

# The Tragic Period

Exhorder

Here's a tale in history  
About a period of tragedy  
A man who thought of horrid things  
But really sought what happiness brings  
Terror instilled within the souls  
Of men and women, young and old  
Come and listen to me, my friend  
He'll make your morale descend

One Boston day, it's sad to say  
A newborn child was granted miserable life  
Abandoned by his father and  
Left alone by death of father's wife

Foster child  
Tobacco exporter gave him a chance  
History defiled  
Twisted by literature, dark and opium enhanced  
Irregularity  
So far ahead of his time  
A spark of a breed  
Regarding all of his literature creed

Infamy of tales and poetry  
Connecting his themes to his wildest dreams

The maelstrom grew but no one knew  
He descended far beyond its spinning walls  
Into the pit, the black abyss  
His house was collapsing as he searched for El Dorado

Perched upon Pallas was life, hard and callous  
The shadows of burden lifted nevermore  
The vulture eye of death concealed  
By wooden planks below the floor  
The quest for solace evolved into sorrow  
Lingering obsessions  
Intoxication, stimulation, creation  
Hindering addictions

Apparently the message in a bottle was lost  
For I could see no conclusion  
But all of us remaining in the shrouded past  
Must remember to further ourselves by obtrusion

Inebriated grin leads the mighty pen  
Across the paper as his fears come alive  
Satiric whim ignites the brim  
Of insanity as Pluto arrives  
Swaying cognac barriers  
And the beating of his hideous heart  
Increasing ever so constantly  
Conjuring the ne'er forgotten lore  
'Tis only this and nothing more