

Mournful Congregation

"Empirical Choirs"

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The voice of a choir, echoes unto me
With resplendence, a passage of moonlight
Trickles slowly across the forest floor
Through many branches, reaching out to the stars
I gaze, I wander through the vastness
Of the nightshade, desiring nothing
A journey of darkening begins
Innermost pleasures must cease
Forbearers behold
Our divine descent hath turned
And the retrieval of purity
Within my heart shall become

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