Only for those who know that human reason

cannot reach the ultimate truth or

discover the ultimate purpose of all created things.

To Belma, whose sea-colored blue eyes

inspired me to an undertaking

that even a brave sailor would shy away from.

Riders of the Apocalypse

A godly woman will show her truth in the long-awaited morning,

the bride of Christ, who carries the seed

of the future peace of heaven, will announce her pregnancy forever and ever.

It's in her name - submissive slavery.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

A laurel wreath triumphantly awaits her when the majesty of evil reigns behind the holy hill.

Many eyes will follow the long procession in

the red dust when the merciful announcer composes the two letters strengthened

by the Holy Spirit.

Helped by a higher angel, he who was

sent among the twelve tribes of Israel will reveal to everyone the three secrets, his message is written

in knowledge. His finger raised in silence will wrap the wisdom

of the four sides, the fallen books will remain

in the dust forever. The time of complete knowledge is born.

He will not be deterred by the ominous song of the black birds on the nearby temple,

the refuge will be ready when the sight worries the guardian of the holy family

leaves a white mark in the night of difficult decisions. The great sage will raise his hands

to the sky on the night of the full moon. Darkness as black

as the sixth hour will cover the earth when the thin hair of kneaded dough

is separated, the image of the long-ago flight will be repeated.

An unclean animal in human form will break a precious mirror,

but it will not look ahead when the wings of death descend on

the ancient ban. Mercy will flow from the earthly springs of all,

the pure streams carry many blessings with happy fingers when the net

of Apostolic love catches the empty hearts, crippled by the iron age.

A boat with ropes spread out will sail suddenly and leave your eastern shore.

The loss of many will remain hidden in the treasuries of the haughty strain

when the righteous hand descends on the overflowing stalls.

Milk whiter than pearls in a full breast will remain untouched

for forty long summers. The radiance of the sun will follow

the continuous divine teaching, it will spread throughout the earth guided by a star

from the basins of the great river. A camel will be friends with a lion, a tiger

dwells with a calf, and children play safely with snakes

in chaste hands.

Clean faces will come standing on a dome smooth, for minds which are careless,

polluted ignorance will be a man with a gentle blush. He will not hide his wet, washed forehead

from the eyes of the curious when there are silent witnesses with their eyes wide

open in wonder.

A heavy foreboding will be felt by the ruler

of four cruel eyes in the power of the flaming star, the powerless will wait, their power will be broken

when the two halves of the moon meet at the gate known to all.

The magic will be great for the deniers the merging of the blue lights.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

He will carry a spear in his right hand, iron sanctified from

earth's ore is not. The archer from the fourth heaven will light the lamp

elongated under the woven shirt to the world for the second time,

the mission unfinished awaits him.

The sign of the Messiah on the door of the stone city will suddenly

get a clear seal in an instant. He will enter with a bowed head in worn sandals

when the broad pillar shines with tears sprinkled by many, the star

will fall again bright above the head of the great.

When the sun rises high, he will lay pure palms on

the patient eight, from the opening nine, fragrant flowers will speak.

The omen second in line on a frightened horse watches as he

waits above the elbow of the world, seventeen is the number of his brother.

The blue of the marked temple will merge with the blue of the sky

when the hopes dry up in the eyes of the mourners who have been watching the expected sign for too long.

What?! Is he still alive? - lips will whisper

in a terrible commotion that will shake the earth with unprecedented force.

The son of Mary will mercifully swear to the truth, he will not hesitate at all

at the hour when a sound from the heavens three times announces the coming of the Expected One.

Gabriel's voice is so terrible that it will make everyone's hair stand on

end of the skins of human creatures.

A scroll unrolled from Noah's ark will reveal the secret triple tomb

of Mesopotamia, the Aramaic letter speaks without even being asked.

He will never look back at the olive branches torn off the big

heart, the mountain is desolate behind his back. Palm trees, many cut down and

some left standing, memories will call to the rows

of condensed letters of long ago. Everyone will look for similarity in the events of past times.

The fruit in his right hand will be enough for all hungry

mouths, he will bless with a clear voice of half two. The oil will be sprinkled

on the untied hair of the penitent with a hidden face, and the feet will be wiped differently with scented drops.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

With his back firmly against the wall of the Holy Temple, all the secrets will be placed

in the hands of the faithful, the long-awaited Savior, the back

of his hands are turned towards him.

The teachings of the voice bearer of all will flow in the clear language of the honorable

descendant, it will be heard even where the human voice has never reached. The hand

of salvation extended to all that breathes the breath of the divine.

Near the place of Abraham's trial, great fear and a whisper that

made his blood freeze in his veins. A terrible blush will reach

the knees when the refuge is securely locked with a black seal.

