

Sting, Friends

Written by andy summers

I likes to eat my friends
And make no bones about it
I likes to eat my friends
I couldn't do without it
Ain't a man or poet, friend
I know just how you'll taste
Your limbs go sliding down my throat
And never go to waste

Your death of course, will sadden me
Until I grok your essence
I know your life was not in vain
When digestion is commencing
Consider this a celebration
And the deepest pact of friends
And I hope that you will dine on me
When I come to an end

Even friends may come to you
With a new found revelation
But think of it as life renewed
And not their termination
"to know you is to eat you,"
Should be the code of lovers
Death brings the highest act of love
Preserved for one another

People say that what you are
Is only what you eat
And my friends become a part of me
Oh it's then that life's complete
To know you is to eat you
The act of love supreme
Each one of us inside himself
Can appetise the dream