Suspiria

Darkwell

Take them o'death
And bear away
Whatever thou canst
Call thine own
Thine imagine stamped
Upon this clay
Doth give thee that
But that alone
Take tem o'great eternity
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the brenches of thy tree
And trails it's blossoms in the dust
Take them o'grave and let them lie
Folden upon thy narrow shelves
As garments by the soul laid by
And precious only to ourselves

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