

Gardar Thor Cortes

"Apollonian Realm"

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In recurring dreams the delphis speaks. Carrying upon
the open sea.

Priests to the temple of the king of the gods to behold
prophecy.

Oh great Colossus all the world doth
Shine in the splendor of the oracle's shrine.

And in the golden light of the opulent
Flame that floats atop the heavenward sea.

The servants have travelled far and wide
For only to stand by the oracle's side.

Whilst Pythia bathe in glistening
Castalian springs and sip of Kassotis...

And visions appear before the stone...

I can fly-on wings of gold up to heaven-one with me.

I send my soul out to thee.

Set me free.

Master of the lyre and thy muses fair.

Thy will command attention as thy chariot soars

Through the air.

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