

In The Eyes Of A Mistress

"Yearning The Seeds Of A New Dimension"

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Among hills I have wandered
Through forests so cold
Over mountains a raging thunder
Followed the ways foretold
A request a "leave me be" ...
Through the shape that I longed for ...
Withering visions ...
Bleeding to search for the more ...

Behold the memories within,
A questful battle to win.
Towards which he is carrying,
The burden named destiny.
It is pounding proud on his shoulders.
Creating and Dreaming,
Is it all the same?
As I touch this flame ...

...Of mine.

I await your call,
Trough body, spirit and mind,
I shine, I shine.
The forces of Prima Mater.
Unite us this heathen night,
Yearning your unknown mysterious beauty.
(Pride and might!)

Among hills, we do wander.
Through the forests so cold.
Crossing mountains of raging thunder,
Followed our way untold.

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