

Thoughts are Things

A Queen at rest, her gift made clear,
An ancient prayer for all to hear.
A coded map, a guiding light,
To lift the veil and claim the night.
For thoughts are things, and what we sow
Takes root within, begins to grow.

"Thy kingdom come," the prayer resounds,
A call to realms where truth abounds.
Not distant lands, but worlds within,
Where what we think begins to spin.
For thoughts are things, in whispered prayer,
Lies a truth so vast, so rare.

A kingdom's birth, both yours and mine,
Where human spark and Law align.
So lift your Chalice, drink what's true,
The power waits in me and you.
For thoughts are things; through will and grace
We co-create this sacred space.



The Prayer remains, a timeless guide,
Yet lost in noise where secrets hide.
Its words a map, a bridge, a key,
To realms of peace and unity.
For thoughts are things, creation's spark,
A force to light the deepest dark.

The ancients knew, their gaze was clear,
The pulse of stars, The Law so near.
They whisper still through stone and tree:
"You too can shape reality."
For thoughts are things, and when believed,
The world reforms, the veil is cleaved.

This is Chalice, our veil pulled wide,
Journey within, where truths reside.
Awake, create, let *The Law* ignite;
For within you burns eternal light
Let us "Praise the Lord," and let *it* ring,
"The Queen is dead, God Save the King"

