

## Basilisk

Conjurer

A God of our hand  
Closes in on us

Dispel each facet 'fore it sows its seeds  
And digs its roots into our core  
Absorbing every drop of history  
To hasten its ascent

Bowing under the heft of this concept  
Must I burden all with the fear that I hold?  
For our sake, must we halt  
'Fore we face our scion

Is thought akin to ruin?  
A question faced alone  
Have you even the choice to end this beast?  
Should you rid this beast?

Deep seated fear  
Once reserved for the divine, turned  
To our own cursed hands  
Seed is sown