

Love Versus Terrorism – Part 2 – Poems on Anti Terror , Peace , Love , Brotherhood

By

Nikhil Parekh

[Note - Currently I seek a traditional publisher for the publication of my above mentioned Book , in the Print form . Published here at Free-Ebooks.net ; is this Poetry Collection of mine in its entirety , alongwith the differently titled Poems contained in the Book . As of the present moment ; 47 of my Books are available for purchase in the eBook format from Amazon.com Kindle Store United States at - [amazon.com/author/nikhilparekh](https://www.amazon.com/author/nikhilparekh) . My syle of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal , though my Poetry / literature is normal and natural . **GOD'S** grace on me . i am nothing infront of **GOD** . i am nothing infront of **GOD'S** holy messengers . So any victorious publisher who may want to publish my Poetry in Paperback without Financial Expenditure to me , can directly communicate with me at the address , nikhilparekh99@gmail.com or indianpoetnikhilparekh@gmail.com] . I am Nikhil Parekh , (born 27 August , 1977) , poet and author from Ahmedabad , India . I am also a 10 - Time National Record holder for my Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India , limcabookofrecords.in - which is India's Best Book of Records , Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records . You can visit me at - nikhilparekh.org ; to browse my Poetry on **GOD** , Peace , Love , Anti Terrorism , Friendship , Life , Death , Environment, Wildlife , Mother , Father , Children , Parenthood , Humanity , Social Cause , Women empowerment , Poverty , Lovers , Brotherhood - at this website you can also browse my varied Books , my awards and my National records in Poetry .

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Author Biography

Nikhil Parekh , (born August 27 , 1977) , from Ahmedabad , India - is a Love Poet and 10 time National Record holder for his Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India - limcabookofrecords.in , which is India's Best Book of Records , also Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records . He is an author of - ' LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY ' , which has a Print Length of 5254 pages on the Amazon Kindle .

The Poet's style of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal . Though his Poetry / literature is normal and natural .

10 National Records held by Parekh with the Limca Book of Records India are for –

- (1) Being the First Indian Poet to be published / featured in McGill English Dictionary of Rhyme which is the World's Number 1 English Rhyming Dictionary - for his poem , Come Lets Embrace our New Religion
- (2) Being the First Indian Poet to have won Poet of the Year Award at the Canadian Federation of Poets which is Canada's National Poetry Body endorsed by Governor General of Canada
- (3) Being the First Indian Poet to be published in a Commonwealth Newsletter for his poem on AIDS which is - Aids doesn't kill . Your Attitude kills .
- (4) Being the First Indian Poet to win an EPPIE award for best Poetry EBook
- (5) Writing the most number of letters to and receiving the most number of replies from World Leaders and World Organizations .
- (6) Being the First Indian Poet to be Goodwill Ambassador to the International Goodwill Treaty for World Peace - GoodwillTreaty.org .
- (7) Being the First Indian Poet whose Poems have been made into Films at Youtube.com - The World's largest video sharing website .
- (8) Being the 1st Indian Poet to be featured for his Poetry Book - Love versus Terrorism- Poems on Anti Terror, Peace , at Wattpad.com - The World's most popular ebook community and largest website for reading books on mobile phones .
- (9) Being the first Indian Poet whose video reciting a Poem on Nelson Mandela , has been placed at the official website of the Government of South Africa .
- (10) "Having authored LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY - which is of Print Length 5254 pages and currently has approximately 1.15 million words , financially selling in the Amazon.com Kindle Store United States at - <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B003Y8XLKQ>".

The Indian Poet has written thousands of poems on - **GOD**, Peace , Love , Anti Terrorism , Friendship , Life , Death , Environment, Wildlife , Mother , Father , Children , Parenthood , Humanity , Social Cause , Women empowerment , Poverty , Lovers , Brotherhood . His Books and Poems have had millions of viewers and downloads on the Internet .

Parekh is an author of 47 varied Books which include - 1 God (volume 1 to volume 4) , The Womb (volume 1 to volume 2) , Love Versus Terrorism (Part 1 to Part 2) , You die; I die - Love Poems (Part 1 to Part 16) , Life = Death (volume 1 to volume 10) , The Power of Black (volume 1 to volume 2) , If you cut a tree; you cut your own mother , Hide and Seek (part 1 to part 8) , Longest Poem written by Nikhil Parekh - Only as Life . These Books comprise of nearly a 7000 pages of his Poetry .

