

Lead Weight "Penetrator"

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Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! -
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And the Things are not same what they seem.

Life is real, Life is earnest!
And the grave is not it's goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest;
Was not spoken of the PENETRATOR!
PENETRATOR... ..

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end of way-ay-ay;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day-ay-ay

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
Our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the PENETRATOR!
PENETRATOR... ..

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing other life's and solemn main,
Forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take the heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fa-a-ate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to favor waiting PENETRATOR!
PENETRATOR... ..

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