

Solstice

"Winter Moon Rapture"

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cleanse my wounds in winter moon desire
this endless quest for sanctuary pure
as formless levithans swim avernian seas
crystal citadels call me in my dreams
desolate epochs, the statues they weep
through eons passing, the guardians still sleep
the towers of silence
a fortress of strength
this wealth of compassion
would ease my descent
my heart greets forests, once sacred, profane
the earth my mistress in pleasure and pain
seeking solace in the glory that was

of hidden shrines to gods now lost
amongst hopes ruins to find my true place
I orphaned of heritage a man of no race
cleanse my wounds in winter moon desire
this endless quest for sanctuary pure
drown nights sorrow, in rapture divine
enchantment delirium, and yet do I seek
winter moon rapture, the ebb of her light
but I cannot see, for the tears in my eyes
winter moon rapture, the ebb of her light

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