

Latraverse Plume**"The Doors"**

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One is the cause
And two is mysterious,
Three is the wisest,
Four is so powerful

Five with such kindness,
Six is always in love,
Seven the chariot,
Eight will rule them all!

Nine is a hermit,
Ten is just probable,
Eleven is virtuous,
Twelve's hanging down a rope!

Thirteen is death and
Fourteen is temperance,
Fifteen the devil,
Sixteen is a tower!

Where did they go,
The numbers of the Lord,
Untold?

If I let violence tear up my silence I'll drown...

Seventeen, there's much hope,
Yet eighteen can mislead!
Sweet nineteen like the sun
Twenty, the renewal!

Twenty-one is successful,
Zero isn't just a fool
Pictures of love
And doors to another world!

Where did they go,
The numbers of the Lord,
Untold?

If I let violence tear up my silence I'll drown...

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