

III



## Section 1

Revere the Maker; cherish the made.  
Here lies wisdom.

The door lies at the end of the path.  
Who will gather? Many.  
Who will finish? Few.

The grower will take time.  
The grower will bring light.  
The grower will have Ages.  
Take time, and move it to and fro.  
Bring light, and give it to the dark places.  
Have Ages, and link to them without bindings.

Loud cries yet again.  
Can it be made? No.  
We mourn our loss.  
No one sees.

In rock is where changes are found.  
Because of tunnels Dni has changed forever.  
New events surround us,  
Awaiting our arrival.

The path to the left or right?  
That is the only power of man.

The grower leads in the dark,  
While the deceiver flails in the light.

The grower raises truth in the absence of eyes,  
While the deceiver blesses them in clear view  
of many.

Without the grower, those who are like the  
grower would never learn.

Without the grower, the name known by all would  
not have existed.

Knowing the least is the path of wisdom.

A sweet aroma rising up.

Kings and prophets, the proud ones have the  
stench of death.

The passing of time brings the path to the  
gathered.

A breach has been cut, and now the paths are  
joined.

The giving of gifts heals the wound of the  
builder.

In cages they weep,

Time and again.

But without their tears,

Truth remains hidden.

Your cry is your call.

If no one will hear them, weep for us.

The choices of the wise bring pleasure to the  
Maker.

The meeting of worlds is death and life.

They count years and months.

A long week is as short as an age is long.

There is noise where once there was silence;

Light where once there was not.

Stone stands tall,

And rock falls down.  
And they are watched;  
Always.  
Not knowing..  
Silence will return.  
Light will fade.  
Stone will fall.  
Rock will grow,  
Again.

From the shadow of the wound, history will be  
rewritten.  
The disease will spread until D'ni cannot be  
saved.

Seven they are,  
Though little do they realize  
Only four is seen as they see.  
For seven is one,  
And one is seven.

Writing of links is a gift to be cherished.

Where are our people?  
Who are our people?  
What are our people?  
Cry those who die on the streets.

The crumbling of the walls will come from  
within.  
The stories of the destroyer will be the start  
of the burden.  
The burdened one will come from outside.  
The burden of the remnant will be laid upon his  
shoulders.  
Be still and the path will be made known.

What will grow?  
The tree of all things.  
Who will grow it?  
The grower.

Pages burn.  
Ink spills.  
Is there no one to protect us?  
When we turn against ourselves.

Books will be your stronghold, and then you  
will die.  
The destroyer will cut down this great tree of  
wickedness?  
Another place will be their refuge,  
Another place will be their home.  
Dance and celebrate, for the tree grows again.

Seven nameless abused;  
Six called abused;  
Five sent away;  
Four sell to three;  
Three excepted without eighteen;  
Two one of eight;  
One wear color and hold paper.

Poison fills the hearts of many;  
New air enters some.  
Believe.

The scream you hear has no breath.  
Old ways are kept just to test.

Curses reign upon the others;  
From the lips of the proud.  
Eyes are removed,  
Yet sight is restored.

