

Dark of Day

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I shall walk the land of dreams with footprints in the-world's light of innocence, and wander the dark of day.

Even so, when I slumber, my spirit travels without free will--shanghaied--I cannot alter its path. More and more, the night traveler conquers the day--grows stronger ...and lingers through the nocturnal shadows of remorse dragging my withered soul.

Shadow-spirit, why drag me through that long ago place?

Why do you hate me so?