Emperor Of The Ages

Bright Being Weathers

Warmth’s Sky

Sol Sets

Light Fades

To Dusk

As Given Times

Sternhad

It Must

Once More You

Grant A

Glimpse Of Wisdom

Of Sense Said

Who Gazed As

Do I

On Thy

Eternal Foot

And Rays

What Grace

As Now From

Ancient Days

To Give Our

Very Spirit

What Prays

To Know Where

Who Doth

Lie Cold

Cross Space And Cold

Trackless Space And

Endless Ways

The Truth Of

Who And What

One Is

Where The

Spark Of Life

Doth Give Cradle To The Cosmic

State And Will To Live And What

Perhaps May Still

Entwine As Flesh

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