

## **Dark Millenium**

### **"Prologue"**

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"Sometimes he knows his present being just a result of  
former voyages, journeys  
odysseys to scenes revealing to him facilities of which  
existence he better  
should not have heard of. The legend, to him of  
another "what is known" Sharon  
addressed her sadness about the anaesthetised  
composed melody lurking in the  
aura of the distance, prepared to be set free in the  
timespace from a touch of  
a deed to its execution; in the morning a limb of the  
fairylands, at sundown  
he belonged to the blind characters occupying the  
fools' basis.

Can this be true?

A star so wise now reads the moon  
After lifetimes in his stealthy glance  
Meanwhile a scholar, a patron one...

He observes the sparks again. The sparks perceive his  
willingness. With the will he drifts away, surely on his  
way towards home,

Because home is where he sold his skin."

"So obscure the sand.  
As an eldest sinner  
On the Orphan planet  
I was meant to bleed  
My roots - And I bled my roots

Into  
the  
out  
of  
my  
strength.

So godless the veil of morass.  
So spoken, the blood on my wishes.

A melancholy withers why

I saw Wolvesmoon"

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