

Vintersorg

"A Dialogue With The Stars"

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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.

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.

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

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.

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

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