



Gilgamesh star, rising

And the night is too short
And time too distant
For our youth's immortality

With might a laugh at dusk's humility
A mighty laughter haunting dawn
As we conquer the world

And Life is too vast
And existence too wild
For adulthood's casual security

Hark! Youth's rebellion
Sounds reluctant quakes
Throughout the echelons of shells

Sleep but remembrance
And mystery yet again
In old age's wise sincerity

As we witness worlds collide
And the growing forth of the new
Where silent deeds initiate

How change turns history
And rebels create, innovate, immortal by default
How can we not notice that: The world is our lover, that
life is our poem...

Go forth, young of heart and be remembered!

- Rev. Propophegge