There is no refuge but in Him! - the lips will move, all marked by terrible despair.

A terrible woman will fall before the door, decapitated, in the hour when

many will be on their knees asking for mercy. The famous descendants will try to escape

in vain, the shadows will be hunted by the exiled, shamed by everyone.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

The two saints will be welcomed by a procession of chosen ones with twigs

of olive in the hands of the happy, they will both be embraced by the hands

of Solomon's disciples on the day when the bright halls will shine with a new brightness.

Judas' kiss will become a warning, the sign on the shore of the dead sea

will be pearl crowns, twenty-one red jewels are on the cover

of each wave.

Ninety-nine Names will take over minds like

the most beautiful song in the hour when bitterness leaves the soul irretrievably,

the holy book will give medicine for all diseases.

Christ will stand behind the other Christ in the line of virtuous equality that

has not been moved, opposition will not be expressed by the gray heads that hold

the book swaying. The sages will obey the seventy paths

of Moses when the twelve hot springs from the rock become one water, the clarity will open the eyes of many.

The Spirit of God will refuse to stand in front, he will give priority to the lovely young man

in the time when night and day are mixed. The worship

that was promised long ago to the shepherds on the cold mountain will bring true

the truth hidden in the dawn of the glorious challenge, a prayer the likes of which

human eyes have not seen.

Terrified, the ruler from the nearby

lowland will fall silent filled with the announcement, the imperial gaze will carry away hope in vain

on the swift swift-footed camel,

when the leaves shining in the fire of unity are burning.

The flame will clearly assemble the threes of the two

from the battle of long ago, the oneness reconciles the number of twos

in the hour when birth and ascension are the same.

A man from the land of light will be recognized when

a clear sign converts Thomas the unfaithful in front of the sandy mound

between the two lands. No one will doubt the power of the Chosen One.

His are the days that follow.

Seventy-four men of extraordinary hearts will be ready when

the third rider kicks up the dust. The order will be awaited

by the faithful cloud-covered monks from the emerald land,

they will descend one behind the other in the ash-colored mist,

guided by the signpost of the right hand.

They will stand still as if the birds on their heads are knights with bright faces

from the green mountain that girds the world.

A finger from the rest of the placed sign will give the squires an eagle's gaze

in the night that will tear the hearts of the mighty six with a distressing

ferocity. A hundred rounds will lose all hope, it will be cut in

half, sharply in two.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

Their names will not be known, their light is the secret of the Names

of the Most Holy Time of this, near the final exit is the life

that will emerge from the earth. Her voice is too human.

The likeness of the unwanted will frighten the beast behind the pillars of gold with three locks

already locked, the white-faced gatekeepers will humbly lower their hands to their chests

when the teeth of the flaming dragon are revealed.

The spirit of Ramses will leave the depths suddenly when the mighty staff

will once again separates the two seas, the terrible movement

in the crowds of enchanted ones will bring unrest, the vision many will vainly want

to deny. All their hope is the deception of golden leaves.

Large mushrooms will sprout even earlier in places where Earth

joins with Earth from ancient times, the fatal rain pours

invisible poison, spreading over the whole world.

Astonishment will cut the wings of swans when the circle without exit

becomes its home, it will sail the lake, waiting for salvation.

Fear will take away the wisdom of the despised heads, only a handful of people

around the Truth. The gathered composure will be maintained in a time when the

name of God cannot even be mentioned, the group of the faithful

will wait with calm breath.

The earth will be devastated by great terror when the ghostly cities

will resemble lifeless deserts. Many a person will curse the day of his birth,

wringing his hands in unimaginable misery when the mouth of the poor earth

eats instead of bread in opaque darkness.

Cries to heaven in all lands, clouds thick as fire burning

above the heads of the terrified.

Silhouettes lost in a terrible preoccupation,

tears as seen are not.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

Death will desire people like never before, it will envy those

in the cemetery with distraught faces. All messages will fall on deaf ears,

when white bones are the best food,

many will wish they were in the places of those already buried.

The descendant of the pious, learned son, in the third generation,

the long-awaited secret will be made known in a small town that is

surrounded by the ghosts of martyrs, the descendant of an unknown Saracen

will be the witness of the last light.

In the place where the family coat of arms is called its own,

the symbol of the mound will be erected, the hand will point with

the big finger to Jupiter's construction of a new temple. The amalgamation

of the teachings of all the righteous gets a blue color in the twilight of the curiosity

expressed, the few are on their knees.

The trail of long light will follow the entrance through the

magnificent six doors into the land of the world. The resting place of Abraham

will be the desired shelter for hearts swept away, next to the stone feet of learning,

all in the circle of unity, the hermits of different paths will hold each other's hands.

