

Cales

"From The Bosom Of Oblivion"

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Through oblivion I have been travelling for hundreds of
years

Hidden from your sight

Passing your fates.

Born by the night dark

Into the deeps of blinding darkness

I penetrate everything.

I was a pool hidden in a thicket,

A spring breeze and a winter windstorm, too.

I guard worlds spun of dreams

Beyond levels of double truths

Under the signs of ogam.

It is me who rides on the saddled time.

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