

The Council Of Loathing

MC Frontalot

After all I've done for the council,
They'd so soon be rid of me.

Give me a million meat I'll only squander it – promise
You –
Gambling, angling to shut down my entanglement. Honest
To
Goodness, wish I could quit The Kingdom,
Leave it. I'd sing like how you hear some people sing
When
They're happy about something, hearts bursting open.
But I find that each ascension, I get reborn holding
Tokens
Instead of gripping onto everlasting peace.
Level one and fighting rabbits. Nothing for a feast.
Nothing for the thirst. Armor is wack.
A familiar bar basement, turning off the tap
For the rats. Stocking up on gum and string.
Got a long life ahead, deja vu: what it may bring.
Yet I can't put it down till the crystal breaks,
And by that time I'm an old stick figure, got stakes
In the world as it stands, don't want to leave it,
But I must – because I plague it, as the council would
Conceive it.

Nuts to dyin'! I like lingering more.
Just because the councilmembers think the monsters are
A chore
And (just because I draw them into being) reach accord
That I should be banished? Yo I should be adored.
What's more, their monarch's liberty problem persists
If I don't take matters up into my fists,
My instruments and my cooking utensils,
And cease the sorceress's reprehensible dissemblance:
Make her show her sausage. Fight it with my wand.
Might sound a little dirty but the creatures like to
Spawn.
And if I adventure at all, I find a few before long.
Barely notice them now, I'm so sneaky and strong.
So the council requests I desist? I'm unwilling.
Take the basement to it's bottom 'fore I vanish. Am I
Still in
The Kingdom though tempted by plexiglass?
You could give me a million meat, it won't last.