

We are where the wandering ends
Where the inner compass points down
This old tree, with a pit under the roots
Spotting makeshift stairs going down

Senses the oracle in wait for a seeker
Anchorites sealed in their ground
Prometheus from the bogs
Whose spirits talk to pilgrims
Anchorites sealed in their ground

The voice that once whispered in their minds now fades away
Devoted lives to welcome successors...
Digging, worming downward the warren
Overhead, an emerald cathedral
Hermitage in digging, self-burial
The roots culminating to a nave
Heirloom passed down
To the one who will voice the tree

The voice that once whispered in their minds now fades away
Devoted his last breath to welcome the successor...
Digging, worming downward the warren
Overhead, an emerald cathedral
Hermitage in digging, self-burial
The roots culminating to a nave
Heirloom passed down
To the one who will voice the tree

Anchorite in an emerald cathedral
No longer set to animate flesh
Anchorite at last falls asleep, and becomes wood