

Borknagar, Cynosure

Stellar flames create formations,
Lucent constellations and invitations to the expeditious mind
Novas that see our destination
From their hibernation, a vocation that is enshrined
I'm navigating along the star path
The night sky is my compass, my cynosure
After days with waves of wrath
I'm finally reaching the shores
Under the burning Atlas
A region filled with flaring birthmarks
Over ageing landmarks and the hallmarks of Nature's grand form
Yonder, still in our respiration
And mother to rotation, gravitation that endlessly performs