VERITY OF I.

Alas I Not Whip Up

An Angst Woe Fear Pie.

Bake Up A Self Hatred Cake.

Sound Alarm For Nous Falling Sky.

Cry At Dark Looming Fates.

For Only Fear Is Fear Itself.

Doom Be Spawned By Gloom.

Ones Life Be Toppled.

By Cracked Shattered Self.

Ones Horror At High Noon.

Rather I Might Embrace My I Of I.

Draw Sustenance From My Soul.

Where Shines From Out Any Raw Pall Of Night.

The Light.

What N'er E'er Flickers. Dies.

Burns Flame. Coals.

Of Being.

What N'er E'er Fade.

Grow Cold.

For In This Ethereal Voyage Cross Endless Time. Trackless Space.

Möbius Path Of Entropy.

All What Matters.

Be Faith. Grace.

In Verity Of I.

Felicity Of Me.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/22/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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