

The forests of earth should not frighten me
But o Mother Gaea, what is this light?
Mother Gaea, all those visions - my blood boils!

Through feculent warmth
I creep on ancient soil
Recollection so vivid
Let me chant in intoxication...
I shall rest here forevermore.

Gaia speaks:

"...and what if I told you
That we've been on a glade here
And the grim trees ahead
Are none of my creatures
And those golden rays are not thrown from a sun
And your necrotic scales merely struggle through lava
...would your eyes turn cloudy?"