

# Solstice, Wintermoon Rapture

cleanse my wounds in winter moon desire  
this endless quest for sanctuary pure  
as formless levithans swim avernian seas  
crystal citadels call me in my dreams  
desolate epochs, the statues they weep  
through eons passing, the guardians still sleep  
the towers of silence  
a fortress of strength  
this wealth of compassion  
would ease my descent  
my heart greets forests, once sacred, profane  
the earth my mistress in pleasure and pain  
seeking solace in the glory that was  
of hidden shrines to gods now lost  
amongst hopes ruins to find my true place  
I orphaned of heritage a man of no race  
cleanse my wounds in winter moon desire  
this endless quest for sanctuary pure  
drown nights sorrow, in rapture divine  
enchantment delirium, and yet do I seek  
winter moon rapture, the ebb of her light  
but I cannot see, for the tears in my eyes  
winter moon rapture, the ebb of her light