

## **Rune**

# **"Opium For My Soul"**

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Last night in my dreams... echoing in what seems  
The chambers of the sacred-  
Whispers that put me to sleep  
Twilight harvesting. Priests of navigation  
Persistent themes in incessant change.  
The future's despair entangled  
In ancient past's long reign  
Lost is what we'll never know...  
Grasp intellect of lost worlds  
The inquires of their unwanted  
The theories of their most maddened  
The shadows of their darkest rooms-

Exposed in this release from reality  
Behold the oldest gods... and basking the glow  
And lying in the wake the scenery unfolds  
A mind marked by abstraction  
Harmony in the chaotic breath  
All times wind carried away my tonal  
Pictures that thought paints-  
What I can't shut out  
That would go ill with sleep  
Steals silence from the night  
Dreaming becomes an art  
Opium for my soul.

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