

Safe is the path before you;
while shadow creeps and yowls behind.
Careful stepping here,
they say my madness did unwind.

Eight schools study here,
but only four will help you move ahead.
Choose wisely,
or you may end up perished instead.

Search you must, four tomes of glory,
I give four hints to this somber story.

She sleeps upon the moon at night,
Falling stars whisper what is right.

Fire twists and turns on fingertips,
A wave of his hand and light shall eclipse.

Life passes to and fro,
Death from her soul doth flow.

A word echoes though never spoke,
A bird flutters but never work.

Be quick, my friend, as time does thin.
Let us hope this once that light can win.