

# The Monad of Creation

## Mournful Congregation

Sun of midnight, burn, flicker, dance with thee  
Flaming soul of purity, burn, unite with thy oracle

Beautiful scent of everdark melodies  
Cascading thy heavenly fruit

A drop of water descends, becoming thy body  
The monad of all elementals

The womb of the eternal  
The seed of the grand oak

To become again, once nature sought  
Return the way we came, yet to tread a separate path  
Is to become, again, eternal

Only in spirit shall I grip the tide of nothingness  
Stars appear nowhere, their existence paralleled

The symbol of life and death  
The totem of something lost  
Between mapantara and pralaya

The monad of creation  
The pendant of thy being  
A concept of illusion  
Not everything is seen