The one-eyed giant will try to reach the heights when the great trouble

is over by the thirtieth false prophet. In the haunted nights, warped creatures

will roam, lusting for blood like wild beasts. The murdered does not know

why he dies, nor does the killer know why he kills. The lowest decline in the

moral order of mankind since the pen wrote the events.

The darkness will be eerily thick before dawn, the fear of creepy ghosts

will close the doors of all unprotected houses when the honest one

will show two faces. The whole earth will soon resemble a merciless hell

when many will search in vain for Odysseus' wife. The wheel of Ezekiel's brilliance

will give its last, lift the aircraft into the sky.

A futile search will be led by an iron hand into the morning with

three signs marked. Seekers of quick, luminous minds will not

catch up with the chance in a green robe, the old man who drinks

from the spring of Elijah will have divine support.

His presence will be confirmed from the moment when the fish

slipped into the water noiselessly at the point where

the two seas meet. A completely different ship with seven gray sails sinks

into white water and a lovely child is even killed, this time

from a princely family. The wall will be rebuilt by the strongest hand

in the land of the sun, new in a white glove.

On a gilded donkey, the vile seducer will travel half the world,

he will not be prevented from being in the days of bad luck when ruin

threatens every carelessly thrown anchor. Copper-colored ice before

the light shines in Šam, flags unfurled will not hope for it.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

He will lead two thirds of the world into madness, what will not

be stopped will be the unhappy cyclops, the sermon of every

vain call will be in the days of long curses when the pillar of flame makes

the heavens darker than the blackest night.

Unrequited love from Verona long ago takes

its toll again, the family mark is a great obstacle when the mighty

finger commands a large number, the herd is obediently half of the human race.

Led like a blind man with a weak head, even powerful

shamans will bow down in submission. Skilled magic that

looks like intoxicating weed will throw beings beyond comprehension into rapture,

the masses sway like wooden puppets.

The loser will feel the decay of the ground under the

feet of the mighty, will invoke all the armies of this world

in vain. The inevitable end will be met by the silken cloak lowered

to the ground, its glory ending in orange dust when the thirsty camel

approaches her watering hole.

Three hundred and thirteen more of them will be lined up in the great day.

The shadow of God in the shadow of the acacia

tree will receive ordination of armored fighters, like

granite rock they are, hearts of iron beat tighter.

Grandfather's oath of fidelity will be renewed

by a pure soul in the silence of the Temple with a voiceless

message, the news will be complete and sealed when

mighty empires tremble.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

They will be joined by all the lands of the Queen of Sheba

and parts of the land of red in a time that only one in ten souls

will experience. Their number will grow but not much, the saber

forged from earth is not.

In the endless wasteland, fear will spread. A small number of

selected colors will be confused when attacked from the directions

of five in the infinite distance to white. They will be amazed at the

courage of their two lions from the forgotten desert, the undecided

will sit all night on the colorful carpet when the eyes of tired drooping

are at the crack of dawn.

Ten will be a mysterious number in measuring the forces

of the ready, when the enemy is preparing a ruse in the blue tent.

The smaller group wins, the kingdom is their heavenly home.

Two sabers, one sharper than the other, will quickly pass

through the western road in the day of the inevitable decision. The sons

of the Sun will not be afraid when the ancient steps of opportunity run

bareheaded. The inherited cap will remain in the dust, trampled on,

the evidence will be clear to many.

The imperial retinue in luxurious robes will betray their leader

in sudden misery. Light hearts will hand over the coffin to the precious pages

of the gorse ditch, they will only be chased by a piercing gaze when they retreat

from the great river.

A heavy sigh will escape from the chests of the afflicted

when the wise man from the house of the spider,

at the crossing between the above two,

remembers Lot's wife.

It will be too late for the honorable retreat

when the wings of the eagles leave the great water,

the white cranes will flood the land in great numbers.

In the province, they find sacred black flags unfurled

on spears mortally, the red falcon trembles in the wind

as it prepares to weigh the great. The mantle from the heavens lowered

to the five lights is now on the shoulders of the strong,

noble, spiritual poverty is his glory.

The connoisseur of the House of the Pure will throw to

his knees the knight with three sixes in the hand of the

barbarian, he will not resist the power of the devil in human form

when by the handle from the golden castles he will carry only the despair

of the souls hanged in his fists.

The armies of the three arrogant kings will come to help

in vain when bitter salt fills the mouth of the pharaohs

of ancient times. The hard glass will be broken in an instant

when the transparent curtain falls.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

Through the perfection of the Most Holy, the traveler of spiritual

expanses finds the hollow between the eyes

that has been neglected for a long time. Unimagined realities visit the souls

of the happy anointed ones when the whole of the ascension is experienced

by the human race for the first time since the world existed

by the will of God.

