**26**

Awake Say I From Dream And Bed

Birth Of Awaken Life

To Drink The Mead Of Spirits Weed

So Say My Heart And Soul. Its Said

That One Knows From

Cradle To The Grave

Naught But Woe And Strife

Yet Say I Perchance It So

That Slumber Doth Still Embrace

My Mind In Soft Delphos Glow

Such Cast Before My Eyes As Though

Vale Curtains Grave To Grave

Yes Opiate Of Fame And Creed

Casts Shadow On The Light

Smother Precious Bud And Seed

Soft Bars Of My Plight

Prisoner Of The Night

Yet Still Old Sol May Rise True

Know True Dawn Of Day

Sweet Beam Of Knowledge

Trill Of My Beings Lairs

Shine Call Until Owe As I Who

Is Trapped And Bound Break Way

Set Free From Dark Endless Ways

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*