

So here we are. Plays have been enacted.
Empires have come and gone.
The mightiest have passed away and withered alike the least.
Fires have burned. Thousandfold.

Yet did not eh great wheel serenely continue its course?
Does not the blackbird still sing its song?
Does not the mistletoe still dwell in the oak's crown?

Forgotten what once has been told. Veiled the words that
Once rang out, shrouded, like the larva in its cocoon.
Let him hear it who will.