The Poet's Poetry has had the patronization of several World Leaders including the Queen of England . Visit Nikhil Parekh at – nikhilparekh.org .

About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 69 differently titled Poems is actually Part 2 of the Book titled – Love Versus Terrorism (409 pages) . In a planet usurped today by graveyards of terrorism, this poetic collection imparts enlightenment, optimism, courage and an eternal desire to breathe free . GOD'S sacred earth isn't the way it used to be when it was created, thanks to greed of man which has indiscriminately torn apart every creed, color and definition of time for the 5 alphabets called 'MONEY'. The devil has spread terror in the name of religion, in the name of God, most abusively, without the slightest remorse. This book brilliantly equates 'Love' and 'terrorism' at every step and goes on to timelessly prove that no matter how ghastily terrorism perpetuates into the atmosphere, immortal love perennially triumphs over one and all on the earth. A startling collection of anti terror poems in an hour when the world wants them more than anything else, Parekh's words act as a harbinger of peace to infinite masses agonizingly estranged in brutal violence and bloodshed. A must read for every patron of global peace out there !

An Introduction to The Book

Love Versus Terrorism unconquerably depicts at each stage that no matter how wretched the wrath of terrorism has penetrated into the planet today-Love forever emerges victorious. Because God has created it as the most Omnipotent panacea for one and all humanity and the living kind. As long as the earth exists, the devil would continue to exist in various forms and shapes-trying his best to insidiously harm living kind. But the power of truth, love, compassion would not only conquer it in all respects, but would continue to bond the entire planet in threads of everlasting humanity. So that the best religion that pervades over one and all is the 'Religion of Humanity'. This book is an unflinching salute to the chapters of love, peace and brotherhood-which are the most efficacious panacea to conquer dastardly terrorism.

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1. THE RELIGION OF MANKIND

The most tenacious of threads protruding from the scalp ludicrously dithered and deteriorated; with advancing age that insidiously camouflaged them with coffins of dilapidated white,

But the threads of humanity were immortally timeless; unassailably augmenting from strength to strength; swirling as the most scintillating wave of benign togetherness; as each second crept by.

The most stupendously grandiloquent of fortresses succumbed like a pack of capriciously elastic cards; as bombs of treachery rained torrentially from the sky,

But the fortress of humanity was immortally impregnable; unflinchingly defending the entire tornado of devils bare-chested; with each of its brick entwined in the melodiously magical color of; philanthropic mankind.

The most vivacious of fruits extruding marvelously from ravishing soil; acrimoniously extinguished into winds of obsoletely horrendous oblivion; at the very first spell of salacious drought,

But the fruits of humanity were immortally bountiful; perennially flowering and spawning into a civilization of miraculously bequeathing symbiosis; even as the most fathomless of horizons; blended with impoverished earth.

The most scintillating of swords inexplicably lost their way; as the blanket of gruesome darkness took an ominous stranglehold over the brilliantly aristocratic day,

But the sword of humanity was immortally patriotic; indefatigably decimating even the most infinitesimal trace of evil forever from the morbidly remorseful atmosphere; compassionately sequestering all innocent in its humanitarian island of; ubiquitous belonging.

The most boundless of gloriously undulating oceans vindictively dried; as manipulative humans devised perniciously abominable contraptions to adulterate them all night and sweltering day,

But the ocean of humanity was immortally resplendent; perpetually pacifying the thirst of all those in barbaric devastation; Omnisciently appeasing even the most remotely frazzled nerve; with the tonic of unconquerable righteousness.

The most sagaciously sacrosanct of religion on this planet found itself engulfed by dungeons of horrific bloodshed; as uncouthly rudimentary fanatics; diabolically massacred it with a graveyard of stinking politics and gory corruption,

But the religion of humanity was immortally unshakeable; enchantingly melanging every humble molecule of Almighty Lord; in entrenchments of unsurpassable solidarity; and alike.

The most dazzlingly dynamic of colors wore away into sinister whirlpools of dust; as the blistering Sun insatiably flamed for times immemorial upon; the murderously cracked soil,

But the color of humanity was immortally celestial; growing more and more astoundingly passionate as the seconds rampantly zipped by; merging all religion; caste; and spurious color; into the divine river of; unitedly priceless and Godly existence.

