PRIDE OF MORS.

November 17, 2014

Am I Up Or Am I Down. Am I In Or Out. Do I Play High King

Or Lowly Clown. What Is Life About. Does Birth Whisper. Toll. Trumpet.

Clarion. Sound. Where Soul Road Begins. Door Open To Rare Joys. Bourne Of

Now. Or Rather Mark A Trails Glad End. Say Pray Thee Tell Me How. If Death

Be Proud. Terminal. Fini. No Mas. Where. Why. When. Does Ones Soul So Fly.

Perchance. As Ancient Oracles So Sing. As Bell Of Over Rings. Beyond The

Ethereal Sky. If So. So Lays . Thereby. The Rub. Doth Mark The Lye. Rare

Cosmic Jesters Riddle. Joke. If So. Rejoice At Sufferings Loss. Pray. Thee At A

Birth So Cry. For Natal Passage To This Veil Of Tears. Consigns One To Yoke.

Of Wheel. Shovel. Hoe. Syche. Rake. Hammer. Plow. Kaleidoscope. Of Woe.

Storms. Of Beast Burden Toil. Of Mine. Field. Factory. Mill. Saw Axe Line Soil.

Blow. Pain. Agony. Of Entropy Across The Years. Cruel Winds. Sleet. Rain.

Drive Thee To Sanctuary. Velvet Cave Of Death. Of Lash. Whip. Strikes. Of

Life. Set Free. Bereft. Say So. May Mors Laugh. Death Be Proud. Be Proud. Be

Proud.