

Vintersorg, Enigmatic Spirit

From a far existence a phantom came
to gibe and curse the mortal.
Abhorrent was its bleareyed glance
wich petrified everything, even the wind.
So, from wich dimension did it travel?
This metaphysical envoy.
Which breaks the logical symmetry,
and stand above our planetary puzzel.

All this is symptomatic for those
who's been baptized in fire.
It is at least my thesis, so I
want the spirit to speak.

THE SPIRIT:

"In heaven I am a wild ox.
On earth I am a lion.
A jester from hell,
and the shadows allmighty.
The scientist of darkness
older than the constellations.
The mysterious jinx and
the error in heavens masterplan."

An amorphous energy spawned in
a cataract of flames, invisible for our
supervision. Do we dare to open
our minds and souls to even
analyse it? Or should it rest in
secrecy? All I know is that I can't
deny its licentious attraction,
so I want the spirit to speak.

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