

# **The Grand Silent System**

## **"Nova"**

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Sequences so discreet they barely sound, but it seems  
to fit!

Arms up now elevate, here we go.  
She's your judge, she's your magistrate.  
She's your judge, your majesty. Let it go.  
Arms up now elevate here we go.  
With one single purpose Nova speaks.  
She's your judge, so benevolent!

Sequences will repeat and slowly mount.  
Still the captain sits.  
He signals down and they elevate the milquetoast  
At seventeen steps below.  
She's your judge, she's your reverend.  
If capsized the brethren wait in tow.

Pieces break away to form fragments and portions.  
Mirror that drapes the vain.  
This is your final warning.  
Think of where she went,  
Cause actions have such consequence.  
She's a force to be reckoned with!

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