**On the Hunt and Entropy of Life**

*March 14, 2014*

Ah Gentle Game. Plant.

What Yield To My Gun. Bullet Bow Arrow Spear. Sickle Hoe Scythe.

Ah That Thee Die.

That I Might Live.

Thee Die.

And So To I.

Bequeath.

Another Breath Of Life.

So Doth Thee.

With Thy Flesh. Breath. Give To Me.

Thy Very Spirit. Soul.

To Reside Within My Own Clay Vessel.

As Thy Heart.

No Longer Beats.

Thy Blood Runs Cold.