

Estatic Fear "Chapter I"

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The feeble leaves decline,
Enshrined in downing deep
The mourn abandoned plains,
Laid down in sombre sleep
Misty shades engulf the sky
Like past, worn memories
The bird's song fills the whispering breeze
With autumns melody

The lunar pale grim shape
At evening's sight renews
It's silenced wail relieves
Repressed thoughts anew
I hear the lonesome choir
Of fortunes past my way
Disdained in fiery weeps
Throughout my every day
These skies I hail and treasure thee,
Most pleasant misery
Not pitted thorn I shelter thine

Mysterious harmony

Draw on most pleasant night
Shade my lorn exposed sight
For my grief's when shadows told
Shall be eased in mist enfold
Why should the foolish's hope
Thy unborn passioned cry
Exhaust unheard
Beneath this pleasant sky?
For if the dusking day declined
Could delight be far behind?

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