

Aisling "Percedol"

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The search of every mortal,
Cosmic key of the unknown gate.time
Devours our twisted
Thoughts, vanities and dreams.
This frailty suffocates
The human spirit.
Ambitious visions
To lie near the ancients
To capture their wisdom,
To identify our self.

The footprints of destiny
On snow can no more be read

Orion shows us the way
To a new initiation,
Our claws glitter
Under the moon light.

Tir na n'og is just the beginning,
Nature watches over us sleepers,
Crom cruach is still thirsty,
The ritual sacrifice
Must be done.

The colours of season
Can't be seen anymore,
Hidden is the secret
Of knowledge
Where immortality
Lies.

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