

## The Stone

### "Friends"

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I likes to eat my friends  
And make no bones about it  
I likes to eat my friends  
I couldn't do without it  
Ain't a man or poet, friend  
I know just how you'll taste  
Your limbs go sliding down my throat  
And never go to waste

Your death of course, will sadden me  
Until I grok your essence  
I know your life was not in vain  
When digestion is commencing  
Consider this a celebration  
And the deepest pact of friends  
And I hope that you will dine on me  
When I come to an end

Even friends may come to you  
With a new found revelation  
But think of it as life renewed  
And not their termination  
"To know you is to eat you,"  
Should be the code of lovers  
Death brings the highest act of love  
Preserved for one another

People say that what you are  
Is only what you eat  
And my friends become a part of me  
Oh it's then that life's complete  
To know you is to eat you  
The act of love supreme  
Each one of us inside himself  
Can appetise the dream

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