**ASLEEP**

Each Night One Dies

Tor Rise Anew Each Morn

Gone With Each Mornings Racing Breath

With Dawn Again Reborn

Yet What Is Awake

What Is Sleep

What Which In The Day

What Doth My Spirit Garden Keep

From Whence My Thoughts Of Life

Tales Sleep

And What Morn Paints To Say

That Night Is Filled With

Foolish Dreams

While Dawn Brings Safe

To Madness Slumber

May What Is Now Be Gone

Bereft One Knows

Upon Mysterious

Door

Or Shall I Simply

Soldier On

As Time Laughs

At To Be Before

I Smile And Tip My

Hat To All

Trundle On My Way

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