

The Serpentine Scrolls / Descent To Arawn

Morgion

Four winds of emerald lands, come and meet my fellowship.
Journey afar, rest among my flock and shelter the serpent's egg
.
Among the shores I gather netherlands, seek unto the marble waters flow.
Drink your fill from ancient dynasties, and scribe on the serpent's scales.
Bring before me, my forbidden lore.
Writhe in it's glories delight.
Wellspring --- under the mortor and clay.
Forever --- we of forked tongue.
Embellish this mask of undesired will, caressing unto your sullen ways.
Hallowed are the eyes of the blind, adorn my forsaken standard.
Bring before me, my forbidden love.
Writhe in it's glories delight.
Hold the light, so that I might see.
Partake in my sacred ways.
Now pull the shade from my eyes, and see me for what I really am.
I forever walk, asleep in servitude.
In ancient dreams, the Canticle's Tales...for we shall walk among.
Between the Coloumns of Wisdom, I see my passage, I see my fate ...sealed.
I foreshadow, bearer of sacred name, who shall be the Messiah?
We follow.