Conjure

Down

Snort the powder of Ibn Ghazi...
Line upon ash, trembling stiffly...
Weakly rising, tangle of lifemares summoned...
Stripping it clean, drag it clear into the system...A blind business that blinds...
A voice that's not a voice...
Wading in the low place...
Serpent suffocation winds to the feet...Beware the conjure...The bulk of mortals walk alone (with)...
Eidolon unseen and foul...
Bend the magus, thrash the fatuous, dread the strike that smites...
As a foulness, be the corpus at your throat...Inside the rock, under the deeps...
Dead conundrum blunts in dreams...
Expectation of a blow...
Serpent submission winds to the feet...Exalt the conjure...Narcanmancy...
Blasphemy's addictive train...
Vainglorious prayers deathlings of...
Narcanmancy...Cut off spectrum intercourse...
A terrible thing to hear...
No earthborn free-fall, nothing sane of this sphere...
Elder wisdom embark without guidance...A blind business that blinds...
A choice without a choice...
Wading in the low place...
Serpent suffocation winds to the feet...Beware the conjure...Because, in the end...
You will find out...
You cannot win.

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