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## To the Wicked, Death Speaks

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## To the Wicked, Death Speaks

Daniel Wright

Under the ground, or under the sea,  
 Somewhere, somewhen's waiting for thee.  
 There's a room you won't leave, or a bed you won't flee,  
 For somewhere, somewhen is waiting for thee.  
     Imagine what it's like, to have no eyes,  
     After flesh falls off, and all's eaten of flies.  
     Or would you rather still have them—with wood for your skies?  
     Either way it be dark, as all is that dies.  
 Maybe frame's ready-built, in wait to embrace;  
 Or the tree's not been cut, no timber defaced.  
 But the earth readies herself, preparing in haste  
 To carry you down, to our last proper place.  
     Listen to yourself describe being alive!  
     And you have the gall to beg not to die?  
     Do you want ten years? Take a hundred. My prize  
     Won't change; he's closer, every minute goes by!  
 Time's not your friend. Smash the clock—yes, I tried.  
 That dread hand won't stop approaching, I find.  
 The hand won't stop reaching, and reach us—no mind  
 Whether all broke and busted—it will, and well-timed.  
     The hour draws short, and our Doom comes his way.  
     You cower alone, but I'm prepared for the day.  
     Darkness eternal—fit, for shadows I array.  
     But no use, no fighting. For naught I display!

Under the ground, and under the tree,  
 Somewhere, someone's waiting for me.  
 My mock's over, it's done; we bend the same knee,  
 For somewhere, Someone is waiting for me.