



As far as reason goes,  
There's hope for mortals yet:  
When nothing is that knows,  
What is there to regret?  
Our consciousness depends  
On matter in the brain;  
When that rots out, and ends,  
There ends the hour of pain.

Let me die in a ditch,  
Damnably drunk,  
Or lipping a punk,  
Or in bed with a bitch!  
I was ever a hog;  
Dung? I am one with it!  
Let me die like a dog;  
Die, and be done with it!