

Vintersorg, The Explorer

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

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a solarsystem in every spark
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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

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