



AND THE RAVEN, NEVER FLITTING,  
STILL IS SITTING, STILL IS SITTING  
ON THE PALLID BUST OF PALLAS  
JUST ABOVE MY CHAMBER DOOR;  
AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE SEEMING  
OF A DEMON'S THAT IS DREAMING,  
AND THE LAMP-LIGHT O'ER HIM STREAMING  
THROWS HIS SHADOW ON THE FLOOR;  
AND MY SOUL FROM OUT THAT SHADOW  
THAT LIES FLOATING ON THE FLOOR  
SHALL BE LIFTED—

*nevermore!*

— EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE RAVEN

