Sometimes Each Morn The

Specters In My

Spirit Mirror

Peer Back And Gaze

Into My Soul

Call To My Mind

The Fears Terrors

Of All The Years

What Chill By

Heart And Make

My Blood Run Cold

Have To Cast Out

The Demons

Know Peace Sins Of Faith

Excuse All I Have

Seen

Doth And Been

Cry To The Heavens

Yea Beseech

Pray The Bright

Of Many May

Come And Thaw

The Sun Will Greet

My Soul With

Calm And Joy

Quiet

The Day Will Hold A Life

Of Grace

Because Those Goblins

Ghosts Cacaw Of

The Night

I Rejoice Evermore

My Self Have Faith

In What I Am

Know See Have

Done Will Do

The I Of I Want

Lies Within

So Many Each Mirror Of They Self So

Cast For You

A Redeeming Portrait Of Thyself

As Day Begins

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*On Bar Napkins*

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