There will be no obstacles for the awakened hearts when

the light from the Book will transfer the throne from the land

of the lion's heart this time in the blink of an eye. Seventy pure ones

will turn things around for the better when the big knot on the night of

the full moon is irreversibly cut by Alexander's wisdom.

Like dregs, they will sail away dishonorably through the waters of

the five great seas and will never return. A planet shining from the sky

of another earth will not grant a new blessing. There is no end to love between

people, the cross and the crescent moon are one.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

Before universal love, two opposite horizons will meet

in a pink mist. The two will face each other in the hour when

Judah's brother has waited in vain for an opportunity, evil has

lost its earthly zenith.

The two sabers will come together irreversibly when the

Antichrist is thrown on his back. The leader of the apostles of

the saints will call on God's name when the adversary is mute with

impenetrable armor of silver color.

Two women wrapped in silk will dream of the restoration

of a failed empire in an ominous night. The end of the tyrant will cause

a terrible commotion on the shore of the clear lake, the numbers

carefully arranged will be scattered on the marble staircase.

Wrapped in a veil of opaque opportunity, the observer

will become desired. The seal of the friends of God will

bring salvation and his request will be accepted when the souls

who have suspected everything will

only repent the last.

The white hand will bring salvation suddenly when

even those who are patient lose hope. Everyone wants to

kiss with grateful lips the back of the noble hand at the hour when

the white-clad pages raise the curtain of the past. The light of the beautiful

face will enchant even the most hardened denier.

The decapitated head of the forehead marked with a

capital letter will end miserably in an instant when destiny was

dealing with two feathers in the old country. He will explore the unseen

gray heads walking firmly along the Sabaean path of wild thorns cleared

after many centuries.

In no time the followers will be scattered like

wild frightened donkeys. They will put on black hoods

quickly in the big house, they will want to remain the sons

of Satan unnoticed when the interpreter of the cuneiform

script turns against them.

Until the final end, no human hand will ever pick up the saber again.

Those of deficient faith will crowd the gray hill,

they will want tangible proof of the long-announced

death. The question will hardly remain open.

A clean-shaven man from an elevated place will

say two words for a happy ending. He will be trusted

when the carefully hidden news is discussed. Every retreat will be

in vain before the ultimate truth when the

great secret is unsealed.

The Messiah will break the bread of unity

in three parts, the sign will break the wrong one

in two inspired by the Holy Spirit. He will offer the new wine

decorated with a purple napkin over his left hand, his ruddy face exudes

purity when he wipes his twelve legs again.

Whatever overtakes the loan shark's basements will be divided

with outstretched arms. The cunning of the unrecognized ruler will

not succeed when the seven countries make the final decision with the

dice of Jonin. Heads bowed, they will leave with greedy hearts dreaming of the

kingdom of their fathers in the golden triangle.

The dust of the three scattered temples will be under

the feet of the strong, the face of the stone lion

will give many answers.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

In the city that suffered a great fire, sharp tongues

will accuse each other. Hard words will fall when

delusion falls from its bright colored throne, thoughts will swarm

like wild bees. No one will gather

their heads in the narrow corridors.

The olive branch will be carried by two weak ones

in bright hands even before the burial of the Antichrist, when

people will flee in all directions from the terrible truth. They will wish

with all their might for a happy ending to the drama of the age-old occasion

in dark robes when the candles are burning with a clear glow around

the island of the honorable past.

The figure of Mary Magdalene will illuminate many hearts

with a sigh of repentance, Christ and Buddha under one cloak,

together with Moses in the City of safety.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

The book that collects the teachings will all be

placed on the hearts of the forty chosen ones,

Abraham's honorable covenant is the bottom of the vessel of their

knowledge. The cube will shine anciently cleansed of the idols of each stick that is

inherited by the bond double.

A Byzantine hand holds a pillar while noble priests put cloth

and linen on their lips, fearing for precious pearls. All but one will

be silent while the precious arrows fall far from the target.

He will be seventy years old and three more when

he is laid to rest. The city shines next to the biggest will receive

another one similar to him while the pink dusk was falling over

the ancient land, the white wedding dress will give a sign preserved

by the hands of three children.

Not everyone will see him in the hour when

thirteen is the key number. Death white ignorance carries

for those who put the two memories together, the similarity is

called irreversibly.

Kings from the Mount of Olives will lay down gold and

fragrant incense for the second birth. The shepherds of the

crimson crowns will come down lowly in robes draped over their

shoulders in both yellow and red, not all of the same people. The fraternization of

all worldly religions is heartily waiting.

