

Dolorian, In The Locus Of Bone

I stand on shattered mirrors,
Petrified, absorbing, reflecting, transmute,

...In dreams where ardent shapes cover the barren horizon, For a sudden moment i saw her,
Wearing no veils of illusion, hidden,
manifested but unseen

...To experience the inmost bloom,
One must pass the guardian of the threshold
And approach the locus of bone,
Are our dreams solely wandering
Between the abyss, earth and sky