**Hades of Self**

*December 4, 2014*

Looks Like I Am Rolling Down Dark Rotten Certain Road To Hell. If You Knew Half The Things I Have Thought Or Done.

Of All Of Which I Will Not Speak Nor Ever Tell.

Your View Of Me Perchance Be Most Assuredly Undone.

Alas I Fear Unmask Of Soul To Come.

For Mark. Angst Of Sins Against Sister Brother Of The Self. Never Fade. Ne'er Die Within Ones Book Of Life Forever Scribed.

So Too Those Fateful Atman

Wounds Of Lies.

What By A Thousand Cuts Of False Verity Thy Sprit Dies.

Ah That By Will Of Cleanse So Sparked By Inner Shame And Fear.

I Turn Back Time.

Spin Hands Of Cosmic Clock Counter Cross The Years.

Undo Those Evil Deeds.

Unthink Those Evil Thoughts.

Take Back Stygian Arrows Slings.

What Sprung From Nest Of Foolish Mind.

Sundry Non Meaning Things. What I Must Reluctantly Embrace As Mine.

But No. No Grant Of Grace.

Nor Dispensation Of Such

To Be. For One As Me.

Alas Perchance. By True Goodness Of My Few Remaining Beats And Breaths.

Before I From This Bourne Fly To Eager Arms Of Death.

Such Abominations Of My Nous I So Erase.

Or So. Or So.

Damned. Damned.. Damned.

I Be.

For All Of Time And Space.

By Such Self Sacra Religious Remorse Regret Fear Shame Of Memory.

Condemned To Hades Of Self. For All Eternity.