

Disembowelment

"The Spirits Of The Tall Hall"

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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 dissappear into the silenced
murk,
"Some by seven gated Thebes in the land of Kadmos
There,
For these, the end of death was misted about them",
As my eyes slowly descend, Thedust 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 peripherial,
"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 spirits,
The faraway landsno 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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