

Opera IX, The Call Of The Wood

Beyond the valley of the silence
along the paths of ancient knowledge
led from the dense odours of the wind.
You will find yourself in the holy wood
consecrated to the primordial gods.
Baptized with the dew around the oak of this Wiccian's mass
celebrated from the warbling of the crows, og great mother moon.
Ishtar, Astarte, Inanna, let me feed at your breast
let me celebrate the fertile union of the horned god
with the pure white goddess.
Follow the call of the wood.
Follow the voice of the god.

Celebrate in the Nemeton with red candles
and autumnal flowers on the stone altar.
Dress yourself with the sky in the magic circle
and purify yourself with the sacred incense of Cernunnos.

Bless me mother, 'cause I am your son.
Blessed be my eyes, therefore I can find your way.
Blessed be my nose, therefore I can breath your essence.
Blessed be my mouth, therefore I can talk about you.
Blessed be my chest, therefore I can be faithful to you.
Blessed be my ancestry, therefore I can give life to men and women.
as you gave life to the universe.
Blessed be my feet, therefore I can follow your way.

Let the last smoke disappear carried from the wind.
Rise your eyes full of astral energy
and look at the crow that will lead your return to silence.
Let the night fall down on you
as the death curtain falls down on life.

You'll be reborn...

(to be continued...)