

## The Sage

## The Forsaken

Unscathed by the scourges of the ages  
Scrying through the navel of the earth  
Regaling the enlightened by the gift of his aegis  
He journeys at will through the parallax between life and death

He beacons the passage to the ivory throne  
He is the clavicle to the singular truth etched in stone  
He has wept while the destroyer rejoiced at the fall of man at Babylon  
But dreams of the triumphant return of God holding the head of Tyrus at Eschaton

He is the sage; discarded and ridiculed by man  
His words resound to our inescapable end  
We have scorned his warnings and pitied his ways  
His revelational sight cannot hinder our perpetual daze

The cleansing of winds of endtime draw ever so closer  
The Valley of Megiddo will soon be his abode  
The aftermath's quietude caresses his being  
For he knows that the virtuous have been spared from he anguish he forebode