The teachings of the four will be reconciled in the

best way, they will find common roots in the land of truth from

suffering that has finally died down, the hatred of the

past - only the memories of long ago.

Buddha and Moses, Christ and Muhammad, all the

books of heaven will be gathered into one by the love of

all living beings, there is no end to

the awakened unity.

The ark of the covenant, the staff and shoes

of the world, all speak in tongues to all, the invisible

realm touches all present and what

will be present.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

The border province, in the past a long war was waged, will flash

all the lightning illuminated by the forgotten truth. Solomon's friend,

the name is the same, will reveal the secret of the saint's tomb, which

sleeps in the quiet greenery.

The ring of Solomon's seal will be when the dust falls

on the heads of the sages of the seven invisible realms. The humble will

tear their white shirts in mourning for the great dignitary

when the first clod of earth is thrown.

The mighty voice of the bare-footed shepherd will announce death

beneath the resplendent dome. The message of the Paracletes will seal

the mouths of many with the power of the new times when doubts will

all be scattered like ashes in a sudden wind.

Within reach of the city marked by the rebellion of the learned world.

Those who only know the letter of the law will rise up against the son

of Fatima, they will ask for the return of the flower of the blessed offspring,

great rows with a book in trembling hands.

Confusion as if a new faith had been announced from the

heavens above. The giants of the letter fourteen are unprepared for

the depth of seven in the deep sea, each of them has seventy more.

Many a brand will be removed from their foreheads, thrown into

the dust, despised. The astonishment of those who hide their

shame with folded hands will be great. He will suddenly come back from

his long stupor when all the knowledge up to that point has been put

into the seven questions of the wise.

The shell of wisdom will be broken with a single blow

when the taste of the apple is for the first time more important

than its own membrane. Its taste will be pure, unchanged, despite its

hardness. The hand of longing unforgotten can approach the tree.

The sinless leader will remain on the throne for seventeen

summers and the country will obediently release all its treasures

to him. From the east to the west, the light can't be dimmed, the sun came

out from behind a big cloud.

No one will return empty-handed from the small porch under

the white dome. He will fill his outstretched hands, the Friend of God,

his face will shine his like the full moon when he comforts the endless

columns with turned palms.

In ancient Babylon he will sit down when the significant letter

of ancient wisdom from the mountain of the green belt shines on

the heads of all. The emissaries will be received by many, the signs will be

clear in the hour when he will be followed by endless admiration.

The great earth will resemble paradise when the cursed seed

sprouts for the last time in the valley of peaceful vegetation.

In false knowledge resides brilliant deception, the deception of the

shining scorpion will meet the black one on the sand dune, with one

sting the darkness is dispersed.

An abundance that has not been seen since the fall of

Adam, man will reach the stars in two blinks of an eye, and

master unimaginable powers. Two branches on the tree of true

knowledge will receive twenty five new saplings. Twenty-seven pure

springs will flow from the thirsty lips of sleeping scholars, from the hand

of the great savior they will drink.

Underfoot, Shirdi's lotus flower for the face with a red dot

will indicate good fortune. Redemption will be brought for the people

many descendants in an unusual uniform. There are two colors on his shirt.

His tenderness is Simon's. Apostolic love will tremble on the

lips of a gentle smile when he suddenly extends his hands. Hindu wisdom

awakened from the leaves of papyrus blossoms will spread throughout the

earth when grandfather's knowledge splits the limbs of the body into two halves,

and the birth will bring triple glory.

The seal of lovers will leave the body too pure in the golden age.

A woman of ill-fated fate will secretly pour poison into a full cup

over her hand, her ignorance is great in the decisive day.

Momentary oblivion will lower the name of the Witness into a

big heart when the knower of the difficult path knows his end in

advance. Martyrdom is the unknown bathed in light, the honor of all

his ancestors. The child from the cross of the Ahmeds will be busy with the

burial of the holy man. Nine is the number of his glory in the hour when the

fourth rider is in the dust.

Father and son together again, at least two of the twelve

princes, THE noble ones from the holy Torah will

return to this earth for sure.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

The wild sea will have a terrible force when the

big stone falls on the gate of the dissolute city. Ships with

proud sails will find refuge in the white water, where they

will sail away never to be seen again.

People will rush down the slopes of everything. Two

sleeping giants won't resist anything. The angry heads of the

murderous gaze will be more numerous than ants, when the mighty

world hastily rushes into the midst of the long-awaited one.

The wall will collapse, and it will be a sign of terrible

disorder. Cruel creatures with slanting eyes will sow evil much

without swords in firm hands.

And brave hearts will be afraid in the unknown, even when

the victim is without any weapon. She will be hidden in a hollow like a

honeycomb of the great secret of heaven, the sage Tibetan will leave

the coffin locked on the desolate plateau.

