

Oh, butterflies, where doth thoust fly?
Oh, could it be into that eye?
That eye that doth appear to be
Lacking in lashes, yes, lash free?
For if this is the case, you see,
You'll harm that eye. No lash will be
The very reason for the harm.
Alas, the eye will lose its charm.
Or could it be the single flower,
That wings your flights at this late hour?
For if this lone bud fuels your calls,
Will just the one be enough for all ya'll?
Me thinks that some, your paths should change,
And check out why that moon's so strange.
What is that there? A burning witch?
A mosh pit tumbling, drunken wench?
And what of all those guys in back?
Climbing, climbing, are their name's Jack?
Me's not so sure that you all know
A' flying, flying, where to go.
But if you'd ask(I'm but a louse),
Do turn around. Fly to the house.
Me fears you'll end up bitter sweet;
For God sakes! Its a trap! Retreat!