

## Ordo Draconis

# "In The Grassy Fields Where The World Goes To Sleep"

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Regarding the plains of the faithful and prude,  
a land that is soiled and misused  
Enshrouded by alms in the seeking of truth,  
depleted and absent from use  
Man seeks forgiveness for deeds all so idle,  
questing compassion from forces unknown  
No one but man for its conducts is liable,  
in spite of the lies that are told  
I pass you my dagger I pass you my torch,  
renting a slit in my palm  
I pass you my chalice lets fill it with blood,  
together with seeds of our love  
Disrobed but in stockings you dance in the fires,  
seized by affections of lust  
For progress and fortune ourselves we are liable,  
our godly potential we trust

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