

At twelve o'clock,
The midnight hour;
The seventh month,
The last day's power.

A year of time,
Has passed us by;
Of rhyme and rhythm,
And perfect crime.

A miracle of sin can be forgiven,
Forgetting not what was in rhythm;
But in this time,
One solemn hour.

The God of ages,
Now perfect power;
The time was ripe,
The harvest call.

Of what was perfect,
The second coming to all;
And in this time of perfect day,
But still in night in every way.

Seventy seven, in heaven,
The thirty first to beat the seven;
Seven months until the day.
Seventy sevens my debt to pay.

Signed,

Eleventh eleven