

Fall Of The Leafe, Evanescent, Everfading

(Reflections Of The Wanderer/The Passing Of The Newborn God)

I am come into these celestial lands; the dreaded journey is at an end. Time has passed, ages gone, I wandered returns to his home within the dead sky, to behold as, at the starlit dawn, Lucifer, the moon, the Moon and Sun to return. The night is passed and I am as the last shadows to dwell underneath Oaks and the boughs of the Elms of old. Evanescent, Everfading are my lays and all that I have achieved, eyes see the grandeur, deaf ears hearken the sound? To such senses does my life ring unto and a Wearied I am, with all hope long departed, all zest long gone. Where could I go ere I fade? Wither, never take me that I would find more, to find nothingness, the true existence of All. Alike my Goddesses of sorrow, one with joy and ardour, hands joined in a union of strangers, we walk onwards, yet our hearts are cold and bloody. Evanescent, Everfading are the autumn-tide colours that bleed upon us. Like a wailing wind, we are awakened from their sleep. And the night remembers I walked on the shore of the flaming sea and of burning sorrow. Soon they are gone, with only snow to usher us into the sleep of the eternal Winter. Come O Winterwind, will you caress me? Your somber songs are like dreams that pass oh so swiftly across the sky I am one with the thousand sagas of the crimson age, I am one with the songs of the whirling, Evanescent, Everfading.