

# Neighbour

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'Twas in the light of day the sorrowful mind weeps  
Like a willow unto the grace of the gods  
Asleep!  
Asleep I am now!  
And nebermore shall I dream.  
Unto these unholy gods with tears  
And thoughts planted deeply,  
I come to my escape,  
Under this tree,  
Under the shadow of Death Himself,  
I dreamlessly sleep forever more.