

## **SANCTUM**

Our safe walls above empty waves hold no fear, but we know much better.

## **CLERGY**

The voice incants in rhythms beguiling. We are indoctrinated.

## **CONGREGATION**

As one we move headlong towards a conclusion. Our wishes. Our hopes. Our dreams. All rushing into something we never intended and which we will never fully understand for the rest of our piteously short lives. We hope.

## **RITUAL**

Eyes watch us, unwatched by us. It strikes, venomously.