

# Opal Of The Stream Beneath The Hills

Mournful Congregation

It was and shall ever remain  
As distant as the stars  
For the darker planes and us  
Lie and sin embrace beauty  
Together and alone are one  
Of hope and destiny

Foretold of the symbol  
Brought forth by wings  
And carried to the land  
Beneath the hills

It's opaque vibrations  
Mesmerize and reveal  
A reflection of heaven

Those prophetic ones  
Standing amongst age old trees  
And their monuments  
So great is the power  
Those ancient woods shall prevail