**SUCCESS**

The Grail So Dear

So Long Pursued

Safe In One’s Arms

At Last

So Why Must Still

The Break Of Dawn

Harkin To

The Ache And Pain

And Chafe

Of Void Of Meaning

Death Of Joy And Hope

Punching Of Pain

As Though One’s Soul

As Once Again Awake

Startled In The Darkness Spoke

One’s Spirit Known The Pain

Vision Perhaps

Of Futile Quest

Yes Pointless Strife

To Seek And Strive And Do

Miracle Of Have Had And Done

Folly Of Those Fickle Few

Who Heed And Sup On Summer’s Seed

Rejoice From Sun To Sun

Believe The Word Embrace Their

State Of Grace

Pay Homage To A Path

Ordained By Chosen One

Yet Live With Sight

Turned In Deaf To

Their Blasphemy

The Wake Their Deeds

Cast And Foot Prints

The Vessel Wrought

With Mourners

Of Self Need

And What They Have

Become

Through Veil Of Ego Id

Naught Seeing

But Castles In The

Sands Of Life

Flames Fragile In The

Winds So Rife

With Hollow Accords

Self Praise For One

Therein The Choice

The Gordian Knot

Dance And Call And Lie

Grace Wheel Of Chance

Pursue Old Ghost

Of What Might Be

Covet Sight Of

Mountain Top

And Shining Sea

Or Alas

Beguiled In Stupor

Mystic Fog Of No

Embark Sad Complacency

Or Heed Ardor

Call And Promise

Of The Trek

And Trying

Ask And Pursue The

What How

And Where And Why

Live And Do And

Know What Comes

Or As The Knave

Who Wanders There

In Hopeless Doom

And Dark Despair

At Strife Of Life

From Craddle To

The Grave

Census To Be

Lays Down

And Dies

Therein The Choice

And Gordian Knot

Dance And Call And Lie

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