

Arcane Sun, Canto I (The Search)

Many seasons have passed since first my search began,
with each night came a quest....
to escape from a world where I could find no peace, only despair.
Each night brought a sense of hope and each day, despair.
Some nights I would catch a glimpse that would soon disappear
among a myriad of thoughts and images,
but still I would wade through
and seek what I knew was waiting to welcome me.....
Elysium to Greece,
Byzantium to Yates.
Few brief glimpses had strenghtened
my desire and the lust for my own paradise,
gave strenght to my withering soul.