

## 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?