

That is not dead
Which can eternal lie
Yet with strange aeons
Even death may lie
H.P. Lovecraft

I bewail my destiny
A foible of mine
But her voice tortures my mind

I yearn for her bosom
I fear her sway
My eternal blemish
Is her embrace

She whispers : chose a realm -
These two are the preferred ones:
Hell - where your soul reduces to ashes
Heaven - where you'll be drowned