

Dark Millennium

"Prologue"

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"Sometimes he knows his present being just a result of former voyages, journeys odysseys to scenes revealing to him facilities of which existence he better should not have heard of. The legend, to him of another "what is known" Sharon addressed her sadness about the anaesthetised composed melody lurking in the aura of the distance, prepared to be set free in the timespace from a touch of a deed to its execution; in the morning a limb of the fairylands, at sundown he belonged to the blind characters occupying the fools' basis.

Can this be true?

A star so wise now reads the moon
After lifetimes in his stealthy glance
Meanwhile a scholar, a patron one...

He observes the sparks again. The sparks perceive his willingness.
With the will he drifts away, surely on his way towards home,

Because home is where he sold his skin."

"So obscure the sand.

As an eldest sinner
On the Orphan planet
I was meant to bleed
My roots - And I bled my roots

Into
the
out
of
my
strength.

So godless the veil of morass.
So spoken, the blood on my wishes.
A melancholy withers why

I saw Wolvesmoon"

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