

The Emerald Tablet

Ancient

Innocent games of unwritten spells as a child,
animals are companions and mentors,
and the moon my night side mother.

No one understood them, few comprehend now!

She awoke with eyes of fire to a world demented by spinners
feeling, smelling, tasting all before her made her live.
Growing, walking, talking, power taking form,
ignoring all beneath her refusing to conform.

"My innocence was a time of feeling pleasure in the rain.
I learned from all creatures of instinct
the magic within joy and pain."

Now she swims to the watery depths of darkness unreachable by most.
Forever mocked by an angry mob like parasites on a new host,
for the one who strives to reveal all aspects of life is hated,
hunted, by those who fear themselves.

"By the time I was one with the moon and tide,
I was detested for not having banished my pride.
Being strong in my age of circle and seas
I raged against all on bended knees!"

Her fall is one of beauty revealing colors
undistributed by a storming sky.
With skill and patience learnt from Crane
she drips blood of her veins to bind what she claims,
power beyond wisdom, faces without names.

"My chance for smoke and mystery so close to earth am I.
My time is matched by wisdom and I am not afraid to die."

The crisp clean winds of the old man have come for her at last.
He loves her with his mighty heart and plans to take her fast.

Most run from old man winter for fear of growing cold.
So set in the reality that they have bought and sold,
not this grand lady she flies away with a smile.
You can hear her singing beyond a year and past a mile.

"My time has filled the circle.
The Sun's inside the moon.
My essence is free to breath,
as my body decays in a tomb."

Spring, fire. Summer, water. Autumn, Earth. Winter, Air.
Daughter, killer. Mother, blood. Wolf, salmon, deer, fox.
Pauper's princess. Christ's desire, Live, Evil!

Hail whole woman!
Hail Satanic Witch!