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**Hour of Night.**

Thou trace the sky,  
but neglect the soul,  
with a troubled mind;  
a life of woe.

Passion filled yet declined to bless,  
thou shun earthly life for eternal rest.

So angel choirs,  
or may it to silence atone,  
thou shed thine skin in search of bones.

What if then, a soul naught but a soulless void?  
Existence grown timeless as well not known.

Thou trace the sky in search of truth,  
but neglect this life,  
it died with youth.

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