**One’s Moral Ark**

*November 4, 2014*

What Seek My Soul From Out The Night.

From Dark Portal Of Birth.

To Deaths Sweet Velvet Door.

Sharp Jaws Of Greed. Lust. Pride.

Hate. Anger. Rage. Vanity. Hunger. Revenge.

What Chew. Feast. Feed.

Upon My Nous. Quiddity.

Alas I So Rebuff. Resist. Still Then.

On. On. Again. Again.

They So Buffet With Mean Gelid Storm.

Raw Winds.

Very Stuff Of Such A Fool As Me.

Within. Maelstrom Of Entropy.

So Must I Gird My Loins.

Of Righteousness.

Cloak Of Morality.

Shore Up Ramparts Of My Beings Grace.

Portico. Tower. Moat. Portcullis.

Human Quintessence Gate. Of Anima.

For Each Day Brings New Assault.

Perils Of Fate.

As I So Fly Long Cosmic Path.

Cross Void. Of Endless Time.

Boundless Ethereal Space.

Yet Matter Not.

How Be. Shots. Slings. Arrows. Cuts. Blows. Wounds. Knife Thrusts.

What Rend. My Fragile.

Mind Spirit Heart.

With Armour Of Self Faith. Self-Trust.

Atman Allegiance To My Inner Creed.

Indeed. I Be. Impervious.

To All Such Devils Army Of The Dark.

Necrotic Pneuma Sticks. Rocks. Stones.

Temptation Of Stygian Sorcerers Evil Wiles.

Yield Not To Spell.

Of Black Deadly Arts. Call I.

Upon. Strength. Arms. Solace.

So Stored. Safe. In.

Chamber Of My Moral Ark.