

Chapter 11

Dogma

Litany

*Bearing many names,
Wearing many veils,
Alone above the piercing lights
The Speaker weaves his tales.*

*First among the stars,
Last upon the field,
Alone below the cracking earth
The Fallen now are sealed.*

*The heroes and the scorned,
The regal and despised,
Both bear the mark of time and toil
And end their days disguised.*

The Seventh Tale

*When will the promise be
fulfilled and justice done?
Only when the Fallen claim
their places in the sun.*

*A riddle was first posed,
With ne'er a hint or key
The chorus saw the prize held high
above their bended knee.*

*With faith and trusting souls
The vast and burning lights
Moved across the distant dark
to claim their offered rights.*

*A host was raised in haste
To halt the drifting spheres
And in the reaches of the dark
The host was met with spears.*

*The shining blades were poised
But none would strike a blow
Would the faithful be cast out?
The chorus did not know.*

*The host bore down upon the lights
And the planets as they turned
The shining blades were driven home
As all the heavens burned.*

*With torn limb and shattered helm,
A clash of sword and fire
The Speaker spoke the words of war
And proved himself a liar.*

Dogma

*The chorus fled in disarray
Across the sea of time
And in pursuit, the messengers,
In judgment of their crime.*

*Harried, broken, at long last
They gained a hideaway.
Yet in the harbor that they found
Another judgment lay.*

*The chorus, and the host as well
All began the same.
Both were born of light and song
But some would end in shame.*

*Some were given jewels,
And some were given thrones,
And only those with loves on Earth
Were cursed and given stones.*

