

Pagan Spirit

"Threshold Of Transition"

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The eyes of old Antichton
Looking into Plerom of Darkness
And in periodic circulation
Samhain supresses the Light

Sidereal presentiment gets always out on the surface

From hole the suffering is going up
And process of evolution compels us to search
This reason of all Being
Only time will show us when it will appear
In skull by own way

By Death' s tongue the silver is fed
There are situated fertile powers of Venuse
When Darkness rules the veil decreases
And in this time you can look into far a while

Physical sight is decaying
In lifes behind your caskets
Damned is who would like to cross through
Twilight of barrens, here is mysterious factor
And unrest is felt in soul

I am asking...
"Are you ready for share the Wisdom
From the ways foretelling by fear
Or you will walk eternylly through life
As a sheep with their shepherd?!"

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