Chant of Pacing on Emptiness

In the precious cauldron the fragrant incense burns and curls up to fill the Great Emptiness.

The gathered immortals descend to the mortal realm, and the assembled sages come down from the Jade Palace.

Colourful phoenixes sing their heavenly song, and spirit-animals lead dappled steeds.

The sound of pacing on emptiness echoes everywhere.

We bow our heads in reverence to this luminous presence.