

Where might one find silence in the eyes of the false light?

Where might one find truth in the eyes of the rageful crowd?

In my dreams divinity whispers. He chimes into the chamber of visions and moves in silence.

We must find the innocence within the darkness, purity within the shadows. Those few who might be aware, watch from their windows in awe at the fall of man.

Those few who might be aware of the logic of dreams, and the logic of the natural world. The dark spirits reside in another realm now. In a realm we sought after, reaching deep into the darkness for eternal light.

Solitude is the only answer left for the modern man. For the oneiric children, we must keep to the path of ritual. In an image of the past we had fallen deep into the grasp of our own obsessions. The stark apple dream from whence we were once fooled.

The infinite gift of consciousness, the godlike eye of humanity, and the fall of the modern man. We are as one with our ancestors. Listen to the whispers now in the twilight halls, the divine one reaches into you. We are as one with our ancestors.

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Urizen - 1794



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The Night of Enitharmon's Joy -1795



The Sun at His Eastern Gate - est. 1816

