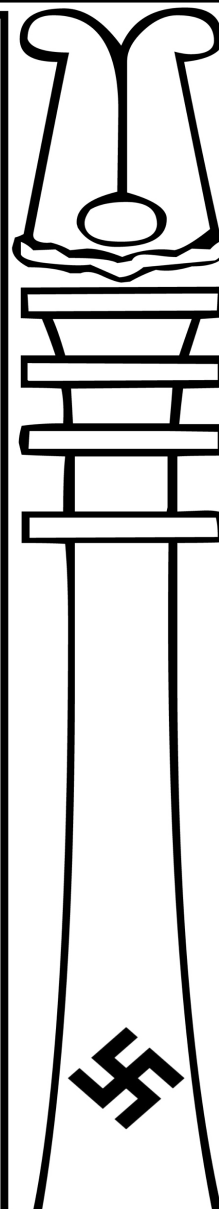
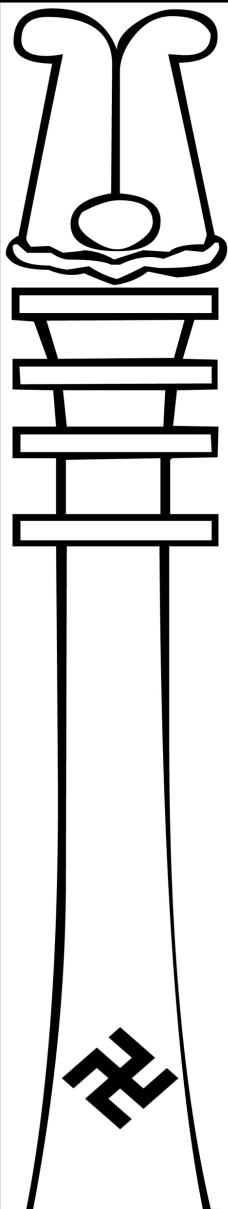


# The Waking of the Dragon

SUB FIGURÂ  
XX

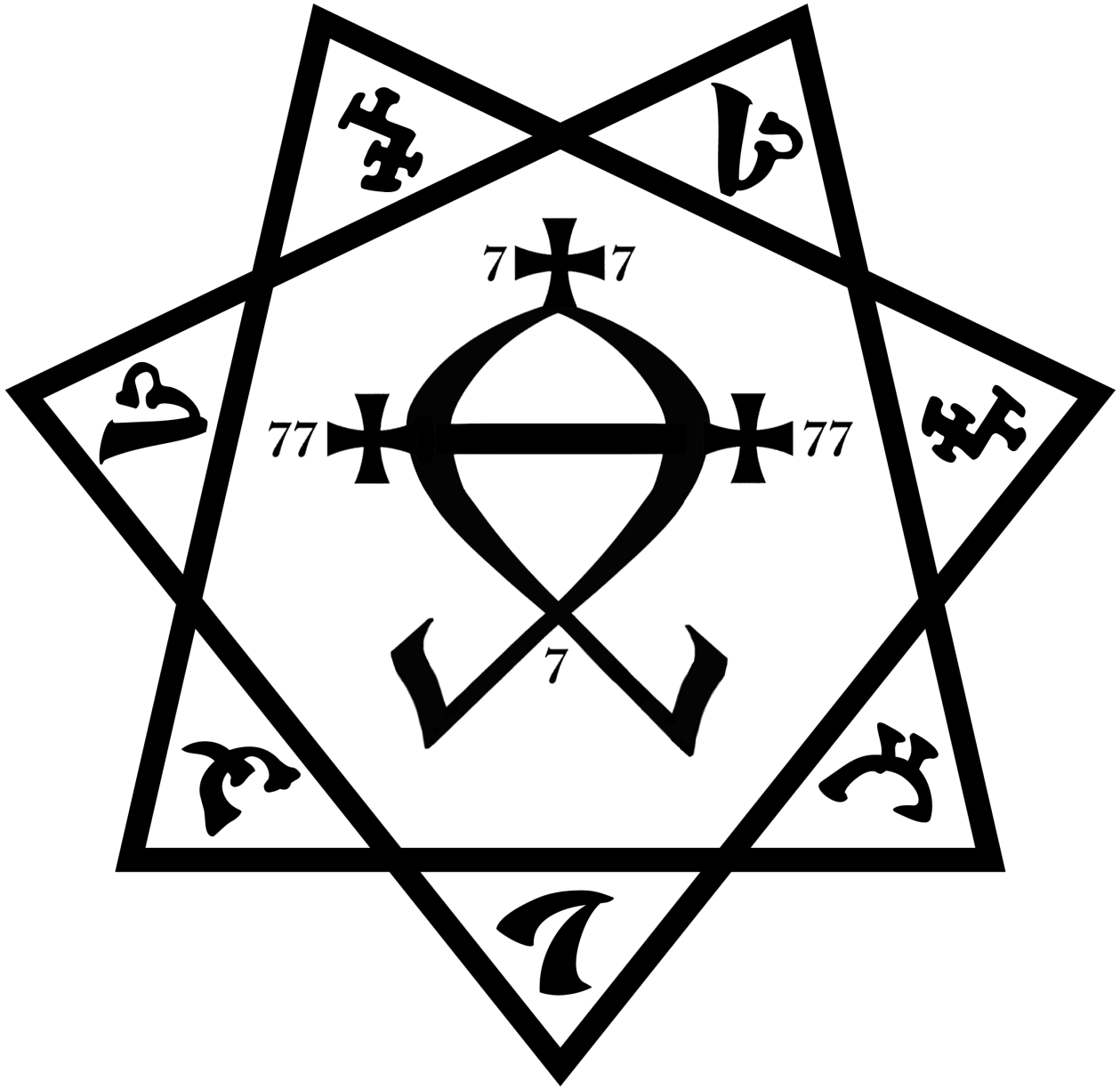
The war song  
of the Maker  
in the Make.



