

From in the park,
Just after dark,
Came gasps of agony.
A common pin,
It did him in,
Was dipped in QVR.
From the left bank
She quickly sank
Into depravity.
She later died
Of suicide
From taking QVR.
With carving knives
They lost their lives,
Sent to eternity.
Who would suspect
A local sect
That pedalled QVR.
Who once was pretty,
Gay and witty,
A spirit wild and free,
Now lies half dead
Across the bed,
A slave to QVR.
Among the dead
Were listless Ned,
Aunt Glou Glou,
Lady Twee,
Little James,
The Woolly Flames,
Done in by QVR.
Ask not for whom
Was built this tomb
Which stands upon the sea,
But know inside
Lies one who died
From taking QVR.
While skipping past
A rail too fast
She perished clumsily.
What did she do
But fall into
A vat of QVR.