

Skycamefalling "Vintage Whine"

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I'll paly Bacchus for the evening,
Pray, be seated, take your places
Should my manna seem displeasing,
Offend your airs and graces,
I've a list long as your arm,
(The connoisseur's selection)
Such bitter whines - a quaff of qualms,
Awaiting your inspections

The bubbles burst - this aint sham-pain
I've watched hopes wither on the vine
The fruits of labours toiled in vain
I reap soul-grapes at harvest time.

Anno 1999 - a classic year for Vintage Whine.

Since it's drawn - I must sup the cellarage of sorrow
Yet fate refills my tarnished cup each time I drain the
dregs
Their poison cannot kill me - new strength from it I'll
borrow
My maudlin is a caudle that would fill a thousand kegs.

Here's one for the road - afore ye go
Drink deep sweet lads and lasses
Those blighted crops you gladly sow
Shall one day fill your glasses
Brood for decades - pure hate distilled
Then bottled up much longer
Revenge - a draught I'll serve you chilled,
When time has made it stronger

Non-cordial - it's bile bouquet.
Laments ferment the patience schnapps
Cask full of mulled futile dismay
My well-aged-rage - you 've turned the taps

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