Coloured as a maiden tweaked, Time was naught when I began; Through the garden I was sneaked, I alone am the fall of man.

A golden girl sits in the darkness, But her hair hangs out in the sunlight.

In marble halls as white as milk, Lined with a skin as soft as silk, Within a fountain crystal-clear, A golden apple doth appear. No doors there are to this stronghold, Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

*You eat something you neither plant nor plow. It is the son of water, but if water touches it, it dies.* 

It is said among my people that some things are improved by death. Tell me, what stinks while living, but in death, smells good?

A warrior amongst beauty bears a thrusting sword. Able and ready to use, He guards this golden hoard.





