

The Fower Horsemen o the Apocalypse.

Do you think I'm joking?

“Tell me, is that thunder, that poundin that I hear?
It's soondin ever looder and I'm shair it's drawin near.”
“Alas, alack, ma laddie, I think we've had oor chips!
Ye're hearin the Fower Horsemen o the Apocalypse!”

“But what can they be wantin? Dae they mean us ony herm?
An should we juist ignore then, or soond a lood alairm?”
“It's red alert, ma laddie, they've caught us on the hop.
There is nae place o safety, an I doot we're for the chop!”

“I hear them getting closer! Is there nuthin we can dae?
If we coorie doon an hide they'll maybe turn an gaun away.”
“There is nae yuis in hidin, sae dinnae be an erse!
Their mission's the destruction o the hale damn universe!”

And then they were upon us, fower horsemen dark an grim,
an we tensed for the explosion that wuid tear us limb frae limb.
But they passed by in a hurry, an rade on wi nae herm done,
an yin smiled, sayin, “Dinnae worry, this is juist a practice run!”