

## Empirical Choirs

## Mournful Congregation

The voice of a choir, echoes unto me  
With resplendence, a passage of moonlight  
Trickles slowly across the forest floor  
Through many branches, reaching out to the stars  
I gaze, I wander through the vastness  
Of the nightshade, desiring nothing  
A journey of darkening begins  
Innermost pleasures must cease  
Forbearers behold  
Our divine descent hath turned  
And the retrieval of purity  
Within my heart shall become