

*Falling*

Swaying precariously above that deadly chasm,  
Grasping onto three, maybe four threads,  
Of my once solid reason.

I look down, and the bottom creeps closer  
And closer to my soul.

How She must be laughing now, that wicked  
Sorceress of my Heart;

And I thought I could cheat her from the harvest  
She reaps best.

So long I have avoided plummeting into the chasm.  
But when I see the jewel that blankets the bottom,  
There is no point in resistance.