

Fall Of The Leafe, The Celestial Keeper

The Moon and Sun are gone from us, and all the stars withdraw, leaving us mere reflections of astral
groves behind grow out of sight, I, in blind fury, in malevolent wrath, flee through the archways of starlit
lands beyond the gate, where the sculptures of ice and snow await me. Northwards my path
all hope forsook me. Tumbling befallen, I was at loss on these paths everdark! Shivering, in tears
shocking brilliance starbright with shimmering beams of fragmented light. In the everwhite whirlpool
Keeper, wavering in the high domes above, She is the astral flow upon the firmament in evermotion
eidolon of beauty - and despair - high above these merely mortal realms. Northstar - in solitude, in
manifested unto me! Polestar, my perpetual Goddess who calls out to us
Yet how could I ever begin to grasp the might that overcomes all borders and limits of existence? For
the celestial ones that are free of all sorrows of substance? The passing of my heart is at hand, into
nightly sky, to dance with the four winds and the gods and goddesses of the stars. Lovesick and cold
these lands I bid farewell. Let thee well die. For I join immortal ornaments of the heavens above, as
the mortal lands, beyond the sight of the Celestial Keeper.