

## I. Time Is Shadow

### Cemetery of Scream

The fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof  
This is the end of every song man sings  
The golden wine is drunk, the dregs remain :  
Bitter as warmwood, and as salt as pain  
And hope health have gone the way of love  
Into the drear oblivion of lost things  
Ghosts go along with us until the end:  
This was a mistress; this, perhaps, a friend...  
With pale, indifferent eyes we sit and wait  
For the dropt curtain and the closing gate  
This is the end of every song man sings  
James Elroy Flecker