

Orientation

Fill the halls with howls of folly
Say you're having fun
Don't complain about it loudly
Or we'll say you're done

Wend your way through feast and famine
Look death in the eye
Chase dreams you're not made of
And then prepare to die

The joys and sorrows you remember
From a simpler time
Will each become a dying ember
In the current clime

All your tears will come to nothing
Ashes be your fate
But show us good cheer dear fellow
Lest we slam the gate

(Set roughly to the tune of
'tis the season to be jolly
but more as a dirge)