

# Prophet

## Pretty Lights

Tending consciousness  
Land toward which statecraft  
And living spirit  
In a hundred years will seek  
Each other for the first time

Land, time suppliant  
In which the last of the chosen few  
Stands lost in the strait of the narrow

Statecraft, promised remorse  
Out of which deceit and power greed  
Confided centuries ago

Living, denied fulfillment  
From which no turning back  
Spirit, creator peregrine  
Who shall want nothing

Radiant the commandment  
That the skimmer too  
Illuminate, it's mutilated  
Shadow

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