

# Vintersorg, A Dialogue With The Stars

Ardent starshine upon my face,  
the monumental night sky reveal its torches.  
Unaltered for aeons, yet zestful they're flaming  
like ornamental diamonds.  
In my telescopes focus, a striding light  
conjure me fixedly.  
Oh, what a colourful drama,  
what a theatrical performance.

These myriads of stars  
enchants me with their oddity.  
At cosmos entrance hall,  
where time and space units in a charade.  
Under crimson flares I watch  
the tempest of the universe.  
In dark artistry,  
I lionize the splendid glare.

An unearthly voice of euphony  
express itself in an ancient tongue.  
Its elocution is based on silence,  
so it pulsates through the five senses.  
It's like a poem of wisdom and wizardry  
navigating through the world.  
A legacy from nebulas,  
an endless mystic conversation.

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Now clouds gather at a distant skyline  
to cover the firmament.  
Rays are fading in a metamorphosis  
of the blazing weave above.

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26 years have past since it first  
called my name.  
And when I'm dead, this piece of  
jewellery will still remain.