

Butterfly Temple, A Child And A Shaman

"Words of a Child:"

I gaze with amazement
At a world without name
Beneath cloudy raiment
From whence now I came

I hear as the grass grows
At spring's tender hand
My heart pumps green hillows
To every stream

"Both:"

A trouvere of a new May
In butterfly's fane
I, m a note of the great lay
Composed by the main

"Song of a Shaman:"

A theme that is profound
I play at my ease
When wanderig spellbound
In ecstatic bliss

I dance like a moth with my senses numb
As did my feet in ancient times
To a million souls primeval rhymes
That from the inside beat my drum

They see just a shape cught in fire-lit spree
A wondrous image in essence nude
And envy yhic godlike solitude
(They, who) endowed with gift of saying 'we'

"Both:"

Of nature unspoken we share different shapes
Of stellar sonata, of nightingale's staves
Yet face of each other we cannot descry
This 'Mirour de l'Omme' lies before our eyes!

"Song of a Shaman:"

A paradox's door-man
A shepherd of dawn
With my hands I'm warming
The fiery glow

They attribute me wonders
Of ignorance's van
Forsaking The Marvel
The on that is Man