Cavern

BAASIK

Your time is near, the mission's clear
It's later than we think
Before you slip into the night
You'll want something to drinkSteal away before the dawn
And bring us back good news
But if you've tread in primal soup
Please wipe it from your shoesJust then a porthole pirate scourged
The evening with his cry
And sanctuary bugs deprived
A monkey of its thighA dust arose and clogged my nose
Before I could blink twice
Despite this stuff that bubbled up
I gave some last advice"The flesh from Satan's dogs will make
The rudiments of gruel
Deduct the carrots from your pay
You worthless swampy fool"Exploding then through fields and fen
And swimming in the mire
The septic maiden's gargoyle tooth
Demented me with fireI drifted where the current chose
Afloat upon my back
And if perchance a newt slimed by
I'd stuff it in my sackSoon I felt a bubble form
Somewhere below my skin
But with handy spine of hedgehog
I removed the force withinSuzie then removed her mask
And caused a mighty stir
The angry mob responded
Taking turns at grabbing herThe foggy cavern's musty grime
Appeared within my palm
I snatched Rick's fork to scrape it off
With deadly icy calmThe crowd meanwhile had taken Sue
And used her like a rag
To mop the slime from where the slug
Had slithered with the bagIn summing up, the moral seems
A little bit obscureGive the director a serpent deflector
A mudrat detector, a ribbon reflector
A cushion convector, a pitcher of nectar
A virile dissector, a hormone collectorGive the director a serpent deflector
A mudrat detector, a ribbon reflector

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A virile dissector, aGive the director a serpent deflector
A mudrat detector, a ribbon reflector
A cushion convector, a pitcher of nectar
A virile dissector, a hormone collectorWhatever you do
Take care of your shoes

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