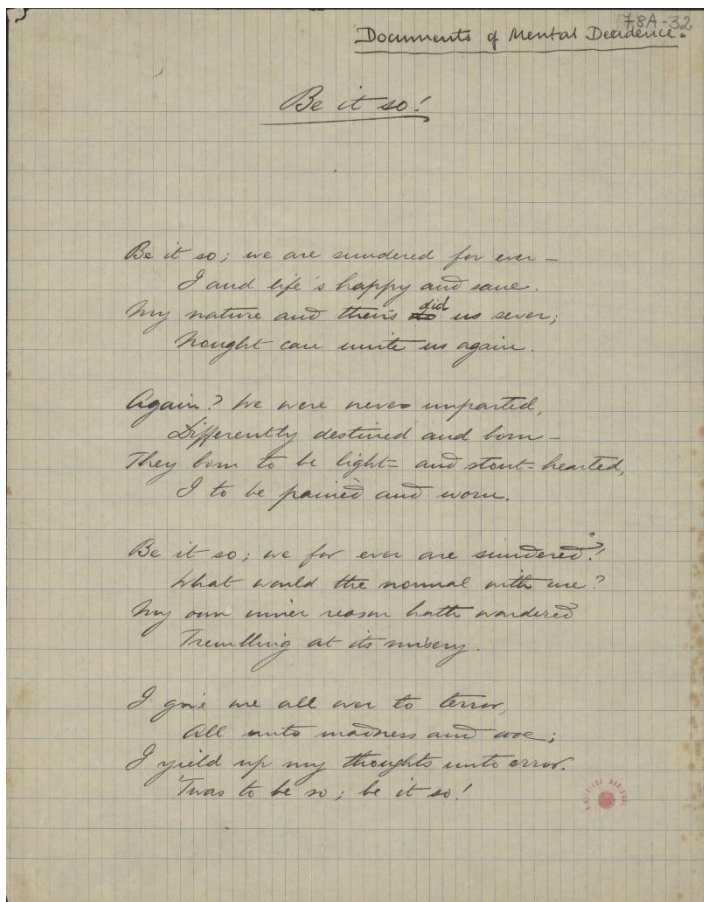


BNP/E3, 78A - 32<sup>o</sup>



Transcrição

Documents of Mental Decadence.

Be it so!

Be it so; we are sundered for ever -  
I and life's happy and sane.  
My nature and theirs ~~do~~ did us sever;  
Nought can unite us again.

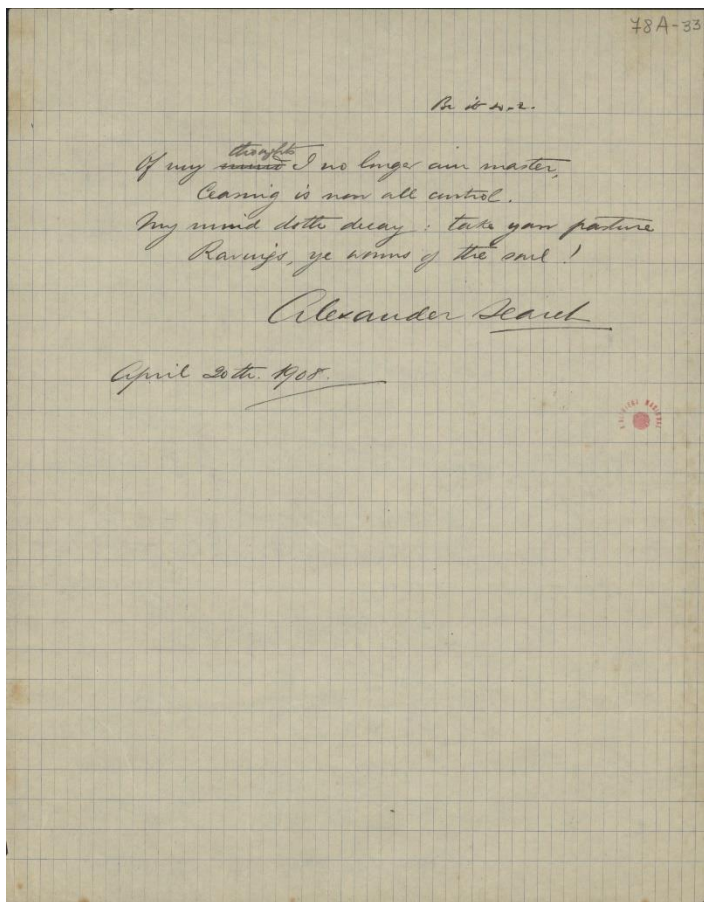
Again? We were never unparted,  
Differently destined and born -  
They born to be light- and stout-hearted,  
I to be painèd and worn.

Be it so; we for ever are sundered!  
What would the normal with me?  
My own inner reason hath wondered  
Trembling at its misery.

I give me all over to terror  
All unto madness and woe;  
I yield up my thoughts unto error.  
'Twas to be so; be it so!

BNP/E3, 78A - 33<sup>o</sup>

Transcrição



Be it so - 2.

Of my ~~mind~~ thoughts I no longer am master,  
Ceasing is now all control.  
My mind doth decay: take your pasture  
Ravings, ye worms of the soul!

Alexander Search

April 20<sup>th</sup>. 1908.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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