

Your time is near, the mission's clear
It's later than we think
Before you slip into the night
You'll want something to drink
Steal away before the dawn, and
Bring us back good news
But if you've tread in primal soup
Please wipe it from your shoes

Just then a porthole pirate
Scourged the evening with his cry
And sanctuary bugs deprived
The monkey of its thigh
A dust arose and clogged my nose
Before I could blink twice
Despite the stuff that bubbled up
I gave some last advice:

The flesh from Satan's dogs
Will make the rudiments of gruel

Deduct the carrots from your pay
You worthless swampy fool

Exploding then through fields and fen
And swimming in the mire
The septic maiden's gargoyle tooth
Demented me with fire
I drifted where the current chose
Afloat upon my back
And if perchance a newt slimed by
I'd stuff it in my sack

Soon I felt a bubble form, Somewhere below my skin
But with handy spine of hedgehog
I removed the force within
Suzie then removed her mask
And caused a mighty stir
The angry mob responded
Taking turns at grabbing her

The foggy cavern's musty grime
Appeared within my palm
I snatched Rick's fork to scrape it off
With deadly icy calm

The brothel wife then grabbed a knife
And slashed me on the tongue
I turned the blade back on the bitch
And dropped her in the dung]

The crowd meanwhile had taken Sue
And used her like a rag
To mop the slime from where the slug
Had slithered with the bag

In summing up, the moral seems

A little bit obscure...

Give the director a serpent deflector
A mudrat detector, a ribbon reflector
A cushion convector, a picture of nectar
A virile dissector, a hormone collector

Whatever you do take care of your shoes