**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 Joy 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 Bell Of Over Rings.

As Ancient Oracles Sing.

Beyond Ethereal Sky.

If So Say. 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.

Beast Burden Toil.

Of Mine Field. Factory.

Mill Saw Axe Line Soil.

Blow Pain

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.