**Demons of Maintenaux**

*November 15, 2014*

Alas Maintneaux Moment.

Once More.

Nouveau Angst Of Truth.

Closes In.

With Atman Wraiths.

Ghosts Goblins Ghouls Of Past.

What Storm.

Once More.

My Spirit Tower Ramparts Moat.

Ah. Then. My Soul With Cries Of Cruel Anguish Dolor.

Solicitude. Woe Disquietude.

Misery Malaise Sorrow Pain.

Doth Ask. Why For.

Thee Savage Beasts.

Devils Of The Past.

Still Haunt. Torment Me.

Dance. Gambol.

With Demonic Jig Reel Step.

In My Spirit Masters Head.

So Sure I Know I Long Since.

Smote Killed Buried Thee.

Cruel Dark Enemies Of Being.

Vanquished. Over. Gone.

Cold. Mort. Dead.

Not So. Say Demons Of Mind Spirit Heart.

For We Immortal Be.

Say Never Die.

We Live. Where Bye.

Lay Seeds Of Thy.

New Musings Deeds.

We Once More Be.

Conceived. Sprout. Start.

Ah Therein Lays The Lie.

For Pneumas Inner Grace.

Peace. Tranquility.

Be Hostage Not To Old Fore Sworn Fears Tears Sins Acts Long Forgiven.

Done. But Rather Thoughts Of Transgressions.

What Now May Pierce Thy Mantle Of Integrity.

Despoil Sanctity.

Of Present Truth Of I Of I.

Thereby Thy Reckoning.

Of Ledger Of The Soul.

Be Tallied. Scribed.

So Must Thy Pure Crufix Of Self.

Once More. In Such Witching Hour.

Of Thy Quiddity. Sprout. Bloom. Flower.

So Such Mephistophelian Specters Of Thy Nous.

With Thy Store Of Inner Grace.

Legacy Of Thy Quantum Step Cross Time And Space.

Dispell. Belie. From Out Ethereal Night Of Thy Atmans Now.

Treasure Of Fair Vestal Human Virtue.

Thy Pure Moral Quintessence Of The Soul.

Once More.

Take Wings.

Take Flight.

So Soar.

So Fly.