The most vibrantly thunderous of voices shrunk to a pathetically mollified mellow; as tyrannically torturous fireballs of lightening; pelted unforgivingly from the colossal firmament of sky,

But the voice of humanity was immortally blazing; perpetuating countless rays of spell binding hope in all those dwellings besieged with orphaned loneliness and infirmed destitute; eventually evolving as the most irrefutably supreme sound; of all mankind.

The most flamboyantly fiery of breaths mockingly evaporated into devilishly hideous spaces of the ghastly corpse; when destiny and the cloudbursts of death whippingly proclaimed; that it was time up,

But the breath of humanity was immortally living; incredulously proliferating infinite new lives of optimistically endowing hope as the minutes unfurled; unrelentingly pioneering a blissful waterfall of mesmerizing tomorrow's; with winds of sensuous sharing and empathy.

And the most tumultuously throbbing hearts wholesomely relinquished every iota of their beats; as the streams of blood intractably refrained to enter them; due to crippling cholesterol and truculent tension,

But the heart of humanity was immortally loving; eternally entwining every dejectedly wavering soul in an unfathomable cosmos of exuberantly ecstatic beauty and contentment; making every innocuous organism on this Universe feel as the richest alive; and forever embracing the religion of mankind.

2. THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

There was a man named John who was born a Christian; went to the sacrosanct Church from the very first day of his life,
Scrupulously read through every page of the bible; even keeping the same beneath his pillow when he transited into a slumber,
Embellished his neck with a chrome tipped cross; the holy silhouette of Jesus embedded to perfection,
Although the blood that flowed through his veins was crimson red like his counterpart mates; and the tones of air that he expunged from his nose when he respired was no different than any human inhabiting the globe.

There was a man named Rahim who was born an Arab; diligently visited the shimmering Mosque every Friday,
Refrained to close his eyes at night without sedulously reciting his prayers; chanting the name of his god umpteenth times in a single day,
Browsed through intricate lines of the Quran-e-Sharif with nonchalant ease; keeping a photo of his god safely incarcerated in his wallet,
Although the color of his lips was same as that of his siblings in America; and the sweat that dribbled down his nape was no different than any human residing on this earth.

There was a man named Tai chi who was born a Chinese; spoke profoundly in a pure native dialect,
Fervently worshipped all the oriental Gods; a plethora of Sacerdotal symbols embossed on colossal and gray stone walls,
Was wholesomely oblivious to anything in the market except an ensemble of authentic sea food; incessantly danced to stridently rustic folk tunes,
Although the texture of his pudgy lips was as soft as his friends in the United Kingdom; and the whites of his eye was no different than any human transgressing through the world.

There was a man named Ram who was born an Indian; commenced each of his morning clambering steps of the divine temple,
Could narrate marathon passages from the Bhagwad Gita like the back of his palm; keeping it perennially wound to his chest,
Conversed in eloquent Hindi; profusely remembering his god before undertaking any activity in his life,
Although there was an insatiable urge to expurgate his bowels like his fellow beings in the Antarctica; and the conglomerate of bones in his body was no different than any human traversing on the soil of this boundless land.

Why was it that these men had common characteristics; despite of them believing in different gods,
Despite of them residing in varied countries; unfathomable kilometers of distance separating them,
Barricades of language bifurcating them; colors of the skin indiscriminately discriminating them,
Well the answer to this is as simple as the wail of a newly born child; for all of them were perpetually bound by the religion of humanity.

3. WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT AND QUINTESSENTIAL

It really doesn't matter even an infinitesimal trifle; whether you started to write from the extreme last page of the notebook; or penned the first alphabet; from the barren first,
What's most important and quintessential; is that every word you wrote fostered the spirit of oneness and brotherhood; amongst every echelon of humanity and living kind; and for times immemorial.

It really doesn't matter even an insouciant trifle; whether you shake hands with your compatriots; using your left hand or irrefutably solid right,
What's most important and quintessential; is that every handshake of yours is altruistically compassionate; brings you more closer and closer with the spirit of immortally unassailable humanity.

It really doesn't matter even an inconspicuous trifle; whether you converse in your rustically bohemian native language or use Internationally aristocratic English; to convey your uninhibited flurry of thoughts,
What's most important and quintessential; is that every word that you seamlessly utter; forever mollifies indiscriminately prejudiced war; and mélanges the entire Universe with the ocean of invincibly unfettered peace.

