

# The Enigmatic Spirit

Vintersorg

from a far existence a phantom came  
to gibe and curse the mortal.  
Abhorrent was its bleareyed glance  
wich petrified everything, even the wind.  
So, from wich dimension did it travel?  
This metaphysical envoy.  
Which breaks the logical symmetry,  
and stand above our planetary puzzel.

All this is symptomatic for those  
who's been baptized in fire.  
It is at least my thesis, so I  
want the spirit to speak.

"In heaven I am a wild ox.  
On earth I am a lion.  
A jester from hell,  
and the shadows allmighty.  
The scientist of darkness  
older than the constellations.  
The mysterious jinx and  
the error in heavens masterplan."

An amorphous energy spawned in  
a cataract of flames, invisible for our  
supervision. Do we dare to open  
our minds and souls to even  
analyse it? Or should it rest in  
secrecy? All I know is that I can't  
deny its licentious attraction,  
so I want the spirit to speak.

"In heaven I am a wild ox.  
On earth I am a lion.  
A jester from hell,  
and the shadows allmighty.  
The scientist of darkness  
older than the constellations.  
The mysterious jinx and  
the error in heavens masterplan."