

# Faith And The Muse, Vervain

A thousand dreamers crept as one  
Journey'd by the colder sun  
Knocked at the chamber's gate  
Yet this sleeper does not wake  
In the oracle overhung  
With careless whispers, ivystung  
Their tiny fingers cling to warmth  
A home for the love weary heart  
Onward sacrarium, time sojourns  
Polanquin leads this path adorned  
While reverent creatures soft prepare  
The slumberous beauty carried there  
And lay their hands on silken skin  
As through these veins the gods did run  
Two thousand arms in twilight  
Endless dream and endless night  
Past echoed ruins overgrown  
Small voices drift in ancient tongue  
Mindful to their deepest wish  
For a home to the love weary heart  
In soft embrace I now arise  
And search for peace in hungering eyes  
Thy faces change: my love renames  
Our starlit world, the past remains  
Forgotten by linear spite  
One thousand pairs of second sight  
Who through my eyes at last may see  
We are divinity  
We choose to be