**I of I**

*November 14, 2014*

Alas The Moment Closes In.

With Atman Wraiths Goblins Ghouls Of The Past.

What Storm Once More My Spirit Towers Ramparts Moat. Ah.

Then. My Soul With Cries Of Cruel Angst Pain Doth Ask.

Why For Thee Still Torment Me.

Dance. Gambol.

In My Masters Head.

So Sure I Know I Long Since Smote Killed Buried Thee.

Enemies Of Being Vanquished. Over. Gone.Cold. Mort. Dead.

Not So Say Demons Of Mind Spirit Heart.

For We Immortal Be.

Say Never Die.

Where By 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 What Now May Pierce Thy Mantle Of Integrity.

Despoil Sanctity Of Present Truth Of I Of I.