

The Sage

The Forsaken

Unscathed by the scourges of the ages
Scrying through the navel of the earth
Regaling the enlightened by the gift of his aegis
He journeys at will through the parallax between life and death

He beacons the passage to the ivory throne
He is the clavicle to the singular truth etched in stone
He has wept while the destroyer rejoiced at the fall of man at Babylon
But dreams of the triumphant return of God holding the head of Tyrus at Eschaton

He is the sage; discarded and ridiculed by man
His words resound to our inescapable end
We have scorned his warnings and pitied his ways
His revelational sight cannot hinder our perpetual daze

The cleansing of winds of endtime draw ever so closer
The Valley of Megiddo will soon be his abode
The aftermath's quietude caresses his being
For he knows that the virtuous have been spared from he anguish he forebode