**Waltz of Moros**

*September 5, 2014*

Death Smiled. Bowed. Offered A Silken Hand. With Gentle Voice.

Whispered Pray May Thee Grant.

To Dark Ambassador Of Fate.

But This One Last Dance.

I Come To Waltz Thee To A Promised Land.

Will Thee Heed My Call Perchance.

Note Flow Of Nous Sands

Through Life's Hour Glass.

For Thy Cosmic Clock

Has Ticked And Tocked.

Thy Tides Of Self Gone Slack.

Time Thy Heartbeat Breath

Minds Spark Fade Whither Stop.

There Be No Going Back.

Face Face Of Done.

Set Of Thy Sun.

Gelid Over Attack.

It Be Thy Witching Time.

Say I. Reaper.

Thee Reap Not Today.

For I Care Not To Die.

Though Thy Sing Of Winter Chill.

Still Lifes Festive Band Doth Play.

I Pirouette And Step

Light Step Of Vibrant Soul.

Embrace The I Of I.

For Death Be Birth.

Birth Be Death.

Two Imposters. Wraiths.

Mere Mirage Of The Mind.

No Being Lives. Dies.

But Mere Shape Shifts.

Drifts. From Cusp To Cusp.

When Self. Thought. Being.

So Think. Cede. Indeed.

All Was. Is. Will Be. Combine.

Say Might Thee Mors Perhaps Perceive.

I Be Not This Day.

Thy Destined Helpless Prey.

Take Thy Leave.

Take Note I Be.

Not Now Of Thee.

Say Hold Thy Touch Of Dark Journey.

Beyond This Vale

To Cold Narrow Room Of Clay.

Earth Vessel Of Atman Transformed.

To Distant Realm And Bourne.

Say Thy Sting So Stay.

Rare If Of If.

If Such Be So.

Forebear To Seek My Soul.

Embrace Not.

Me In Thy Dark Cold Arms.

Spare This Pilgrim

Thy Winsome Wares And Stygian Charms.

Pray Might Thee

So Pause Thy Call

For One More Song.

Just One More Tune.

For Now. Alas. Too Soon Too Soon.

The Chimes Have Bare Chimed High Noon.

Pray Heed My Prayer.

Seek Another Body.

Spirit Earthen Vessel.

To Dance Thy Dance.

That Be Not Mine.

Pray Thee Ancient Spector of Demise.

Grey Harvester Of Life.

Pray Might Thee Be So Kind.

Afford One Taste Of Gentle Mercy.

Spare For This Brief Moment. Mine.