On a leafy tree close to the bright city, the letters are descending

in a silent morning. They will not be able to hide on the high staircase

when the pale faces face the wax figure.

A terrible fire will rage in the east, it is not an earthly truth.

The flame, unknown to all minds, will

stamp the three letters of the most holy with two

prongs on corrupt hearts, eager for confusion and

interpretation of their own.

Bull's head of a man's body reawakened in a stone

staircase. Three virgins will be embraced when the labyrinth of ambushes

becomes animal mouths. Crowns will be trampled like

autumn leaves.

Those with a true heart will be locked in a bright house

from the door of seven. Their number is small and becomes

even smaller when the spirit of Ivan the Water Bearer caresses

the proud lions without any fear.

With the strength of his spirit, he will resist the disturbances

of anger, when the moon is completely different, one of

the forty others absorbs many stars.

Sirius has a Master, the black tribe hid the truth,

the One leads to tears and laughter.

In the bitter winter he will eat ripe grapes with

calm hands, Zechariah's seal will keep the holy temple

upright while waiting for the dawn, which reed will remain

alone on the calm surface.

The steel old man will know the meaning of the

test of time. With their hands they will cover the best

ones bathed in snow when the flame unseen covers the

earth everywhere as far as the eye can reach.

The fire will stop suddenly, leaving great misery

on the cheeks marked by it. All earthly laws ever discovered

fall one after the other.

From the great ship, the offspring had dispersed even earlier

in their land. A third of Noah's life or a little more, the measure

will be for the swollen water, a new great flood will

cleanse the whole earth.

When the meaning of the hands is lost, time will become

the most precious gold. When the water reaches the unfortunate necks,

the ship that landed on the mountain in ancient times

brings salvation again.

Great opportunities will comfort those marked, extend a

compassionate hand, at the hour when three two-faced hearts

break the glasses of red in the last hope.

The fog will be so thick that nothing will be discernible

at close range. Being overwhelmed by the wonders of awakened

nature will remind you of the end of the world. The horrors of

the worst face from the disputation of the

sons of Adam.

The water will begin to recede driven by the power of

the chosen three hundred and sixty. No one will see them in contrite

prayers at the time of the great destruction. Darkness will cover

the earth with a cloak of horror when only the hidden figures

will shine with the polar light.

When the flood stops, the end will be very close. The soul will be

darkened by a vice invisible in the cursed morning. Thirty is a number

that few in the know will think of, those who will remember the significant

death in the year twenty-eight.

Thorns grow wild on white roses, evil doom will spring up

suddenly in the gardens of all. Terrified nurses leave their children,

while unhappy hearts know only hatred.

The formless faces of the last time are spilling white

seeds on the parched earth. A poisonous tooth will sprout in the

spirit of every desolate man. Like unwitting animals they will roam the beheaded

lands of all lands when the ninth bridge

reveals the final secret.

Time will tread hard on everyone's minds when a

stranger holds a stranger in a dying embrace as his own son.

The sun will begin to darken, its color is bloody when the land and the

waters of the sea become one.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

The stars are about to fall last, the silence foretells

its own, when the number nineteen rushes with all its

might. Camels are pregnant without the shepherds of remain.

The earth will throw out its burdens,

tell the story of the footsteps of all the creatures,

the sons of Eve from the beginning of

the burdensome walk.

Things will return to their source as they came.

The end will be a new beginning when the earth is a

new earth and the heavens. Only the light of the Pure House

will illuminate the horizons of the future. Everything started with

them and everything will return to them

The light of the Pure House

The Light of the Prophet Muhammad

In the blessed night, the shining light illuminated the

castle of Shama. With a hand sign of welcome, the predecessor of all

embraced the great domes before the birth

of the greatest.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The palace of the proud ruler is turned to dust because

he comes under whose feet is the dust of the whole world.

The springs dried up suddenly because man's thirst will be

finally and completely quenched.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you who are the soul of all souls even while they dreamed

only in divine knowledge. To the light of heaven, which wrote

the primordiality of each with a pen even before the angels

observed the letters with their innocence.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

To the herald's seal of all that your souls

brought a piece as a mission blessed. Last in voice and

first in creation. You, who are the precious shelter

for all beings.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

In the world of Ahmed, the original debased everything.

In the infinite silence, his breath was felt by every particle.

Few people remember the abundant grace, even though it resides in

us like a child not yet born.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Adam watched in great wonder that there was someone

before the most holy name. The entirety of divine love could not

be manifested. The fruit of the forbidden tree after a long time will ripen in its

fullness when it is picked by the hand of the one whose name is the same.

