

## Exit There; And Disappear

### Enslavement of Beauty

So many a glorious morn have I seen  
The sun gracing the mountain-tops with it's light  
Kissing with tender lips the meadows green  
Gilding pale streams of alchemy with heavenly blight  
Even as my sun one early morn did shine  
With all it's triumphant splendour  
Alack, it's grace was but one hour mine;  
An ugly visage shone through it's cruel agenda  
When heaven suddenly came this near  
It seemed to close all doors  
The distance would not haunt me so  
As the presence of the tales I had merely known before  
But just to hear the grace depart  
Pain I never thought I'd see  
Afflicts me with a double loss  
The fucking track is lost, and lost to me