



# 1. Edge of the Spiral





## Beginnings

Cloaked in curling golden mist  
Sits the lonely Fool  
In a shroud of faded green  
At the centre of the pool

Feet below the surface splashing  
Ripples pulsing silver-blue  
In his hand's he cups a flower  
Strawberry scent and creamy hue

The Sun it rises rusty-red  
Splaying through the trees  
His shape reflected in the water  
Black Book upon his knees

The cover he it slowly turns  
With slender tapered fingers  
Swirling characters upon green leaves  
And upon each word he lingers

Lords of War tore that land  
The tyrants of the West  
With hearts so black and crimson hands  
The stealers of happiness

The bombs blew up the cemeteries  
And the dead gave up their graves  
Cities burned and crumbled  
Then passed beneath the waves



At last the storm was ended  
Silence swooped and darkness was complete  
And Man, the pride of Heaven  
Toppled from his rich and golden seat

His own hands he did muster  
To build the tomb that swept his world in fire  
And now he stares in wonder  
As sad peace burns upon the funeral pyre

A cold wind blew his ashes  
None watched as they passed through the skies  
None that is save the Old Man  
His patience taxed by base man's foolish lies

O they all go to the dark he cried  
Whose beard was long and grey  
And the world will wave goodbye tonight  
So, night had conquered day

The Old Man turned and left his watch  
He saw fit to leave Man to his fate  
And the air was filled with the scent of smoke  
And still sad peace burns on flames of hate

Three figures stand upon the bank  
Knives of steel they wield  
But the Fool has not seen them  
For tears his eyes do shield



Reaching softly for a smile  
The Fool continues to read  
Of the Worm that came from beneath the ground  
To plant the evil seed

From the twilight land the dark ones came  
Through the holes in the snow  
On the slant-eyed men and blue-eyed boys  
They dealt a deadly blow

Gorged upon the white man's flesh  
They rubbed their hands in glee  
They built their kingdom in the East  
With tall dark symmetry

Then upon that place a darkness fell  
And Death stalked the night  
The screams of the dying filled the air  
As their bodies were set alight

Her green fields now blackened ashes  
Mother Earth lay down to die  
But a new hope came one morning  
Out of an amber sky

They were hailed as Gods and Messiahs  
And with the dark lords they went to war  
But they were not the Second Coming  
For they had not been before



They were just another life form  
From a dead star, far away  
For a new home, they came searching  
And here they would stay

Beyond the sky the White-One watched  
From inside the glaring Eye  
She had seen this game a score or more  
And she echoed a bitter sigh

The battle bellowed its fury  
And the ice began to move  
And a cold wind came upon them  
Both wing and cloven-hoove

The waters they were frozen  
Snowy Owl cut the night  
With talons bared it tore  
Then winged off out of sight

The golden Sun shone once more  
And the Earth grew fresh a-new  
The trees were filled with birdsong  
And the rivers sparkled blue

Elfin folk walked with Men  
And joy their hearts it filled  
Growing merry on springs sweet vapours  
Silver castles they did build



Then Twelve Dancers came amongst them  
And guided them in peace  
They gave them only happy days  
Love and life and feast

In sacred grove's they would gather  
And by a fire they would talk  
Dreamy nights and sunny days  
And lush green fields to walk

Then as before a dark enemy  
Sprang up in the East  
And from Hell's Black Abyss  
Came the snarling Beast

The Twelve they came together  
And made a solemn vow  
Towards the sky they turned their heads  
It was their decision now

I'll be the Scythe that cuts you down  
I'll be the Flame that burns you  
I'll be the Wind that blows you away  
I'll be the Light you turn to

They built a Tower for her to stay  
So tall and dreamy-fair  
They went to tie the mortal knots  
But drew the FOX out of its lair



Three Mog's beside the swamp  
Spread about the shore  
One was taken by the mire  
And an Orm another tore

But the third stood his ground  
And put an arrow in his bow  
He stretched the cord and released the dart  
And then he turned to go

The Fool stopped awhile  
For upon the storm to ride  
The shaft of wood ripped the air  
And took him in the side

The Fool withdrew the blade  
And toppled from the mound  
He hit the silken pool  
Not uttering a sound

The Book lay on the water  
For the beasts of night to prey  
But a black hand broke the surface  
And snatched it clean away

The shade of night had fallen  
And a strange sound could be heard  
Like a bell in a distant tower  
The Echo of the Songbird