

Yearning the Seeds of a New Dimension

In the Woods...

Among hills I have wandered
Through forests so cold
Over mountains a raging thunder
followed the ways foretold
A request a "leave me be"...
Through the shape that I longed for...
Withering visions...
Bleeding to search for the more...Behold the memories within,
A questful battle to win.
Towards which he is carrying,
The burden named destiny.
It is pounding proud on his shoulders.
Creating and Dreaming,
Is it all the same?
As I touch this flame.....Of mine.I await your call,
Trough body, spirit and mind,
I shine, I shine.
The forces of Prima Mater.
Unite us this heathen night,
Yearning your unknown mysterious beauty.
(Pride and might!)

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