

The Throne

1

Saved by Grace, by Grace ye sit
In Divine respite from toil and sweat
For He giveth thus, each one thine own
Thy allotted time upon The Throne.

2

As cheeks ensconced on porcelain freeze,
From feetid aeries Judgement's squeezed.
Tween twats or testes, taints proceed
To mete out sentences decreed.

3

Thy amber grog with loo cakes brown,
Force-fed each time thy gabel sounds
To knaves and blackguards, tarts and twits,
Fish-shrews, fops, and cutpursettes.

4

With reverence wipe, then flush in prayer;
Of tank-less chamber pots beware.
And now and then take pause, perchance,
To reflect upon Thy recompense:

5

In Defecation, so in Death.
Thy noble titles are bereft.
We all are Musketeers bare bummed.
One Throne for all and all for One!