

## The Explorer

Vintersorg

Born in the auroral arc's centre  
with eyes reflecting its sublime ways  
A splendid vision to enter,  
robed in the semblance of beams in haze  
It enlightens his eternal questioning  
of worlds in space afar  
As the curtain of the known is vanishing  
under the portrait of a star

He sees a paradise in every flower  
a solar system in every spark  
He's trying to reach a subliminal power  
and slowly sinks into the dark

Scenic radiance hides its embers  
in the function of rising a tide  
But mountain summits still remembers  
where it use to ride  
His heart, the thunders imitation  
His breath, the gentle winds vocation  
in a pensive spirit unsealing the bodily cocoon  
As his mind swallows the moon

He sees a paradise in every flower  
a solarsystem in every spark  
He's trying to reach a subliminal power  
and slowly sinks into the dark

Like a mental Columbus in ecstasy,  
controlling his spiritual cave  
But just a microscopical cell in the galaxy  
So, he's both master and slave

A burning comet which tries to pass  
through the universal door  
Where ashrams lurks in the hourglass  
deep within the cosmic core

He sees a paradise in every flower  
a solarsystem in every spark  
He's trying to reach a subliminal power  
and slowly sinks into the dark