

## From The Bosom Of Oblivion

Cales

Through oblivion I have been travelling for hundreds of years  
Hidden from your sight  
Passing your fates.  
Born by the night dark  
Into the deeps of blinding darkness  
I penetrate everything.  
I was a pool hidden in a thicket,  
A spring breeze and a winter windstorm, too.  
I guard worlds spun of dreams  
Beyond levels of double truths  
Under the signs of ogham.

It is me who rides on the saddled time.