Death’s Loan:

Each day you must thank death,

For gifting you your every breath,

From his chamber he loaned a skull,

A loan which must be paid in full.

Could one ask for a better deal?

Than to turn your soul into something real?

But beware, he won’t forget,

Until his terms at last are met.

A Damoclesian bargain,

For you to live life again,

Yet don’t have spite when at last he takes,

For he is as much the dirt who of life makes.