

Coronach

The Whistlebinkies

Alone with the questions, an outcast for many years
He has seen those marble archways and the avenue of crimson tears
Now shadows are staring at him but he turns his face away
They remind him of his true self, gone with the first winter day
Yesterday's like a dream and tomorrow's like a
mirage
When's the time to get eternal rest? When's the endless roaming over?
His frequent groans were only silent
whispers in the whirlwind
He ended up in this timeless race just for his father's sins
On his father's grave he swore: "I'll accomplish your endless task"
But his wings were burnt by the sunlight and his mirth hiding behind the mask
Then he heard the stentorian
noise beyond the mountains
The ancient coronach of flora and fauna
He remembered an old gnostic tale of the coruscating crystal of tranquillity
He had travelled through time, seen
the runes of the light and the dark
He found the answer to his questions: "How to free his chained heart"
The eternal one can finally rest, he is one of the mortals now
The beauty of the crystal glowing and his eyes shining with it, somehow
Yesterday's like a dream and
tomorrow's like a mirage
Now's the time to get eternal rest, now's the endless roaming over

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