

The Rusty Bells

See the monuments of rust
An autumn tone we've come to trust
And green patinas all about
On cupric statues large and stout
How it shines, shines, shines
The metal of our lives
Can look as though it's painted
But corrosion is not tainted
True artists all but lust
For the rust, rust, rust, rust
Rust, rust, rust
For the tinting and the glinting of the rust

See the tooling with its layers
It has answered all our prayers
There is no hesitation
Before passive oxidation
How it works, works, works
The ceramic coating's perks
Metal users dance in joy
When engineers wisely employ
Suitably robust crust
Made of rust, rust, rust, rust
Rust, rust, rust
For the utility and nobility of the rust

The Second Law (of entropy)
States that we will not be free
From the cracking and the grinding
And the breaking and the binding
How it fails, fails, fails
All the metal life entails
Cursed by the corrosion
Constant decay and erosion Engineering is a bust
Due to rust, rust, rust, rust
Rust, rust, rust
It's the torment and lament due to rust