**PRIVATE SOUL GOD**

Sometimes. As Time Rolls By.

I Wonder Why.

I Wonder Why.

La Vie.

Music Has To Die.

For Life Be But A Symphony.

What All The World Doth Know. To What Strains.

De Blessed Entropy.

Soul Of I And Thee Waltz For Eternity.

Till Cusp Day We So Behold.

Face Of Our Private God.

What Doth Await Our Spirit Touch.

Say Too We Be Blessed By Rare Visage.

Of So And Thus And Such.

What Calls Us Home To Fickle Mirage.

Of Clown Jester Death.

At Final Beat. Breath.

Say Not. Say Not.

Fini. True Dead.

Nor Done Over Bourne.

But Say. Renewed.

Reborn.

Say I. As Say Voice Of Being So Ever Said.

Not To Cease.

But Rather Embrace.

All That Lyes Ahead.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 8/8/ 17.*

*Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.*

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