

Poetry Series

King Doliente
- poems -

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King Doliente()

Emancipation

I hear it coming
So fast my soul is breaking
I hear those deadly whispers
As it bring forth such haunting shivers
I see it coming
So visible the truth is blurring
I see those unearthly marks
Wounding my life-line sparks
I must now flee
If I want to be free

King Doliente