

Ahab, Tombstone Carousal

Death to the living
Long life to the killers,
Success to sailor's wives
And greasy luck to whalers.
Crush'd as the moth beneath thy hand
We moulder to the dust
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand
And all our beauty's lost.
This mortal life decays apace
How soon the bubble's broke
Adam and all his numerous race
Are Vanity and Smoke.
Death to the living,
Long life to the killers,
Success to sailor's wives
And greasy luck to whalers.