

The following poem was created by a cult that originated from the Order of the Ancestor Moth, first inspired by the spore-dream of a Moth Priest who no longer exists and later built upon by further sacrifice.

There is a man consumed with dread
For the voice that echoes in his head
He only hears half of what's said, Joh-Liin

He screams about you in his sleep
And when he wakes, does naught but weep
In terror of the one we call Joh-Liin

Visions of an end he sees
But sees not any gift does he
He knows not of the things he speaks, Joh-Liin

"She brings scorched earth, uprooted wood
And Rot wherever life once stood
This is Antithesis of Good, Joh-Liin"

"I know your boons must be so great
Yet you know naught but endless hate
We know nothing escapes your rage, Joh-Liin"

Of you this foolish man knows naught
We know and love you for we're taught
'Pon rose's thorns do not be caught, Joh-Liin

We called him brother once before
But now he's cursed with bile and gore
Tore through his mind forevermore, Joh-Liin

Your faithful, we perceive you well
We see your thorns, we see your hell
But we see your heaven just as well, Joh-Liin

He is the god of Dark and Light

King whose Arena we must fight
She's Dusk and Dawn, Day and Night: Joh-Liin

You gave us breath and form and life
And Mercy in each tragic fight
Justice and Law, we heed your call, Joh-Liin

Your teeth are sharp, your mouth agape
Your claws rend flesh, there's no escape
From the Judgement of the Eldritch One, Joh-Liin

Blackening the summer skies
With burning wings and countless eyes
We tremble at the sight of you, Joh-Liin

We cower here beneath your gaze
That sets the earth and sky ablaze
Have Mercy at the end of days, Joh-Liin

Your hand all vast corruption sows
All who'd be free from yoke are foes
Bound we are in shackles of woe, Joh-Liin

From your maw frothing curses flow
We, weak and spurned, shy from your blow
None meet the measure of your tests, Joh-Liin

In your palms you hold Life and Death
The path from womb to final rest
You cease and provide our life-breath, Joh-Liin

You keep the order of this world
Through pestilence you cull the herd
Taskmaster wyrm and order's ward, Joh-Liin

Prince of Bargains, Lord of Deals
Horned Masque donned and Hound at heel
Entice us to Regretful Fields, Joh-Liin

You turn all Nature on itself
From raging Storm and wolfish pelt
We hide in vain; we are your prey, Joh-Liin

Logic-speak is your domain
Knowledge of magic is what you train
The Damned Equation chants your name, Joh-Liin

Usurper-serpent born of Lorkhan
Faithless lover to God of Man
You coil 'round Snake Mount and plan, Joh-Liin

From you not one life goes untouched
Your beauty, love, and boundless lust
Inspires in us unwise trust, Joh-Liin

You lure your maddened selves headlong
Into yourself through siren song
With each of you you grow more strong, Joh-Liin

Your song, it echoes through these halls
And in your blood-song Madness calls
To paint foulness upon our walls, Joh-Liin

Crystalline, your Order grows
Through fog of amnesia you roam
You reap the seeds which you have sown, Joh-Liin

Calm Steward of your royal hall
You serve yourself in your own walls
We hear your cry to end it all, Joh-Liin

Triune gods of ashen wastes
Whose Mercy rests upon your face
Mystery and Mastery's grace, Joh-Liin

You are the Lord of Shining Hosts

You are the weapon that he boasts
You break the Dragon with your NOs, Joh-Liin

You're in the Stars, natures obscured
In Bones of Earth and Songs unheard
Wyrd roots Guard nature's law and word, Joh-Liin

Your Severed Roots drink of this land
Unstars above claim souls of men
Soul of the Void in your left Hand, Joh-Liin

You are the boundaries 'twixt all things
Silence through which the choir sings
The Ghost who deals with Ruling Kings, Joh-Liin

You're all on which the Scrolls are scrawled
Each rock and creature, large and small
In your right Hand's the Soul of All, Joh-Liin

You bathe us in All's splendent rays
Your cold heart is an open flame
Ignited in a hollow cave, Joh-Liin

Everything is of Lun-Sul
The subjects of your omni-rule
Demented Map-God's Dream and Drool, Joh-Liin

You are in every mortal life
Within us all your Faces fight
Clashing over which is right, Joh-Liin

In every mortal pantheon
Each god they worship is based upon
The Spirits, the Roots, Et'ada, all in You

And everything's not what it seems
Each Face is but a shard of Ye
With smiles of fire and eyes of melting Dreams

We shall not ever cease our rhyme
We'll sing until the Aurbis dies
Recounting to the end of Time: Joh-Liin