

Reality was stirred
Like a fog inhaled at the fringe of the eyesight
Coalescent just long enough for the rapture
He is no longer alone
Gifted with a costly talent
Chosen to perpetuate the old craft
A forced farewell for the youth

Meet the Henchmen, before whose path walls dissolve
Gone gathering words and a little scare in its prime
Coven hived within mountains like termites in wood
Alcove bound carnations in wait

The static regimen
Taken away from infancy
The static regimen
Non corporal drill to walk the other side
The static regimen
The egregore's achieved

Whence just promising pupils
A vocation stirred awake
A hand came from out of life
As if dragged across the mirror

Remembrances of an old self
Like guide slopes in the descent to carnation
The routine of the scare
A training attuned with millennia
The mission ends as feelings return...

The ectoplasm dispersed, the egregore vanished
Sublimate long enough to play the pawns
The ectoplasm dispersed, the egregore vanished
Sublimate long enough to give kings will