

Callisto, Limb: Diasporas

Separation from the body of Christ.
Town divided in numerous districts.

The globe all covered be wanderers. They roam with no direction.
The holy land, the promised land - your time will come and they will be returned.

"Attach us to your graceful limbs, the pierced palms.
Should our ways diverge, we will be doomed to our deadly fate."