**Death Bowed**

*September 3, 2014*

Death Bowed. Smiled.

With Gentle Voice Offered A Silken Hand.

Whispered Pray May Thee Grant To Dark Ambassador Of Fate.

But This One Last Dance.

I Come To Waltz Thee To A Promised Land.

Will Thee Heed My Call Perchance.

Note Flow Of Nous Sands Through Life's Hour Glass.

For Thy Cosmic Clock Has Ticked And Tocked.

Thy Tides Of Self Gone Slack.

Time Thy Heartbeat Breath Minds Spark Fade Whither Stop.

There Be No Going Back. Face Face Of Done.

Set Of Thy Sun.

Gelid Over Attack.

It Be Thy Witching Time.

Say I. Reaper.

Thee Reap Not Today.

For I Care Not To Die.

Though Thy Sing Of Winter Chill.

Still Band Doth Play.

I Pirouette And Step Light Step Of Vibrant Soul.

Embrace The I Of I.

For Death Be Birth.

Birth Be Death.

Two Imposters.

Wraiths. Mere Mirage Of The Mind.

No Being Lives. Dies.

But Mere Shape Shifts. Drifts.

From Cusp To Cusp.

When Self. Thought.

Being So Think. Cede.

Indeed. All Is. Was. Will Be.

Combine.

Say Might Thee Mors Perchance Parceive Rare If Of If.

If Such Be So.

Forebear To Seek My Soul.

Embrace Not.

Me In Thy Dark Cold Arms.

Spare This Pilgrim Thy Winsome Wares And Strgian Charms.

Pray Might Thee Stay Thy Call For One More Song.

Just One More Tune. For Now.

Alas. Too Soon Too Soon.

The Chimes Have Bare Chimed High Noon.

Pray Heed My Prayer.

Seek Hand. Body. Spirit Clay Vessel.

To Dance Thy Dance.

That Be Not Mine.

Pray Might Thee Be So Kind.