

Guyute was the ugly pig  
Who walked on me and danced a jig  
That he had learned when he was six  
Then stopped and did some other tricks

Like pulling weapons from his coat  
And holding them against my throat  
He lectured me in a language strange  
And scampered quickly out of range

I'm bouncing like a newborn elf  
I can't remain inside myself  
Guyute glances in my eyes  
And manages to hypnotize

Me as I sleep the sleep of death  
He suck from me my only breath  
That I had breathed since I was ten  
I hope this happens once again