

# Vile Are the Pains

## Funeral

Grow strong  
and learn to fly  
Do not for an instant  
consider  
the circling death above  
nor the slithering one  
below  
Soar and bask  
in your youth  
Many and vile  
are the pains on your path  
Blacksmith of fortune and fate,  
a cunning trickster,  
brings down the hammer  
with unexceeded might  
Mad and blind  
(Will you be crushed?) Better not ponder  
Follow the footprints  
Do not worry,  
you will always be caught  
if you fall...  
(...won't you?)

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