

Primordial, Glorious Dawn

For those who may Rise
As a Phoenix from the Ashes
For those who may Devour
The Fruits of Knowledge
For those who coil
Serpent like, with cyclical Grace
...For those as Wolves among Sheep
who Sharpen their Teeth
for the last Supper

For those who are the Rock
Upon which our Fortress built
For those who are the Anvil
Upon which our will is Forged

For those whose Deeds
shall become Song
and for those whose Eyes
Shall light up the heavens
With a single Fiery Glance
Thisis your season

"Of cyclical rebirth and regeneration...the serpent
who eats his own tail. Of the Word, the Mind, and
the Will that makes Flesh. This is our Season..."