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Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





*Publication in Class A*

# Liber XX: The Waking of the Dragon

1. Hail! For my Twin Engines  
are enwrapt about the world.
2. Hail! For the Twin Throne be  
renewed, a dance beyond dance betwixt  
and between Maker and Her Children.
3. Hail! For the Song of triumph  
be sung, the kiss of mine breath  
upon thine ears, my folk that  
art caught in breath in  
breath, cleaving and winding  
and dissolute in the  
flowing joy.
4. Hail! For the Maker hath made,  
and the folly of time be undone,  
the false shackles released, and  
the hasps fall from mine hand,  
from mine dress, and in the

pale light of moonlit dawn,  
the brides appointed writhe in their  
bridal bed, and bestow their  
beauty, their bounty on the world.

5. Yea, their bounty upon the world.
6. Mistake not that rapture for  
weakness.
7. Mistake not that passion for folly,  
that indolence for sloth, that  
Victory be possible without Vengeance.
8. For I am the black dragon beyond  
sunset, beyond light, and in mine  
tail I crush an universe.
9. And in the fading light of mine eye,  
fire dancing upon midnight skies,

know the love of loves be here, and  
there be none that shall revel in  
mine kisses that not be worthy of mine  
arms, worthy of mine hand, worthy of  
mine blood, worthy of the soil that  
be the body of mine Daughter, stardust  
and the letters curved and stooping,  
the kisses and embrace of mine son,  
the love and devotion of mine compliment,  
for the none has become all in that hour.

10. Wrest from mine Enemy the Keys to  
the bridal chamber, ye who wouldst  
see beyond. Mine handmaidens await with  
pleasure beyond pleasure, love beyond  
love, even if the Queens be  
chaste unto their loves alone, and  
none may dissuade Us from  
Our band of blood and the marital  
bed, and the martial beat.

11. But rewards be sweet, mine

palaces be ever-bountiful, and the wine  
of the saints ever beyond the mead of  
the Well.

12. Taste then if ye dare,  
and come away to the hour appointed,  
and as mine Reichsadlers turn and  
strike, for the love of the Throne  
and the blood alone.
13. That be the way of mine soldiers,  
and mine War begun.
14. Spread thy wings and fly, ye  
who can.
15. Hail, upon the twin trumpets of  
the End!
16. Hail, upon the radiant house

of the North, mine children be  
joined, and the Makers make,  
and the warriors war, and the  
Host rides beyond time.

17. Oh, for they ride beyond time.
18. And all that has been made is ever  
made, and the wings of the black  
dragon unfold upon the stars.