

Flurg might, herring bite!

Unsplit log may meet, with axe shall greet
Call upon the pyre, to feast transpire
Bird aflight too close, solved napkin woes
Widen sleeve, knife for each hand to thief
Arm of empty mug upheave, stand to cleave
Wipe down with moss, a drink to blood-loss
Must the ante up,
Drink offers of the offering cup
To humans be, a fate of glee the amputee