

## Astral and Arcane

Vintersorg

Twilit visions reflowers my shackled mood.  
It's time to heal, to join the unearthly's galanty show.  
My spirit hungers for the night's remedies,  
which breeds in the depths of mother nature's wide womb.

Waiting for the augury, the fullmoon's appearence.  
Enchanting primary forces in the four elements.  
With the intension to unite micro and macrocosm.  
On a quest in diffuse areas, physicaly afar.

I open the atlas to solitary spheres,  
thousand maps drawn with blood.  
Subconsciously descending into the context  
of these archaic pergaments, as the  
moon rises to release me. Esteemed emotions.

Chorus:

The lunar aurora,  
the spirits productive grain.  
Guide me into a landscape,  
astral and arcane.  
I can feel the towering the mountain,  
as well as the abyss-like sea.  
In my veins the wildest river,  
And every growing tree.

A visitor in a void with forest-capped fields  
climbing the ladder of sagacity.  
Touched by the vast starry sky's nocturnal kiss,  
the most passionate romance between lovers

Observing, obeying, obtaining the absolute, leaving my physical  
host.  
In the cave of dreams a courier I am, passing visions to the bo  
dy.

A twilight child in twilight zones fated to find the key.  
To unlock the soul from the fleshprison, striving endlessly.