Prophet

Black Merda

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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