

Cales, Along Paths Of Return (Pagan Nostalgia)

Steam rises through immovable freezing air,
Sun fell down to the horizon yet.
Dark infinite forests captured by winter greyness,
Dark lying down slowly among trees,
Silence rules, silence which precedes the storm, though.
In the centre of the wheel of time
In the very heart of darkness
During the lunar transformation
It spins delicate threads of balance.
Before winter strikes in full force
And wild frosts bury their sharp claws
I will spend this night dancing with flashing shadows of spirits of the
deceased
Then I enter the cold grey-like dawn
And there in the entrails of gloomy foul weather
Where damp place and icy breath bind us
I will set off along paths covered with leaves that turned black,
Along paths which like rivers lead
Into ways running in the direction of return,
Across the ravine in time.