Fronds of the Ancient Walnut

Opera IX

Feel the breeze on my face
the icy breath of the Goddess.
I raise my hand and touch the illusion.
My mind is powerful and my Ego is high
as the mountain in front of me.
Clouds run fast and silence comes
from the Fronds of the Ancient Walnut:
no scents, no odors, no sounds, no laments;
the cold vanishes...
I get all the colors all around me
and I see the enchanting dance of the branches:
it is the Walnut calling the witches,
it is our dream voyaging through the aethyr.
What was not becomes reality.
I am the deer running to the Sabbath!
I am the crow which observes the silence!
I am the craftsman of myself...
therefore I praise the Horned and the Great Mother!
And where the wind blows, at the mercy of the oneiric,
it is the touch of the world's spirits
which enhances my magic.
Mind's spreading, faint voices chant at the moon,
the silvering light of Levanah penetrates the unconscious
and revives the Ancient Knowledge.
I take flight, the dance is over.
Now we are the deer returning from the Sabbath!
Now we are the crow which contemplated the silence!
Now we are the craftsmen of ourselves...
therefore we praise the Horned and the Great Mother!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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