

## Sabbat

# "Paint The World Black"

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I'm standing at the Crossroads of my life -  
Nothing to lose.  
Each path leads to oblivion,  
Whichever one I choose.  
Rising from the ashes of my plight  
I traverse filaments of light,  
That permeate my ethereal form -  
On omnipotent threads I'm born.  
Unto a place where I can find  
A balm to ease my troubled mind,  
That I may glimpse things  
Yet unseen,  
A world not grey -  
But evergreen...  
And can you blame me -  
Is it such a crime,  
To crave for one small piece  
Of heaven that I can call mine?  
For years I have waded through bland mediocrity,  
Watched my hopes sink in a mire of negation.  
Yet why pay the cost for a Paradise lost when here is  
An Eden of nature's creation?  
Sisters of servitude-  
Fearful and fair,  
Who herald good fortune  
And mete out despair.  
Take pity upon me and  
Give back my soul,  
So that I who am 'empty'  
May once more be 'whole'.  
SPIRIT VOICES:

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