



HOW CAN I WAKE FROM MYSELF?



COBWEBS COLLECT LIKE THE SILK OF SPECTRES' HAIR ...



AND AS THE WIND WHIPS WILDLY...



SHE WHO HAUNTS THIS HOUSE WITH ME WALKS IN UNREACHABLE STILLNESS.



AND TO THE SOUNDING OF FORSAKEN MELODIES...



IN THE SUNSET OF MY HAPPINESS...



I.

RISE.

