

Primordial, The Golden Spiral

One day I stood with my back to the wind
And the rain fell down
Raised my fist to the cobalt sky
And called to the Gods
...Where are you?

I stood in the stream with cold clear water
Rushing around me
Cold stone underfoot
And called again to the Gods
...Where are you?

I sat in the forest clearing
Surrounded by wood and leaf
A Raven watched my every move
I could feel my heartbeat Thundering
Deep within my veins

I set foot on foreign land
Held my brothers and sisters to me
And saw the same questions in them
Yet when I clasped their hands
I felt their Blood beneath mine
I had found my answer