

# 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