

## Dying - I Only Feel Apathy

### Theatre of Tragedy

Now as I am to be bereaft of my troth  
I cry aloud my last words of lost hope.  
A violent gust of wind is my frame of mind;  
Huxes like moisture through pores.

I am unwilling to forgive  
Him who depriev'd me of my life -  
Gloaming the sequence -  
A momentary view.  
Perishing intervals of rejoice -  
My supreme happiness is lost!

Baleful emotions of fear - my body is the earth -  
The earth is now destined to be made forlorn -  
Forlorn from the enlivening energies.  
Am I not anylonger living?

In mournful silence I suffer -  
In peace I now will rest.  
My hard-working hands  
Are now reposed.

I close thee my beloved into my heart -  
Conceal thy memory in my inner sanctum.  
In my thoughts thou shalt forever be -  
As a dear and precious remembrance.

I'm dethroned in the reign of entity -  
My tears descend like of abony -  
Life is the theatre of tragedy -  
Dying - I only feel apathy!