

Discount

"The Spirits Of The Tall Hills"

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Standing upon the portal where my eyes have become
weary, the cold winds
From
The south bring ghastly fragments of the forgotten
land, where, once,
The spirits stood
Along the desolate shore to
Disappear into the silenced murk, "some by the seven
gated Thebes in the
Land of Kadmos
There, for these, the end of
Death was misted about them", as my eyes slowly
descend, the dust
Transcends into my frail
Structure, the wind, the
Cold wind breaks my complete silence, the portal for
which I stand upon
Collapses, no fear I
Shall feel, transcendence
Into the peripheral, "and there they have their dwelling
place and
Hearts free of sorrow, in
The islands of the blessed,
By the deep swirling stream of the ocean", the
hypnotised sound of
Boetian harps, created by
The force of the spirits,
The faraway lands no longer seem so distant,
nirvanaesque serenity as
The hills become
Unclouded, the spirits
Embrace my soul, as I envision the neutral spectrum
before me, the harp
Echoes and echoes
And..... my wings take
Me to the bewilderment

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