The descendant of the House will discover the secrets of all the

ripening of the heavenly.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you who are the brightness of all sent, the full moon

in the valley of wonder and spiritual travelers. The greatest sun

in the hollow of the heart of the wandering broken, a star sure on the

horizons of the seekers of the best.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Light of Fatima Zehra

On the same flower, two purple petals,

two light carriers, roses are the same.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The best fragrant flower from the garden, while the

gardens of the earth were watching over the image of the

world in the darkest hour. Oh, you who still touched the four

stars under the cloak of light from the land of ancient wisdom.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Ali

A spark of light from the double-edged saber lit

up both worlds.

The transitoriness of this world and the permanence of

the world of the next torch is the first bier

of the twelve heads lit.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you who are the bow-bearer of the wise, the first spring

from the spring of the twelve Moses from the granite rock, Commander

of the faithful on whose pure palm the entire creation is laid, you are the light

of God, the face of God, the tongue of God.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

You have separated each light from each darkness,

each reality from its shadow, each originality from the cause before

it, a sure guide, the face of God turned to men.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Hasan

The created flower of heaven in the sea of ​

​divine generosity showered the world with trembling

and flickering. An untroubled connoisseur for all seekers

of the true, for all travelers to green oases.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, the chosen one in whose name the beauty of the

universe is imprinted with a primordial seal. Benevolent,

whose waves reach all hidden shores.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, moon of shining nobility, ray of the sun on

the surface of the peaceful vilayet unbroken, you who

feed the drink of paradise from the spring of Muhammad,

the child from the spine of the best.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Husayn

In the desert of the hour of judgment the banner

unfurled on the day of the great pain, the sacrifice exalted,

the prince of the martyrs,

the Holy Imam.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The last night is drawing to a close, as the

circle of the chosen witnesses the times to come.

Imam's light shines brighter than a thousand suns in

the hearts of the followers.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

At the dawn of the tenth day there are seventy-two chosen

before the rising sun, self-forgetful

exalted in the morning of

witnessing the long-promised.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

A stream of light fell on the occasion of the world

like a drop of dew on a fragrant petal of heaven. The descendants

of the nine pure lights are their times. There is no escape from

the day appointed by the coil.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

From the spines of men and the wombs of women emerge

those who have been with them since the day of the great

covenant. The light of the indivisible loam of one encircled the

hearts by a treaty of long ago.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Sejad

Every leaf, flower,

clod of earth spoke of his blessed

presence, the ornament of

the pious.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Like a pearl in a shell of secrets, the secret of knowledge

remains. Oh, you who are in constant submission, inhabitant of

the House of the Pure.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Every bite from the fakir's bowl was accompanied

by a tear of memory. Under the tent of the great phoenix rises

while the martyr's wounds smell like the

most beautiful flowers.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Bakir

On the shores of salvation, the fifth lighthouse for all close

hearts that sail through the realms of the spirit in Noah's ship,

the opener of the door of knowledge of the

deepest secrets.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

O revealer of the seven depths, you who with the northern light

encircle strong shoulders, worthy of the deposit of the exalted, you who

are mentioned by name in the shining Torah,

the book of Moses.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, light divine on the prow of salvation. Whoever climbs it

is saved, whoever misses is sunk, is the promise of the grandfather

of the Clean House. The white sail is the flag of the group

saved for all time.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Sadiq

He was the cornerstone of the temple of Ibrahim

and Ismail in his time. A true treasure, child of Muhammad,

without a guide the path is

so dark, difficult.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you whose name is written too bright

with the sapphires of sincerity, woven with purity

on the loom of the blameless. Oh founder of the contemplation

of the true, the lamp shines for all wondering hearts.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, possessor of Adam's jewels, sign of all

noble paths, rescuer from the darkness of the

deep, the terrible.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Light of Imam Kazim

The path of the glorious light of the seventh

heaven rises deep beneath the moist earth. Oh, blameless one

who revealed the power of mastering the full to the

yearning eyes of the honorable followers.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

A vigil in obeisance to the sublime from the beginnings

of each day until the middle of the hot, sunlit day. Oh, bright star

of pure faith from whose hand repentance is received,

flame on Sinai of goodness.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Cold, sweat and blood from dungeon to dungeon chained

and the chains of submission exalted on the feet of the saints,

in submission to the One while the chains of delusion are on

the necks of the violent.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Light of Imam Reza

