

# Phosphorescent, At Death, A Proclamation

O in life  
Through many dark rooms  
We must go  
And all right  
Though manys the hour  
Will come to you sour and slow  
And all night  
Though flames in the forest ring halos  
To glory us both  
All I  
Can bring to that chorus of smoke  
Is the hope that you knowed:

O love  
Though one day I tarried too far  
And I never came home  
O love  
Always I carried your heart  
Married deep in my own