

Living, Living as of Yet

BY

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Drinking, drinking since days long past
On a diet of plenty I ever fast
Night and day seem as one
My eye opens, my path not done

Eating, eating until i wake
From Sir-pents and Dollpox I must break
For my prizes I ever wait
I ever await my glorious fate

Tiring, tiring ever still
As beings of Earth eat their fill
My prizes and fate wholly depend
On how I meet my beautiful end