He exposes everything to the kindness of the divine one

above the others,

unity reveals the secrets.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

In the moment of conviction, the unbroken bunch from

the table of long ago, sprinkled with Jesus' breath. Oh, the secret,

about the teacher of all teachers, who wears the golden chain around the

necks of the submissive in the lonely tekkes.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you who are the temple of close unity,

you who are the guardian of the book in your time,

heir of light.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Dzhevad

From the Prophet's garden, a fragrant petal,

a bright jewel laid before the throne of the Merciful

until nothing was created.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The book of the wisdom of the living, which carries a sign

for every time, a message for every being. Oh, you who are God's

favorite of unspeakable loveliness who were cut down in

the flower of youth.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The eight blue sapphires from the regent's crown returned

to the sea of ​​divine grace from the world of appearances to the

real world. Oh, the sea of ​​noblest colors,

sage so young, so dignified.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Hadi

The greater exile that tastes the bitter seed, for the soul

the world and homeland in us is forgotten, for the heavenly land

where a clear guide is needed.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

O you who are the sinless guide, who are

the refuge of all weak hearts, of all

weak hands.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you who are the place of connection and

union that continues since the sacrifice of Ibrahim, the vessel of

drinkable, undistorted knowledge.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The light of Imam Askeri

In the sadness and pain of isolation, the light grows

pregnant, which will stretch from east to west, in the imprisonment

that in a different way imprisons many hearts with the

trap of skulls.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, father of the Lord of time, the savior of this world,

the secret sealed, the last light that has covered its face

since the time of this difficult,

so burdensome.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, you who are the forerunner of that which bears

the pen of the holy announcement of all in the hands of the

three hundred and thirteen messengers. Oh, you whose body was

created pure from the divine throne of light,

the source of all gentleness.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

The Light of Imam Mehdi

Oh, you who are a reliable refuge for all

the faithful, hope for all tired eyes,

so long open.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Your light is like the sun hidden behind a dark cloud,

invisible to the eyes, but you illuminate the whole world.

The polar star for every traveler as long as the childhood

of this human race lasts.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

Oh, defender of the Temple, you who are a young man

beautiful to the eyes of those who know the youth of their own soul,

tireless comforter until the day of the

announcement of the doomed.

If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't have created the worlds.

You were born with knowledge, blind,

deluded hearts are unprepared for your beauty

and that is why you are hidden in this time of great trial,

you who are the child of the messenger sent.

If it wasn't for you we wouldn't have created the worlds

Poseidon's trident in the sea of ​​love

A frame for a picture of a gentle muse

The rays of the sun scattered on the hot sand,

I was staring at the river in the gilded dusk. It always happens

when you least expect it. The eve of self-forgetfulness far away with

sadness spoke only audibly. Each white stone had its own story.

Malisa remained too faithful only in memory.

Even though I thought of her every day, my palms remained

moist and empty, stretched out in vain like the fingers in a distant

desert of a thirsty poor man who has only a trick

next to him.

Malisa remained too faithful only in memory.

The distance in the souls was small, but the distance between the two lives

was great and unbridgeable, deep like a dark abyss that deters even existence

itself. If the bud of closeness does not become a rose in the distance between

the petals of gentle strokes and quickly, the hard changes of time will

unceasingly overpower every love.

Malisa remained too faithful only in memory.

Perhaps the muses of unreal beauty would not sing ravishing songs, so

intoxicating that the love of all the sons of men is as perfect as it is blind,

and that the reins of hope on the proud horse of the agitated soul are not

so relaxed in damp hands.

Malisa remained too faithful only in memory.

The white fog of sublime horizons when we hold out our hands to

a transparent image that dreams in white snow or muddy steps on a

wet road where we are followed by storms and black ravens, it doesn't matter,

because it remained in me.

Malisa remained too faithful only in memory.

Mary the mother of Jesus

Josip's worried look in the dark night, Danica curiously followed

the bright embryo. The cloak was lowered by the radiant one

wrapped in an opaque veil.

Maria's love was great.

The palm tree is covered with the glow of the blush of the

morning from the branches of the green date spilled on the palm of the

virgin, in the form of a man,

a perfect holy angel.

Maria's love was great.

The child in the cradle above him called peace threefold.

Peace of birth, peace of death and peace of resurrection.

Peace everywhere, the vast heavenly realm is everywhere.

Maria's love was great.

Resting area of Mustafa

Protector of the city, child of Khidr's ascension. When one appears, the other disappears.

The two have always been in the light of one, since four thousand years ago.

As long as memory exists, sleep is safe, peaceful under the canopies of wet houses.

The two have always been in the light of one, secret from the beginning and the last time it was shown.

He was a symbol of his time, and is still a symbol today. Because the dust of oblivion

does not touch the vessels of the heart, and similar ones are born in the midst of all.

The two are always in the light of one, one in the disappearance, the other in the heart.

The announcement of the bride of Christ in the Decoration is greater, their number is equal.

Two are always in the light of one.