

All the shouts and jeers
Channels fears existential-
Ringing through the glass

Drinking in the sound
Of the end of Caesar's reign
Till the end of days

Tall demons devoured
And paltry demons scoured
The remains of dreams-
Dreams of could have, would have beens
"Till th'hour grew late," muttered Fate.

Foolish stanzas stewed
Over blots of darkened ink
Till the pen ran dry
And the paper seemed to sigh-
At the empty day

Demons
Dark, Dreadful
Creeping, Whispering, Seeking
Chaos, Lust, Peace, Light
Hallowing, Drifting, Gracing
Radiant, Hopeful
Angels

I sing of both the light, the dark
 The Chaos of this world
I sing of death--but hark!
 The banner of life'tis unfurled

I sing of hate, of love
 The chatter of a dove
I sing of youth, of age
 The wisdom of the sage

I sing of hope, despair
 The phantoms of the mind
I sing of sea, of air
 The passage of mankind

I sing of words, of deeds
 The Wheat among the weeds
For in this, I see...
 That All is meant to be