Roots

Borknagar

The roots thrust – into oblivion
beyond the verge of space
The erodent roots, the evolving loops
thrusts, yet free roaming

There is a horizon folded
blinding leaves of the universe
Throughout the inner core
my quest, my lore
Where the seeds recoil and return
where the potency explodes to burn

Where the roots weave into the branches
where dimensions blend into infinity
Where the seeds recoil and return
where the potency explodes to burn

There is a path running free
quintessential chemistry
Where the rivers recoil and return
fallen stars explode and burn

The branches reach into eternity
beyond the verge of stellar time
The evolving tree, the revolving spree
anchored in me means floating free
No time, no space can ever be
my hive, my home
I belong beyond the stellar dome

Blinding leaves of the universe

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