

The Hidden Light

Darkestrah

Light is pouring from the eyes,
From the mouth,
From the tips of the fingers,
Light, the crushing black light,
From inside,
Inmost and hidden.

Gleam of the first shamanic fire,
Lit by gods,
Lit by no mortal hand,
Gleam of the pre-eternal source,
Of all life
In conjunction with death.

Light, only seen by the few,
By the marked,
Chosen by spirits and fiends,
Light, strange to this world,
Not from here,
Untouched by the filth.

As the air's getting thick,
The landscape dissolves
And luminaries turning pitch black,
Doors once shut now get open,
Once lost is retrieved,
The hunter is back on his track.