

Forgotten Rites

Adultery

The prophecy of the old monks.
Where did all their books and spells remain?

I'm dying. I'm looking for my power, but I can't find anything.
I've longed for. Neither love, not desire, only the reflection
of my power.

Come back, my idea, come back my magic.

It's last time you saw the star-light.

Come back my idea, come back my magic,

Come back my child to my arms. The long journey is waiting for
us.