

ARISE FROM THE ANCIENT QUARRY

It's time to accept our fate that this epoch's end will be by our own hands. We will have to start anew, searching for our answers, searching for our truth Guided by the voices that speak of our past Looking to the stars to uncover old paths We are nothing but the legacy we leave behind Even that will be destroyed by the sands of time We can leave our fingerprints, we can build our monuments They will all return to dust, again and again Out of this dust our spirits arise, out of this dust ingenuity arise. Out of this dust our knowledge will arise Out of this dust come the tools of our demise

THE GROAN OF THE CAPSTAN

After being muted for four thousand years, the groan of the capstan sings the message clear Once dying and dormant, flooded out by fate, the stars lead our way Home to the voices that sing of our past Home to our memories, that did not last Hijacked by history, their voices finally heard Orion hunts again, undoing truths that blurred Memories awaken, we can (finally) understand Osiris seeds new life into long dead lands The alignment of dead stars, brighten the cromlech's peak. The groan of the capstan sings of their stellar destiny. Open your mouth, and your soul take your place amongst the stars No longer a species who are lost, ancestors speak to us through the stars. We will learn it all again, the ancient wisdom of lost generations Now is the time, to open our eyes. The religion of the dead, terrestrial maps lighting our way beyond No longer a species who are lost, ancestors speak to us through the stars. We will learn it all again, the ancient wisdom of lost generations Hijacked by history, their voices finally heard. Orion hunts again, undoing truths that blurred Memories awaken, we finally understand Osiris seeds new life into long dead lands

NOT GODS, NOT GIANTS

Intellectual barbarians have a stranglehold, controlling the flow of information, making sure archeologists do what they are told. The ministry of state for antiquities are purveyors of the most convenient lies. What is truth, and what is real as seen through (their own) self-mutilated eyes They were not gods, not giants, just men! In the name of (their) conservation, egyptologist regulation fears intelligence. Engineering is denied, mathematics are denied, internal ramps are denied out of fear They were not gods, they were not giants, just men! Western denialists will continue to steal your history Rescind, reallocate, and undermine your agency Theory intended to obfuscate amazing achievements and justify intolerance Using pseudo archaeology as a stalking horse to destroy the existence of non-white intellect They were not gods, they were not giants No ancient astronauts! Erich von Daniken is raping and eradicating the culture of an entire civilization. Chariots of the Gods, claiming unsolved mysteries, destroying ancient history for the sake of a meme

THE LOST PYRAMIDION

I have laid down for myself this sunshine of yours as a stairway under my feet May the sky make the sunlight, may the sunlight be strong for you, may you rise up to the sky May the face of the king be opened so that he may see the horizon When he crosses the sky may he cause the king to shine as a god, given the beautiful horizon The reed-floats of the sky are set in place for me as I am ferried over the eastern sky. I am a flame before the wind. The king's bones are iron and the king's limbs are the imperishable stars I am pure, raise yourself upon your iron bones and golden members.

For this body of yours belongs to the heavens May your flesh be more than the life of the star to which you are born I have laid down for myself this sunshine of yours as a stairway under my feet May the sky make the sunlight strong for you May the face of the king be opened so that you rise up to the sky and you might see the horizon. This tomb is the womb of a sky goddess. I am reborn a star, betake yourself to it, do not be far from it I am reborn a star

THE ANCIENT WISDOM OF LOST GENERATIONS

Hidden beneath Saqqaran sands, a labyrinthian expanse, stands a mute testimony to ancient ingenuity We know how they did this We have all the tools they used and if it was advanced machining where is the record. We know who built this, look at the hieroglyphics clumsily scratched into the flawless polished surface. We will defend our timeline What you call sarcophagi, not hewn, not polished the way you describe. The dates and owners carved in relief, crude, unpolished, hints at deceit. Assymetric with excised structural flaws, functional features belie ceremonial cause. Your disinterest in how it was done at best negligent and at worst a deception. Inheritance is heresy, anathema to your belief, you forget how tenuous was the knowledge they attained, earned in millenia, in a generation gone. Only whispers hewn into granite remain, buried for ages, unearthed and lost

THE SHADOW OF THE MEGALITH

We stand before the masters, we stand before those who witnessed the creation. We stand on the precipice, staring into the abyss, in the shadow of the megalith Humbled by our ignorance and those who know the history of the dead Stories told by the faceless, before the dawn of written time Rich with culture and tradition, complex societies denied Civilizations reduced to rubble, ash blown on turbulent winds Man looks upon its creation, having reached its pinnacle Standing high above on the top of the world she will have the best view of its collapse. Civilization, order, edification reduced to chaos and left in ruins Orchards slashed, cities gone, fall of babylon by the hands of man. Mar-duk remains, reminding us of regeneration. All things must pass All things will pass

THE TRILITHON

In the eastern roman empire from the desert rose the spires of a massive temple complex that marked a culture's apex. Hear the capstan's groan as the megaliths grind the stones where Baal was blessed, a site shrouded by civil unrest. But can the romans claim Bacchus' colonnade, and Jupiter's hall, did they build the retaining wall? An age past their fall their platform, strong and tall waits for, another to stand upon THE TRILITHON Waiting, watching humanity remember itself. When time was ripe they recognized the stones were not placed by the gods. Waiting, watching, reminding, culture awakens, finding a record of its genius standing. Humanity rises again upon THE TRILITHON BaalBek! Long before the Romans came of age an ancient platform was raised to hold the oracle's steps where Trajan learned of his imminent death The genius of the ancient hands that quarried the blocks for the ages stands here for all to find again

Cast off the dark of night, civilization lights and begins again to stand upon THE TRILITHON Abandoned, forgotten, cloaked in the mists of time. What we achieve so easily retreats below the sands and is lost We reached the dizzying heights but stood on the shoulders of giants. Roman temples touched the skies, still the lowest walls were finer. Giant blocks raised for, another to stand upon THE TRILITHON grandeur. Dwarfed by the stones below, so much the ancients had known Knowledge from outer space, a bigoted insult to the genius of our race. Same size and same date, ashlars of Herod are known terrestrially placed. To fill the master course capstans and large cranes could provide sufficient force. Written in stone, a pinnacle for the future to behold We stand upon THE TRILITHON When all is washed away again we start anew. It awaits the day we can recall the truth. Waves crest and crash, and so too shall we. The apex of the past exceeds our apogee. To guide us back to where we belong, it waits beneath our feet THE TRILITHON

