A fume of smoke, a perfumed rain

A strong bull pulls a strong till

A fume of smoke, a fume

I cannot digest what I ingest in jest. what doth I protest?

Lungs in throat, rigged with wire and hay

A jewel from rote, shines strongs as binds

Our jewel from rote, a jewel

Tied with wire hay, pressed in rock and clay. 'til their not the

Cartoon of self, rich in yes and no, no, yes, and no, no

A strong bull tills the strong soil

Amused of self, amused

First born will be eve and second shed Rebecca and third bred K eturah

Fourth birthed is Sarah, fifth fifth fifth will be Judith, sixt h sixth left us basemith, seventh seventh truthful Ruth, and eighth, oh, it's my turn