

Tombstone Carousal

Ahab

Death to the living
Long life to the killers,
Success to sailor's wives
And greasy luck to whalers.

Crushed as the moth beneath thy hand
We moulder to the dust
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand
And all our beauty's lost.

This mortal life decays apace
How soon the bubble's broke
Adam and all his numerous race
Are Vanity and Smoke.

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