

Mournful Congregation

"Skyward Gaze, Earthward Touch"

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Sensations of immaculate thought
Dwell once more within
The mountains lower heavenwards
For so long they have watched the earth

They know the secrets of life
They know that which we may never learn

Beneath endless sky is where I lay
The autumn leaves float dreamingly towards me
As I drift off to the clouds above
I forget my earthbound being

Distant cellos play music that brings me to tears
While the breeze carries a whisper
That sounds to me like an ancient chant
Guiding me and awakening the knowledge within

From here I am divinity
A bearer of the sacred knowledge

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