

A New Apprentice

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The Sith and the Emperor went on a tour
In a flashy bright red car.
They took some guns, and things that could kill,
And they wrapped them all up in their robes.
The Sith yelled out to the protesting crowd
With a brandished a weapon or two,
“You dissenting fools, you dissenting fools,
Disperse or I’ll cut you in three,
In three,
In three!
Disperse or I’ll cut you in three.”

Emperor said to the Sith, “You brilliant Dark Jedi!
How perfect your threats seem to be.
My apprentice to be, will you please come with me.”
He said, “But there’s no room for me?”
They traveled away, the very next day,
To the land of Dark Force and gin.
And there in a shrine, his first apprentice would dine,
Unaware he that was about to die,
To die,
To die,
Unaware he that was about to die.

“Apprentice do not really try, you are going to die,
Take your life,” said the Sith, “Yes I will.”
So he took it away, with a grandiose blade,
Twenty times it would strike for the kill.
He would take his place, at the Emperor’s base,
And follow and practice his will.
A new Master and Apprentice, a moment so momentous,
Growing every so slightly in power,
In power,
In power,
Growing every so slightly in power.