**Self-Entropy**

*July 6, 2014*

Fate Is A Meal All Men Must Eat.

Fame Is A False Repast.

Honor A Most Enigmatic Treat.

Shame Nere To Fade Or Pass.

Say How Your Di Be Cast.

Will You Rise. Soar. Fly.

Ore The Mountain Tops.

Gather The Spoils To Thy Breast.

Rise. Rise. Ne’er To Stop.

Ere Flush With Crown Of Success.

Or Will Thee Heed The Siren Call.

Of Those Vain Wraiths Of Bright Vanity Lights.

Drawn To The Flame.

As A Tragic Moth

So Embrace Ego Sad Faith.

Trip. Stumble. Fall.

As Thee Wander Alone In The Night.

Say Be Thee So As Thy Own Hand Would Decree.

So Guide Thy Course From Births Door To Death.

For As One Drifts Through Vast Endless Sea Of Raw Entropy.

One Captains. Charts. Masters.

Thy Own Course.

Thy Own Selfs.

Certain An Sure Cosmic Path.