tell me, what's the point?
Our rulers aren't elect, they self-appoint!
The theatre of establishment is clear:
Two parties in a play – they act sincere,
But I have known the stage for decades now:
20 All actors stand together for the bow!
It's all a fix, you have no say – no vote:
The simple truth is all we simply wrote.
Not one of us will leave here free from sin
Until we see the enemy within.
I speak of revolution? Surely not!
It's just a silly play – a random plot!
Have peace, my copesmate enter in some state:
I'll hide me in the arras and await.

William hides behind the back-cloth.

...

William comes forth. Complete change of tone - played OTT.

WILLIAM. Respect is something hard to earn these days,
You have to choose your moment, writing plays,
And yet, despite my situation grave:
Nefarious enslavement by a knave,
Just let me think upon what I have heard,
50 Wherefore do friends make merry – 'tis absurd?!
Supplanting duty to their ancient friend,
Metastasing poems!? To what end!?
It cannot be appropriate or right
To think upon the theatre here tonight!
He looks around the theatre.
How can I find the path to fools deny?
The author of this manuscript is I.

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