**Wheel of Fate**

*November 1, 2013*

Our Mystic Terre Orb Doth Chart It's Path Around Old Sol.

So Too The Wheel Of Fate.

Doth Turn And Grind.

On Stone Of Spirit Self And Soul.

Being Vessel Of Clay To Dust So Sure.

So True. So Fine.

To Join Once More With Whence Before.

Life's Force Seed Took Sprout Root And Bloom.

Yet On This Voyage Of Mirage Of Existence

As Ones Fragile Bark Sails From Shore To Shore.

By Light Of Ones Own Fateful Stars Sun And Moon.

Behold Each Break Of Such Light Of Day.

As Gift Most True. Devine.

Heed Not Those Slings Arrows Of Fear Dread Dismay.

For Lifes Treasure Of Is Be Blessed As Thine.

Say Wheel Of Fate Not Yet. Not Yet.

Has Turned Thee Back To Dark Mystic Void Of Time And Space.

Each Dawn Thee Live And Breathe Doth Grant.

Beget. To Thee.

An Eternal Day Of Grace.