**SIREN CALL TO NEXT**

The Siren Call To Next.

One Dare Not Heed.

Taps On My Soul Window Pane.

A Simple Step.

Noose. Caress.

Razor Touch.

Trigger Pull.

Lead Missive To The Brain.

Deep Quaff Of Wormwood.

To Chill Kill.

Old Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Spooks. Wraiths.

Of Would. Could. Should.

From Wasted Days

Of When.

I Bathed My Every Thought In Sin. Indeed.

Doth Such Black Thoughts Compel.

One To Take The Plunge.

To Quell.

All Angst Woe Pain.

The Reaper Jester Smiles.

With Hollow Pledge.

Veiled Eyes.

Avec Soft Voice

Of Chicanery Speaks.

With Trojan Plight.

All Torment. Turmoil. Trial.

Now Here Be Gone.

No More Remorse Regret.

Haunt At Each Beat Breath.

Done Over Left.

So Cries To One As I.

Move On. Sail On.

On Ghost Mind Ship

Of Self Hand Wrought Death.

Cross Thanatos Sea.

Of Mort Tranquility.

To Mirage De Port Of Placidity.

All Quiet Calm.

De Of All Cares Bereft.

Implores. Commands. Abandon Thy Fate As Mortal Man.

Embrace The Harpies Song.

What Calls To Thee.

With Velvet Mendacity.

Of Grace. And Peace.

Say May Thee Mere Will Thy Being Cease.

But Say My Intrepid Soul.

So Too.

Whispers. Calls.

Not Yet. Not Yet.

Such Sod Roofed Narrow Room.

Dirt Crypt Tomb.

Kiss Of Root Rot Worm.

My Clay Vessel Of Pneuma Know.

By Such Foolish Path.

So Still Thy Mind Lungs Heart.

By My Own Choice Depart.

Fini. De. La Vie. Embrace.

For I Have Mas Mas Years To Live.

So Much To Give.

Leagues To Go.

Not Yet To Step

To Unknown Bourne.

Still Persevere.

Stride On. Stride On.

From Out This Dark Night.

At Self’s New Dawn.

Behold The Healing Light.

Of My Essa Sun.

My Inner Song.

Doth Sing.

Bell Of Moi Atman Ring.

Life Be Still.

Filled With Promise. True. Pure. Right.

Flame Of My I Of I.

Once More Spark Kindle Flare.

Soar To Grand Nouveau Heights.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 7/12/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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