

# Why I the merriest making

Stifle the mast, forever we adrift with the weight of I embedded within,  
Extract the mighty and rudderless existence would be nigh,  
The brevity of an adversity exposed into a normal being.

Royal subjects will not dwell,  
The storms of the waters will navigate with the merriest.  
When awry it goes,  
I will cascade into the deep fathoms lost and mast less,  
Never expose me bare.

The dying embers of a forgotten ocean foraged by the merriest making shattered.  
Desire can only be an essence one conceives.  
Stifle the mast, I will have no definition,  
Forever sauntered,  
My companion defeated; I would be conquered.  
I would never ponder upon a wonder,  
The power to banish one away upon a far ocean,  
I would be a product of the evil,  
I would be sane.

Fly I upon the far away,  
To ponder upon my wonders,  
Riddance would be incompetence.  
Never Expose me bare.

Now flow away,  
Flow away,  
My mast is upon high,  
Defeat me not,  
Crown me would be sane.

Once the deed is done,  
You will be defeated,  
My mast is upon high,  
Now my warning is made,  
Flow away now,  
Flow away.

Why I the merriest making,  
You for I the mightiest is me.

