

Ah, Dark Soul Poetry

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The soul is a chamber of creation. Poetry dedicated to the darker, more twisted side of the soul.

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1 - Soul's Exile

So shallow in this pool this night,
That in this day we weep,
So cold that in this hour speak,
That in the heat of night the silence,
So rage within our fires,
So ebb to fall away,
No more to see the sight not there,
No more to hear the sound but lost,
That so you shall not feel amongst,
Those whose sorrow runs with cascading hearts,
That you may feel no more undaunted,
That you may be so less the haunted,
You within your solemn keeping,
That so forth hath no reconcile,
That for this I make my point,
And Thus to enter Soul's Exile.