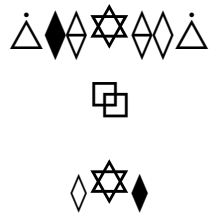


THE EMPEROR



Ω [ATU IIII - 𐄂 - PATH 15 - 𐄃 - 𐄄] 𐄅

*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 creative power of the white hole released once again into the womb of the eternal. hadit and nuit exploding 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*

