



Section 4

In the night they walk through the streets
Looking to one another for explanation;
Trying to understand the mourning that fills
the city,
And prevent them from lying down.
Others ignore the wails.
They feel safe and talk as though they are
immortal.
As they too succumb to death
They remember the restless nights.

The number of the watcher is six hundred and
twenty five.
It is the number of waiting.
It is the number of truth.

You only need to ask what has been viewed to
know.

A heart for the least is the path to
forgiveness.
Move your heart far from pride, and joy will
come.

A desert bird knows where to wait and watch.
A desert bird knows when the storm will come.
A desert bird knows where water will flow.
A desert bird knows when the tree will grow.

A new five reign.
To bring them back;
To return;
To unite.

A new one reigns.
To send them away;
To push away;
To divide.

If more you seek,
Ask and then be given a ray of hope.

A man pulls ten others behind him,
Because he believes.
Another lifeless body is thrown into the cart,
Because it doubts.
People line the street
Watching the cart go through their midst.
Wondering what they should choose,
And where their own body will be soon.

Learn from the least, for their burden is
great.
A bird from the desert will build a nest in the
tree.

There is a circle of seasons,
Death and life,
Until a final end.
The way is made clear at the end of time.

Do not fear the wound, it is a way of peace in
time of need.
A place of patience;
A place of stone;
The gathered are known by their faces of stone.

A place to fall;
A place to be raised;
The gathered will fall into the wound.

Like the lelam they grow,
Expanding in size
But lessening in thickness.
Expanding in territory.
Swallowing enemies and smaller beasts
But dying slowly.
For what they eat is of little value.
And what they consume destroys the stomach.
So they continue to expand,
Until there is nothing left where they started.

Winds of change blow from above.
Feel the wind, it will move you.

The little ones destroy;
The little ones rebuild;
The little ones remove;
The little ones give back.

The future is always revealed to those who
wait.
But the proud have no patience.
Because of pride, the destruction will come.

This is your one answer.
What is given is proof of it.

The wound gives birth to the builder of
pride.
The wound takes the age of the builder of
pride.

A new five reign;

To bring them home;
To return their life;
To unite their desires.

Rest in the light.
Call in the dark.
Sing in the time of joy.
Weep in the time of pride.

A new one reigns;
To send them away to what is good;
To return them to what is right;
To unite them to what is true.

A heart for pleasure is a filthy pit of
binding.
A heart for the Maker is a clean breath of
release.

For they have claimed a share of a very old
order.

I see the tree
With only one branch.
What misery
To watch it fall
And never grow.

Nothing but a seed;
A seed that grows slowly;
Roots grow, fed by water;
Growing upward, only one.

The remnant will live in plenty,
Until a time of testing comes.
The remnant will learn of the Maker
From one who learns of the Maker.

