A flood of warm sweat Comes over you Without a warning There's nothing to do Panting in the heat Spoiled milk, rotten teeth Scratching at you The relentless hot-hot Human thrash Incurable condition Burn up, Burn up Broken down It doesn't take much To drift in and out Saliva scalds, oozing out Such a quick temper Soon to meet... ha ha You best be careful Or you might catch your death Turn into fever You're the receiver