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 natures 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 chamges 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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