It really doesn't matter even an ethereal trifle; whether you sleep in the voluptuous night; or unabashedly snore every minute of the blazingly hot day,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you sleep; you do it solely to recharge every element of your body; to indefatigably fight against even the tiniest insinuation of evil; during the hours you were holistically awake.

It really doesn't matter even an evanescent trifle; whether you timelessly work in the plush interiors of the plush corporate office; or build tent and write poetry; inexorably staring at the Sun and iridescent Moon; out of boundless kilometers of empty space,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you holistically earn your livelihood; you use it to the most unprecedented limits; to exist as the most royal person alive and at the same time afford the same royalty to your fellow comrades in inexplicable agony and pain.

It really doesn't matter even a threadbare trifle; whether you alighted your left foot forward; or commenced each exhilarating expedition of yours with your right sole insuperably embedded in chocolate brown soil,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you dared tread on effulgent earth; each footstep of yours unflinchingly marched forward only towards the sky of inimitably priceless truth; honesty; humanity and righteousness.

It really doesn't matter even a hapless trifle; whether you pray with devoutly folded palms; or raised all your fingers in synchronized chorus towards resplendently gargantuan bits of sky,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you pray; you earnestly ask for the celestial amelioration of living kind as well as yourself; from the innermost recesses of your amiable heart.

It really doesn't matter even a deteriorating trifle; whether you ate innocent blades of vivaciously whispering grass; or replenished the disastrously emaciated walls of your intestine with chicken; to mollify your hunger and inevitably survive,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you eat; eat no further after your hunger subsides; and use every ingredient of fresh blood formed in your body; for the benevolently priceless service of torturously squelched humanity.

It really doesn't matter even a transient trifle; whether you married the girl of your own religion; or chose to tie the nuptial thread with an orphaned urchin residing; fathomless continents; languages; traditions; and religions apart,
What's most important and quintessential; is that whosoever you chose to marry; try and inundate that person's life with unsurpassable happiness; and spawn a new civilization of fresh life; perennially amalgamating every bit of your virility with hers.

It really doesn't matter even a fugitive trifle; whether you were buried an infinite feet after death; or whether your body was burnt to parsimoniously obsolete and disappearing ash,
What's most important and quintessential; is that till the time you inhaled your last breath; you fruitfully and by the grace of Omnipotent God; spent every instant of your life; disseminating the message of eternal peace; and wholeheartedly embracing every form of panoramically divine life.

4. MAN COMES WITHOUT ANYTHING. LIVES WITHOUT ANYTHING. DIES WITHOUT ANYTHING.

Bizarre loneliness when I was writing; after all who'd sit beside an eccentrically fanatic brain; try and decipher the infinite wild fantasies that engulfed each ounce of his soul till times beyond eternity,

Wretched loneliness when I was eating; after all who'd relish the prospect of waiting till forgetfully odd hours of the day and night; to see me devour gigantic chunks of food at a time; with my unkempt bohemian hands,

Crippling loneliness when I was driving; after all who had the zeal to wade through a boundless kilometers on the trot on plain roads; transported to another world of divine sublimity—with the congruent and incongruent beats of full volume music,

Insane loneliness when I was on bed; after all who'd want to stay wide awake like the ghoulish owl all night; and then snore like a dead man as the Sun unrelentingly blazed and burnt all arid day,

Vindictive loneliness when I was in a formal party; after all who'd want to stand with an emotional fool who spoke like a new born baby with his heart; shrugging deep into his shell amidst the tiniest manipulative subtleties of the tongue,

Forlorn loneliness when I was walking; after all who'd want to amble with a person who kept unabashedly gazing at the sky—divulging his innermost secrets with it; rather than trust the frivolously prejudiced human race,

Abject loneliness when I was angry; after all who'd want to be beside an individual who was insanely ready to quit his life that very moment; for protecting even the tiniest leaf of the tree which the society outside massacred on various religious pretexts,

Egregious loneliness when I was victorious; after all who'd want to be a part of ones ecstatically unabashed celebrations; which saw one cuddle just like an inconsolably crying newborn child; into the lap stretched from the idol of the Creator Divine,

Disastrous loneliness when I faltered and floundered; after all who'd want to be a part of a reclusively dogmatic losing camp; in this world where each second unfurling was defined as quick money,

