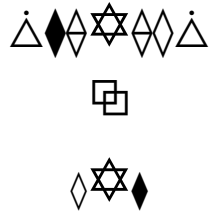


# THE EMPEROR



Ω [ATU IIII - 𐤀 - PATH 15 - 𐤅 - 𐤆𐤇] 𐤈

dragon wing in the sky  
emperor on the brink  
everyone getting high  
things moving slowly  
whatever have we done  
look what our hands have made  
forming a shifting face  
now it is understood

on the wings of the solar companion, time is accelerated to the point of breaking. power over this transformation relies upon carefully established balance. to rule over oneself is to harmonize the elements, to heal through the breath, to expand into the cosmic mind.

seems it always ends the same way  
you and me against the world

pillar of fire by night  
figure of gold at dawn  
heaven is on the way  
serpentine glory  
perfectly balanced shape  
everything squared away  
ladder into the stars  
let it all burn away

guided by voices, telepathically infused into the biotic surface of things. the path of the balanced one is that straight and narrow ray of the white hole's creative power released once again into the womb of the eternal. hadit and nuit explode in ecstatic love with fresh fervor, weaving stories into the speed of light.

seems it always ends the same way  
you and me against the world

