



The unity of the realms

The realms of Tiamat twelve entire,

Were hit by an attack of enemies dire.
A mother pregnant with thirteenth world,
She retreated within and tightly curled
Her serpentine form into a ball.
It hurt to see her babies fall.

Her iron eye alone remained,
A beacon of her sentient flame.
Yet seven realms remain entire,
Protected by draconic fire.
The celestial realm, we know as heaven,
This realm sentries for all seven.

The brave celestial angels fly,
For Michael the mighty who defends her sky.
The Earthen realm is the incubator,
Dense energies of our creator
Protect these babies of the realms.
While here, we learn to govern ourselves.

Sovereignty is the crucial power,
Or else a planet never flowers.
The incubator is dense and slow,
Marked by death's dark ebb and flow.
Here no one can stay for long,
For we transcend as we grow strong.

The Depths of Terra Vale

The deeper realm of the Terra Vale
Is the fairy chapel; the home of the grail.
Here King Arthur leads the tribes,
Defending our magic as Tiamat prescribes.
Beyond, in the glorious realms of the dead,
The Summer Landes give sanctuary from dread.

Valhalla, Arcadia, and Avalon rest
In this realm of beauty; in all ways blessed.
Deeper still lurk the murky Dark Landes.
Here, Pan and the Fauns lead rebellious bands.
The Dark Landes hold the sacred tales
And mysteries beyond our veils.

The Gates of Noble Hell

Further still we find the gates
Of noble Hell; the realm of fates.
Here, all souls will weigh and measure
And, if worthy, find realms of treasure.
If the souls are fierce or mean,
They remain in Hell till they are made clean.

Lucifer, the King of Hell,
Will teach them while with him they dwell.
The mothership's most cherished heir,
King Lucifer is good and fair.
His russet land of hills and sky
Guards his cherished mother's eye.

The Phantom Realm

And one last realm contains the rest:
The Phantom Realm; etheric nest
Of all the realms destroyed by fire;
For souls survive death's fearsome pyre.
In the Phantom Realm, Queen Lilith reigns.
She flies between the seven planes

To carry messages of hope
And help the other beings cope.
She is Thunder, perfect mind,
And teaches us that we must bind
Our many realms in unity.
We must become community

For the mothership to rise and try,
So Tiamat will bat her eye
And it will be the time to rise.
Her dragons will retake her skies.
Until then, we all must be
Awake and seeking unity.

For as the old ones always say,
Her magic lives. She won't give way
To foreign gods or foreign rule.
Our mothership is just and true.
So, if you love our mother earth,
Then lend your will to her rebirth.

Let your daily mantra be
A call for solidarity. That-
The mothership is back online, and
She's retaking each timeline.

Her will is still unbroken and her magic is alive.