

Payne's Gray "Nyarlathoteps Reception"

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There is more evil in the lesser ones than in the greater.
This is the problem with the middle management.
Behold ! Assured dreamer you, above the luminaries in the Aether,
You are the one, who has produced the thoughts, which meant
So much to them, that now they use your dream, live at this place
And - after all, block the way back to your estate.
Don't listen to their sweetest explanation's woven lace,
But go and get it back, and do revive it's state.
As long as endlessrevels last there,
So mount this bird bound for the space
Between reality and haze
Of madness, and turn when cloying notes which sound

To please the masses, try you to haunt !
Shun sickly cgrods of candy and yours will be the town
Forever ser in Golden Dawn !

"For you know that your gold and marble city of wonder
Is only the sum of what you have seen and loved in youth.
This loveliness, moulded, crystallised and polished by years
Of memory and dreaming is your terraced wonder of elusive sunsets"
H.P. Lovecraft

Turn, turn to your dreamed city's sloped height,
And yours will be the town, forever bright
With solemn melodies so candid,
Yours the key too for keep and hand it !

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