

Dead Men Do Tell Tales



“Dead men tell no tales,” a stranger said to me.

I laughed in his face and cried, “Oh! I say right back to thee,”

The dead tell tales that are widely known,

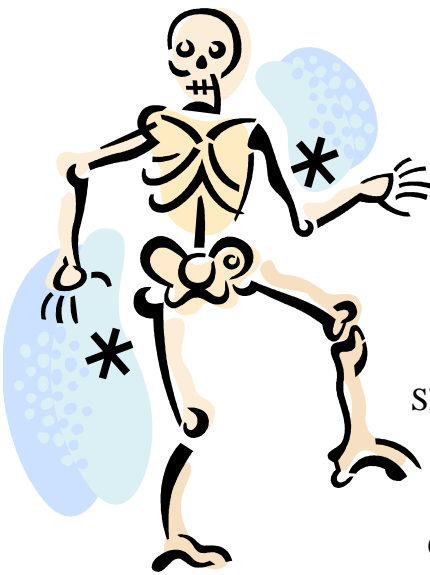
Like rich, dead kings who have long been dethroned.

And a man with a knife stuck in his head,

Told me of murder, how he suffered and bled.

And a man that was robbed of his money and killed,

Showed me his killer was cunning and skilled.



Or an old, old woman who was hit with a pan,

Showed me that her murderer actually ran!

The man with his lungs burned all the way through,

Showed me that he smoked and then had caught the flu.

Or that old pharaoh there, buried with silver and gold

Told me of battles and glory untold!

Or the one right there with the ugly façade,

Was splashed, and burned, with acid, it was really quite odd!

I know, I know! I’m carrying on!

When, you wonder, will I be gone?



Oh! I tell you I already am!

I was pushed from a cliff by an odd talking ram.

Why do you tremble with so much fright?

I'm very much dead, yes that is right!

Though I have come back, not to watch you cower and quail,

But I have come to tell you: Dead Men Do Tell Tales!

