

Cemetery Of Scream, I. Time Is Shadow

The fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof
This is the end of every song man sings
The golden wine is drunk, the dregs remain :
Bitter as warmwood, and as salt as pain
And hope health have gone the way of love
Into the drear oblivion of lost things
Ghosts go along with us until the end:
This was a mistress; this, perhaps, a friend...
With pale, indifferent eyes we sit and wait
For the dropt curtain and the closing gate
This is the end of every song man sings
James Elroy Flecker