Octavia Sperati, Going North

He's heading north
With silent shout
And quiet reverence
The wish to be granted

He's come to catch
His midnight sun
A star to wish upon
Bleached in northern lights

It's cold, he's told its beauty was irresistible
He's brave; he's safe in this land of his dreams
The moon will rise to see him off

One day there will be time to put his mind to rest
He will find his cave
A shelter to keep them out

It's dark, the mark appears in the distance of his tired
eyes
The golden light hits his unconscious mind
It proves the goal is here for him

He has come too close
The end so fair and sparkling
Wind will blow his mind back to where it belongs

Time will change, and time will broaden his mind
Monuments of ancient beliefs are written in stone
Not fading to keep the word of faith.