

# Estatic Fear, Chapter I

The feeble leafs 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 pittes 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 pleasent sky?  
For if the dusking day declined  
Could delight be far behind?