

Guyute

Phish

Guyute was the ugly pig
Who walked on me and danced a jig
That he had learned when he was six
Then stopped and did some other tricks Like pulling weapons from his coat
And holding them against my throat
He lectured me in language strange
And scampered quickly out of range I'm bouncing like a newborn elf
I can't remain inside myself
Guyute glances in my eyes
And manages to hypnotize Me as I sleep the sleep of death
He sucks from me my only breath
That I had breathed since I was ten
I hope this happens once again

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