**Space and Time**

*May 8, 2013*

Say might all Space and Time give way.

To will wish decree of mine.

From Throne ore all I hold all sway.

Save ore the precious love for I of thine.

Be so my Heart be sad and dead.

Nor hear I Birds of Love trill and sing.

A pall upon my tragic life and head.

Mere Crown of thorns for I as King.

For devoid of thy gentle grace.

Nor I to share your bed touch trust and mind.

All Triumph Joy with Dark Despair be so replaced.

Wine of life so sour.

Grapes withered. Died on the Vine.

All Midas Gold Scepter of Power Yea all One might wish for yea have and be.

No more than shells and husks of life gone bye shall I know loss of Thee.