

# Vintersorg, Astral And Arcane

Twilit visions reflowers my shackled mood  
It's time to heal, to join the unearthly's galanty show  
My spirit hungers for the night's remedies  
which breeds in the depths of mother nature's wide womb

Waiting for the augury, the fullmoon's appearence  
Enchanting primary forces in the four elements  
With the intension to unite micro and macrocosm  
On a quest in diffuse areas, physicaly afar

I open the atlas to solitary spheres,  
thousand maps drawn with blood.  
Subconsciously descending into the context  
of these archaic pergaments,  
as the moon rises to release me.  
Esteemed emotions.

The lunar aurora,  
the spirits productive grain.  
Guide me into a landscape,  
astral and arcane.  
I can feel the towering the mountain,  
as well as the abyss-like sea.  
In my veins the wildest river,  
and every growing tree.

A visitor in a void with forest-capped fields  
climbing the ladder of sagacity  
Touched by the vast starry sky's nocturnal kiss,  
the most passionate romance between lovers

Observing, obeying, obtaining the absolute,  
leaving my physical host.  
In the cave of dreams a courier I am,  
passing visions to the body.

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A twilight child in twilight zones  
fated to find the key  
To unlock the soul from the fleshprison,  
striving endlessly