

# Callisto, Where The Spirits Tread

Stretch to the sun  
While earth seeks comfort in the rain  
Will of black lungs  
Tremble where the spirits tread

Stay in seclusion  
These opiates will fade I know  
No land for the old  
Kingdom come, claim your own

Like a pilgrim wanderer  
This cabin is now home  
For now asunder  
Until the smokescreen wears off

Primal sounds in the wake  
Bleeding from colours into shape  
No one was awake  
To hear the laws of nature take place

Revive life in uncharted woods, as we inhale  
Creation wept and understood, the unearthly way