**Palpitating Pages**

Laying dejected in some unfathomed realm,

Decked with a soot-smeared countenance;

I clamour to the world of sapiens to helm:

Their annihilating miseries and crafty pretence.

I was repudiated for my hindrance,

My pages art confined to my leitmotif;

Not as that thou sustain on thy carpus or that thy glance,

That tethers thee to any remote cliff.

The world sensed their revolutionary claim,

They subdued us to augment their fame.

My allies were scorched, when their voice, they raised,

Our pages of myriad gen were strewn apart.

But our preaching canst never be effaced,

Even upon apocalypse, our eternality will stay intact.