

In Arcadia ego
Twisted the rose did grow
Sucked up the sap of this world
Blood red the petals pearled
With some wisdom absurd

And outside these walls
The night took the rose
Bound it with moonlight
And cut it up with the morning star

In Arcadia ego
A rose to drown in snow
A sepulchre by the sea
Marble to slumber beneath
Lulled by a mountain stream

And outside these walls
The night knows us all
In dark woods wandering
Detached of our soul

"Pour wine and dance if manhood still have pride
Bring roses if the rose be yet in bloom
All wisdom shut into his onyx eyes
Our Father Rosicross sleeps in his tomb"
(W.B.Yeats, Frater D.E.D.I.)

In Arcadia ego
How fast the years did go
And how bitter is the wind
Blowing from shores of Arcady

Outside these walls
The night knows us all
In dark woods the roses grow
In hardship the soul