

The valley of judg'ment. The forest of olde.
Where'd come the dread presence, so knowne afore?

Thou, who hath risen the oracle of lyes,
Hast thou witnes'd a shepherd feed on his flocke?

The virtues of loss. The hymnes of decay.
Dost thou have faith now, o dearest friend?

And dost thou now doubt Truth to be a liar,
Or dost thou doubt Lie in thy promythian rage?

Whence came thine yoke of grande tradition,
Hast thou not seen the structure clear?

A quenchlesse fire, a nest of trembling feare.
A path that leads to perill, sorrow and despaire.

Alas, 'tis the world without end.