**MENDACITY PROMISE DE PSYCHIC DISCONTENT**

Looking Back At Mournful Looking Back.

At When I Had It All.

Before My World Turned Deep Blue Cold Black.

Before I Harkened To

That Fatal Siren Call.

Of Lust For What Was Not. Hunger For Might Have. Been.

Covet For That Fools Gold Hollow Lot.

Dark Jesters Taste

Wormwood Quaff Of Sin.

Smoked A Pipe Of Avarice.

What Ne'er Be Ones Need Greed Sate.

For Wanting Means Not More Or Less.

To Spirit Being Soul So Destined Fate.

So So My Quiddity So Beset.

With Mort Curse De Remorse Regret.

So So Alas It Came To Pass.

My Quintessence Went.

With Such Raw Myopic Foolishness.

Forfeit To Cruel Raw Elixir De Mendacity.

Promise Of Psychic Discontent.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

*3/2/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Three AM.*

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