Funeral, Vile Are The Pains

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 unexeeded 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?)

Half-chance is life and though the arrows missed you so far, your body remembers how to squirm, and your heart how to bleed