

Lykathea Aflame

"Land Where Sympathy Is Air"

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Revived in Lykathea, in that exhausting and
Dazing embrace, discomposure entered me.
And I opened my heart and beared the yearning
And the wish buried from the light for aeons.

I felt connection and allurement that I will not
withstand.
I awakened to Elvenefris and heard the calling.

The gate will be found,
The key will be forged.

My heart I will present to you being cleared
Of a poisons of Lykathea that exorcise us to idleness
And condemn us to pain.

I am searching for the land where I will fall on my knees
And will be weeping for a long time.
Where my mind shall extend on the sky
And my heart shall speak the language of the trees
And open like a water-lily
By touches of morning sun...

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