**DEATH LAMENT DE SEVENTY BELOW**

Hello Again.

Old Blanca Silent.

Siren Death Friend.

Life La Vie Foe.

Cruel Unforgiving.

Merciless. Relentless.

Mort Touch Of Seventy Below.

It Seems Like Such A Long Long Time.

Maybe Ten Or So Years Ago.

Since Mercury Froze.

You Broke Dead Cold Bottom Line.

Now My Cheechako

Foolish Ways

Bravado.

Rash. Brash. Bold.

Have Brought Me

To North Country Freezing Dying Time.

Can't Feel My Feet.

Hands Mere Blocks Of Ice.

Heart Bare Beats.

Mind. Thoughts. Slow.

Went Through False Crust Death Trap Of Overflow.

Eyes Ice Sealed Tight.

Mere Hint. Dim Moon Glow .

Of Frost Shuttered Sight.

A Fool To Mush Alone At Night.

I Hear That North Death Wind Cry Moan Blow.

Tried. To Build A Fire.

Flint Sparked. Tinder Failed.

Flame Flickered. Waned.

Snuffed Out. Died.

Looks Like Termini. .

End Of The Trail.

As Mort Curtain.

Dark Veil.

So Soon To For E'er Fall.

Blind. Shut. Close My Eyes.

Hello Old Foe.

Seventy Below.

I Scoffed.

Laughed.

At Thee.

At North Country Fickle Ides Of Fate.

Say Now I Hear That Cold Death Wind Blow.

Succumb To Dark Moros Deadly Chill Breath.

Of All Life Hope Bereft.

Step Through Northland.

Thanatos White Cold Killing Gate.

Behold North Country Quiet Cold Fatal Frigid Fini Face.

Embrace Mystic Bourne.

Realm. Void. Nouveau. State.

What E'er Cross Algid Gelid Portal.

My Soul Awaits.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1/20/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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