**DREAM**

Kiss Of Dusk Be Gifts Yet

Another Velvet Death

As Quiet Room Of Night Grants

Gift Of Nameless Couch

Dark To All Ray Of -----

Breath Of Day

And All Acclaim

One In Another

Timeless Life

That Met

Who Knows What Precious

Visage Scribes Of

Joy Love Guile Guilt

As Dreams One

More Unfold

One Mine Voice Cry’s Out

Dare One Behind Such

Rapture Bold

Taste Cold Taste

Of Fear

Of That What Slumbers

Neath The Veil

To Tears

As What One Must Long

To Be And See

Once One More Pleas

Into The Pool Of Want

And Need Strikes Spray

To Tinder Nurtures

Sled Of All

That One Holds

Dear

A Thousand Blinds

A Thousand Deaths

Countless Seeps

Beyond The Silver

Door

That Beckons Me To

Know To See

Yet Holds Perhaps

The Horror Of

Portrait Of

One’s Distaste

What Lies

At Ease To Rise

Once More

And Wrap Ones

Soul And Heart

With Greif

From Ancient Days Of Yore

From Agony Of

Old Regret

Remorse For

Deeds Of Might Have Been

Sad Songs Of

Music Of The Void

That Flow From

Loss Before

Nay Draw Not Back

From Such As This

Embrace The Train

Of Those Who

Hear Sands Grasp

And Taste The

Fruit Of Sleep

As So It Goes

For Minds Grant Mine

Of Real And True

Such Spinning Train

True Of What

It Means To

Know

To View The Cosmic

Ethos Vast

Beyond All Space

And Time

Breathe Deep

Of Such

Soul’s Legacy

Reprise Of

I

And

Thine

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*Portland to Anchorage*

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