

Astral and Arcane

Vintersorg

Twilit visions reflowers my shackled mood
It's time to heal, to join the unearthly's galanty show
My spirit hungers for the night's remedies
Which breeds in the depths of mother nature's wide womb

Waiting for the augury, the full moon's appearance
Enchanting primary forces in the four elements
With the intention to unite micro and macrocosm
On a quest in diffuse areas, physically afar

I open the atlas to solitary spheres,
Thousand maps drawn with blood.
Subconsciously descending into the context
Of these archaic pergaments,
As the moon rises to release me.
Esteemed emotions.

The lunar aurora,
The spirits productive grain.
Guide me into a landscape,
Astral and arcane.
I can feel the towering the mountain,
As well as the abyss-like sea.
In my veins the wildest river,
And every growing tree.

A visitor in a void with forest-capped fields
Climbing the ladder of sagacity
Touched by the vast starry sky's nocturnal kiss,
The most passionate romance between lovers

Observing, obeying, obtaining the absolute,
Leaving my physical host.
In the cave of dreams a courier I am,
Passing visions to the body.

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The spirits productive grain.
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A twilight child in twilight zones
Fated to find the key
To unlock the soul from the flesh prison,
Striving endlessly

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