

I Origin

It was in the origin of time that Nemesis
Made Doubt the enemy of Hope, and in so doing
She created the ever present and tumorous disease of Man,
That Doubt plagues him: in spite of his efforts
His fire within is quelled by the overwhelming power
Of Darkness. Gloomy Doubt a shade upon his soul
Oppresses him until within he corrupts like rusting metal
Vigor absent and vision rapt into a greater black he falls
A hole inescapable if not for the immortal fire of Hope
Even though her fire be reduced to but an ember.

II Gloom

When Dusk falls upon Man's soul he sees his goal
So clearly, yet like in a dream it eludes his grasp
And becomes an illusion. Hope an ember Man breathes
His vitality and pride into her so that she may be revived
That he may fight the gloom of Doubt, the gruesome foe.
Just when the ember seems to have expired and Man
Breathes his last breath, the ember burns, behold her light!
Warmth emits like the gloried Sun, rivers of light run
Through the limbs, Man arises from his lethargic Night,
He rises to reach toward the newborn golden Dawn.

III Memory

It is upon this moment that Memory imprints upon Man
A remembrance of his strength, the vigor that empowered him
To defeat his eternal foe, which he thinks so easily fought.
But Man errs and his mind falls into black oblivion,

He drinks the water of Lethe and forgets the strength he had,
Indeed, he forgets the very foe which once plagued him until
The hound bites his heels again, a reminder that Doubt is not
So easily defeated. Man feels the sharpness of a blade sting his soul
And Hope's brilliant fire fades from the oppression of Doubt.
So its cycle renews, and goals once material return fading into Dream.