

That is not dead  
Which can eternal lie  
Yet with strange aeons  
Even death may lie  
H.P. Lovecraft

I bewail my destiny  
A foible of mine  
But her voice tortures my mind

I yearn for her bosom  
I fear her sway  
My eternal blemish  
Is her embrace

She whispers : chose a realm -  
These two are the preferred ones:  
Hell - where your soul reduces to ashes  
Heaven - where you'll be drowned