

Vir Sapiens Dominabitur Astris

Nightbringer

I trace my gate upon the wall of stars and pass into
eternity
Navigating the aeons astride the dragon of the wind's
eye
Through the tumultuous seas of space and time beyond the
great spheres of fire
The last outposts and final beacons on the brink of the
yawning void
Here where the seeds of thought arise from naught
And the Great eye is but a candle in the depths
Black on pitch space unbound
Here lies the Serpent (Katholikos Phis)
Black on pitch space unbound
Its writhing coils enfolding all things incarnate and
yet to be
From the Serpent's great maw issues the breath that is
the life
Of all worlds seen and unseen
The winds of creation
(And unto its great maw in time shall return)
Destruction, Birth, and Death
I am reborn
Ever onward I soar where even the astral winds dare now
blow
To the beginning, the space beyond existence
And from the stars unborn where no light has yet
dwelled
I construct my throne and illuminate my kingdom
My will, the hand of the architect, my word a new note
in the Eternal Song
The gate of the Eye that I have awakened parts the
mists of time
Seeing beyond the vast aeons of eternity