Despairing loneliness when I bonded into matrimony; after all who'd accept an esoteric recluse lost in an entrenchment of enigma 24 X 7; when there were so many societal formalities to be relished & fulfilled,

Sadistic loneliness when I ventured to earn; after all who'd pat the back of an employee who made the entire organization bankrupt in a single instant; donating every bit of wealth towards philanthropy and all ailing living kind,

Inexplicable loneliness when I chatted with my kin; after all who'd want their sibling to be writing poetry sitting at home all the time; when the society outside was minting millions with every stroke of technology,

Brutal loneliness when I visited the doctor; after all who'd associate with an epitome of fanatic sensitivity; wherein the world stood wholesomely ready to be clinically cured & executed,

Jinxed loneliness when I tried to save mother nature; after who'd want to make me a friend and thus relinquish cutting those freshly born branches of the tree; which were infact an ungainly nuisance to their otherwise crystal clear vision,

Debilitating loneliness when I visited the Temple; Mosque; Church or Monastery; after all who'd like to befriend someone who trespassed beyond his own religion; visualizing only a singleton form of the Lord in each holy place of bountiful worship,

Insidious loneliness when I converted into humanity; after all who'd like to chat with someone who'd chosen a religion which simply wasn't defined in the infinite pages of what their ancestors and society had to say,

Satanic loneliness when I adopted a child; after all who'd want to mingle their potently masculine or feminine shadows; with a man whom they thought had adopted; only for he was too weak to procreate his very own blood,

Diabolical loneliness when I died; after all who'd want to associate even in the most remotest possible way with the lifeless; in their so alled triumphant terminologies and successful management mantras of ife,

And though all my life I refused to believe this; but how true was it when God said; that man comes on this earth without anything; continues to symbiotically exist without anything; and eventually goes under the soil; again without anything.

After all who are we to challenge his Omnipotent principles of existence?

5. SUPREMELY IMMORTAL

The scarlet rose was mortal; but its alluring essence that lingered for centuries unprecedented in the dreary atmosphere; was supremely immortal,

The blue crested nightingale was mortal; but its enchanting sound diffusing rhapsodic melody in every corner of the fathomless Universe; was supremely immortal,

The dark dotted tiger was mortal; but its thunderously deafening roar that instilled a wave of inexplicable terror in infants even before they were born; was supremely immortal,

The consortium of ominously dark clouds was mortal; but the mesmerizing beauty and flamboyant grace which they imparted to the firmament of azure sky; was supremely immortal,

The marble shaped eye was mortal; but the marvelously magnificent picture of the world which it provided to the impoverished persona; was supremely immortal,

The battalion of resplendent stars twinkling in the cosmos were mortal; but the tenacious illumination which they conjured up every single night; was supremely immortal,

The feather tipped fountain pen was mortal; but the infinite lines of inspiration it had embodied for the entire planet to enjoy and imbibe; was supremely immortal,

The innovative Scientist was mortal; but his ensemble of ingenious inventions which metamorphosed the complexion of this world; were supremely immortal,

The contemporarily sleazy watch was mortal; but the time that ticked over; prevailed profoundly ever since the very instant this earth was created; was supremely immortal,

The ardent philosopher was mortal; but his scores of unequivocally philanthropic ideals casting a spell on tangible life for decades immemorial; were supremely immortal,

The furtively deceptive mirage was mortal; but the sprawling blanket of scorchingly flaming desert sands; was supremely immortal,

The incident which happened faster than the speed of white light was mortal; but the piquant memories it left behind; besieging the mind in wholesome entirety; was supremely immortal,

The festoon of diamonds was mortal; but the incorrigibly fervent glow that it radiated; coining irrefutable benchmarks in fragile personalities; was supremely immortal,

The solitarily deserted monsoon pond was mortal; but the verdant vegetation it left behind; which kept proliferating at amazing speeds into infinite more of its kind; was supremely immortal,

The speed of thought was mortal; but the ecstatic whirlpool of exhilaration it generated; was supremely immortal,

The compassionately amicable smile was mortal; but the feeling of good will which it perpetuated worldwide; was supremely immortal,

The activity of mischievous flirtation was mortal; but the eternal love it blissfully culminated into was; supremely immortal,

And the body was mortal; someday found itself inevitably beneath the morbid grave; but the spirit of the perpetual soul it left behind; was supremely immortal

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