

Emeth

"The Doer Alone Learneth"

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Immortal are the sagacious and yet they die daily

I write the secret of my soul into the vaults of eternity
The ecstasy which it brings forth accomplishes it's own
end

Perfect in silence... a becoming!

Through harmony of opposites, without diffidence and
interference
In accordance with my will, the beginning of
immortality

Perfect in silence... without limits and all empty, there is
a becoming!

Merge into the great fire that consumes dust to ashes

Fearful indeed is death, since all men fear it
But the abyss of questionings, shoreless and
bottomless, is worse
Doubt bringeth folly whereof the end is madness
Death maketh man a king; and this kingliness groweth
unto godhood

Perfect in silence... a becoming! perfect in silence...
Without limits and all empty, there is a becoming!

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