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Quattor Horae

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Quattour Horae

Joseph Fleming

Decido

My present dreams would I sate,
With those around the bend,
But now, with no more days from Fate,
Never shall I dream again,
Ever I'll dream again.

Frango

Thus life frays along the seams,
And so I dream,
Of better days.

Spero

Can you see,
What lies beyond the veil?
I hope that it is glorious.
And may it hail,
A death victorious.

Relinquo

Free the skies for my arrival,
With all the verve left in my feeble body,
I wish it still, that no one join me,
On my return.