

Enochian Crescent, Ye Crystall Sphears

There are skryers
Seers of the ways of wyrd
Who face the damned spirits
And the Hellish vaults below

Spirits come, they come, came in numbers yesteryear
Will come and shall forevermore

When the Equinox arrives and the symbols are in place
Unbound the corporeal knots and wait
Wait until the vision is focused
And channel through what needs to be writ

Spirits come, they come, came in numbers yesteryear
Will come and shall forevermore

The deception of daemons, multitudes of angels,
Noble seniors, undreamed apparitions
And cryptic sights, even unknown landscapes
Must the skryer pour unto our plane

There lies hunger in thy house
Spiritual thirst in the world
The magician gathers his own
Be it material or ethereal harvest

"O'er the night-time winds which howl
O'er the darkened roar
Comes the whisper calling me
Enticing me to more"
- Ceridwen