

# Mythistory

## Sabbat

I'm standing at the  
crossroads of my life -  
nothing to lose.  
Each path leads to oblivion,  
whichever one I choose.  
Rising from the ashes of my plight  
I traverse filaments of light,  
that permeate my ethereal form -  
on omnipotent threads I'm born.  
Unto a place where I can find  
a balm to ease my troubled mind,  
that I may glimpse things  
yet unseen,  
a world not grey -  
but evergreen...  
And can you blame me -  
is it such a crime,  
to crave for one small piece  
of heaven that I can call mine?  
For years I have waded  
through bland mediocrity,  
watched my hopes sink  
in a mire of negation.  
Yet why pay the cost for a  
paradise lost when here is  
an Eden of nature's creation?  
Sisters of servitude-  
fearful and fair,  
Who herald good fortune  
and mete out despair.  
Take pity upon me and  
give back my soul,  
so that I who am 'empty'  
may once more be 'whole'.  
SPIRIT VOICES:  
"Mortal be silent -  
take heed as we speak,  
not lightly will we return  
that which you seek.

True wisdom walks hand in  
hand with adversity,  
knowledge exists on the  
brink of uncertainty."  
The moment that I saw her face  
my lust I could not hide.  
She knew me as no other -  
viewed me through a lovers eyes.  
A vision of sensual delight  
pervades my senses -  
and ignites new feeling  
that I can't define,  
desire for this succubus sublime.  
Sister, mother, virgin, whore -  
she is all these and yet still more  
that I could hope to understand,  
she takes my heart -  
I take her hand ...  
And can you blame me -  
is it such a crime,  
to crave for one small piece  
of heaven that I can call mine?  
All my life I have yearned -  
how my spirit has burned,  
to taste the fruits  
that my tonsure forbade.  
Yet here was a beauty so pure  
she could truly outshine any  
star that the Lord God has made.  
Sisters of servitude-  
fearful and fair,  
Who herald good fortune  
and mete out despair.  
Take pity upon me and  
give back my soul,  
so that I who am 'empty'  
may once more be 'whole'.  
THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL:  
"Brand look no further -  
for that which was lost can  
be found in me if your  
distrust becomes troth.  
I will bestow you with  
riches untold,  
for I am your 'harvest-home' -

I am your soul.  
Come walk with me through  
the vale of eternity,  
for you must know ere you go -  
I go with thee.  
Corn is the gold that  
will shine in the Summertime,  
leaves are the emeralds  
you find in the Spring.  
At Autumn they turn and  
as copper they burn,  
then fall like the diamonds  
that bleak Winter brings.  
>From the beginning when hour -  
frost and flame collided -  
the birth of the world  
to proclaim,  
your lives have been guided -  
decided by fate,  
unaltered by changes that  
you try to make.  
The world nkeeps on turning -  
men still live and die,  
though many have questions  
so few even try,  
searchfor the answers  
that you have found here -  
unaware of the threads in  
the web that is wyrd."  
Drowning in the waves which carry me  
'cross oceans of tranquility,  
lulled by the eddies of my mind -  
washed up like flotsam on the  
tides of time.  
I've no desire to return  
from whence I came I came  
now I have learned,  
within us all resides  
a dream of days not grey -  
but evergreen...  
And can you blame me -  
is it such a crime,  
to crave for one small piece  
of Heaven that I can call mine?  
For years I have waded

through bland mediocrity,  
watched my hopes sink  
in a mire of negation.  
Yet why pay the cost for a  
paradise lost when here is  
an Eden of natures creation?

- \* -

All that is left of those  
times are my memories,  
days long since past into  
realms of antiquity.  
Tales round the fireside  
from old men who reminisce,  
speak of lost youth and  
the age of 'Mythistory'.  
Many a cold Winters night  
she has come to me -  
easing my sorrows and  
soothing my fears,  
in the dreams of this old man  
a soft voice still comforts me,  
made young once more by  
the words that I hear.  
"Come walk with me through  
the vale of eternity,  
for you must know ere you go  
I go with thee ...  
I go with thee."

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