

DI



Section 2

Do not trust the sons of the burdened one.
They will seek comfort in their books.
This is the warning of the fall.
Do not seek comfort in your books.
When destruction comes, other ages will not
save you.

Seen under bones in the jail cells,
A row of keys is here.

Minds are soft, hearts are callused.
In the new place chaos reigns.
Wisdom is hidden.
But a storm approaches, and a new river flows.
Its waters of deep red stain the land.
Cross the valley of dry sand and new blooms
will appear.
Wisdom is found.

The action of the gathered means nothing.
The action of the deceived is toiling in vain.

The dam has been destroyed,
And the river opened.
He who unleashed its fury
Screams for mercy, and calls for help.
But no one comes.
As death drowns him,
It takes everything in its path.

Darkness makes the righteous humble and the
evil bold.

Darkness comes at the end of time.

Take the path upward, or those above will
travel downward.

Seek the path of the shell.

The meeting of worlds is destruction and
blessing.

The kingdom of D'ni is not made of rock and
stone, but heart and mind.

They rejoice at a spark,

Though they never see the fire.

They rejoice at a star,

Though they never see the sun.

They honor magicians,

And never know of true power.

They bow to liars,

Because truth cannot wait.

When the tree dies there will come a new one.

A grower to learn of the death.

A grower to see new life.

A grower to bring the gathered.

A grower to restore the least.

A grower to move through time.

A grower to link at will.

A grower to follow the shell.

A grower to banish the darkness.

A grower to graft the branches.

A grower to join the paths.

Black turns to green.

Red and yellow fruits emerge.

And he laughs at the worm,

And soon there are many.

The hill of fire allows them to find their way.
Evil follows their path.
One will take where another left off.
Vagabonds enter unknowingly.
Incomplete is the task at hand.
Soon there will be another.

Thought not a King, the Ruler dies.
The spilling of his blood
Creates rivers in the city.

He laughs and smiles and cries at him
And the one with him.
Another teaches,
So that the choices are ours.

The patient find solace in the wait,
While the restless follow the path of folly.
Follow the patient path.

There are three who live in darkness and
silence.
Blinded are those who search for them.
One saves D'ni and dies
At the hands of rulers.
Another destroys D'ni and lives
At the hands of followers.
There is another who both destroys and saves;
Both lives and dies,
At the hands of both rulers and followers.
While there is always strength in the hidden,
There is great trust in those who live and die.

The Maker uses the made who are willing.
He provides a light to discern the willing from
the wicked.
A light in the cavern eases fear and provides

comfort for the willing.

A light in the cavern causes the wicked to
scurry to the darkness.

A new life, in a new place, begins for a few;
Full of blessings, full of good.

But maturity does not come from ease and
prosperity.

Prepare for suffering, and growth will come.

Life dies, darkness spreads.

Day ends, Night grows:

What is this invasion?

For the fourth time, they come.

Two come to war;

Two run from war;

Two die;

Two live although they kill.

All of them;

Above whom are none

They believe.

So I say again

Seven they are,

Though little do they realize.

Only four is seen as they see.

For seven is one,

And one is seven.

Libraries hold the writings of man.

Hearts holds the truth of the Maker.

