

Orthanc "Deliverance"

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Forefathers draw
Runes on this cliff
I feel a breath
Of the past
Lapping of gray waves
Near my feet
I resurrect in memory
The past

Listen to the old gods -
They're so alive
In my brain I hear they
Forever stained cry
Listen to your heart
Up to peak of pleasure
Here eternal spring
Inaccessible treasure

I taking off
My clothes
I give myself
To northern wind
Easy like a plume
I fly away in skies
Winds whisper
In my ears the lullaby

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