

*Oh, great was the sin of my spirit,  
And great is the reach of its doom;  
Not the pity of Heaven can cheer it,  
Nor can respite be found in the tomb:  
Down the infinite aeons come beating  
the wings of unmerciful gloom.*

*Thro' the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber,  
Past the wan-moon'd abysses of night,  
I have liv'd o'er my lives without number,  
I have sounded all things with my sight;  
And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak,  
being driven to madness with fright.*

*H. P. Lovecraft*

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THE CIRCLE UNDONE

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