

The Children Return

The children return.

Whisper it in the crypts, howl it to the skies! Sing it in haunted glades, where whippoorwill keeps time with mortal breaths!

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Long has the midnight wind keened disconsolately through bare branches, under a moon unseen! Long was the drought and the famine, great is the desolation in the barren fields! But rejoice, and raise offerings to the gods you follow as you gibber through the riot, the revels! The *hallowed* night, comes! Soon shall we drink once again the *belief* that flows in everlasting bounty from young eyes and souls!

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