

# Vir Sapiens Dominabitur Astris

Nightbringer

I trace my gate upon the wall of stars and pass into  
eternity  
Navigating the aeons astride the dragon of the wind's  
eye  
Through the tumultuous seas of space and time beyond the  
great spheres of fire  
The last outposts and final beacons on the brink of the  
yawning void  
Here where the seeds of thought arise from naught  
And the Great eye is but a candle in the depths  
Black on pitch space unbound  
Here lies the Serpent (Katholikos Phis)  
Black on pitch space unbound  
Its writhing coils enfolding all things incarnate and  
yet to be  
From the Serpent's great maw issues the breath that is  
the life  
Of all worlds seen and unseen  
The winds of creation  
(And unto its great maw in time shall return)  
Destruction, Birth, and Death  
I am reborn  
Ever onward I soar where even the astral winds dare now  
blow  
To the beginning, the space beyond existence  
And from the stars unborn where no light has yet  
dwelled  
I construct my throne and illuminate my kingdom  
My will, the hand of the architect, my word a new note  
in the Eternal Song  
The gate of the Eye that I have awakened parts the  
mists of time  
Seeing beyond the vast aeons of eternity