

Cales, From The Bosom Of Oblivion

Through oblivion I have been travelling for hundreds of years
Hidden from your sight
Passing your fates.
Born by the night dark
Into the deeps of blinding darkness
I penetrate everything.
I was a pool hidden in a thicket,
A spring breeze and a winter windstorm, too.
I guard worlds spun of dreams
Beyond levels of double truths
Under the signs of ogam.
It is me who rides on the saddled time.