

Epilogue

William Control

So there he lies at the last
The deathbed convert
The pious debauchee
Could not dance half a measure could I?
Give me wine
I drain the dregs
And toss the empty bottle at the world
Show me our Lord Jesus in agony
And I mount the cross
And steal his nails for my own palms
There I go
Shuffling from the world
My dribble fresh upon a bible
I look upon a pinhead and I see angels dancing
Well, do you like me now
Do you like me now
Do you like me now?