

Aeons Ov Frost "Imitation"

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A dark unfathomed tide
Of interminable pride -
A mystery, and a dream,
Should my early life seem;

I say that dream was fraught
With a wild and waking thought
Of beings that have been,
Which my spirit hath not seen,

Had I let them pass me by,
With a dreaming eye!
Let none of earth inherit
That vision of my spirit;

Those thoughts I would control,
As a spell upon his soul:
For that bright hope at last
And that light time have past,

And my worldly rest hath gone
With a sigh as it passed on:
I care not though it perish
With a thought I then did cherish

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