

Turning of the Wheel

Gwydion

A cold dew is settling
Burdening the leafs of sturdy oaks
A pale silver illuminates
The resilient mist upon this grove

Feel the distant humming
Static energy pulsing around
The bloated moon awaits
The human greeting for his returning

Once again the wheel has turned
Demanding elder sacrifices
Flesh and blood shall oil it's axis
Beginning to revitalize the Earth

Closer are the steps
Of wise Men dressing white
Dancing shadows are stirred
By the neat fire of torches

Stained lichens textures
The surface of an ancient altar
Primordial link with the divine
Where space and time is abstracted

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A strange chanting is carried by the wind
A Strange ecstasy is filling this night

Winter solstice is nigh
The sun is about to die
One will meet the same fate
So it's renewal may accelerate

Human catalyst stands
As the ornate dagger dives
A wolf howls, a owl shivers
Life will breed from this ceremony

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