

**"All Along the Watchtower"** by Bob Dylan (1967)

"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,  
"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.  
Businessmen, they drink my wine; plowmen dig my earth.  
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,  
"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.  
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate.  
So let us not talk falsely now; the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went: barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl.  
Two riders were approaching; the wind began to howl.

**"Ozymandias"** by Percy Shelley (1817)

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said — "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert ... Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal, these words appear:  
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."