

Gwydion

"Spirals"

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Throughout this panel we envision
Sinuous curves that form familiar shapes
Focused fingers are pressing gently
The chosen cursor, a blue inked pen

[Chorus:]
Spirits, listen to our call
Reveal the holy truth
Right into the centre
Lays the main suggestion

Determined force is moving
Nothing is written, all is drawn
Countless spirals in various sizes
Adorned with curved infinities

[Chorus]

Silence has never before
Filled so much space
A soft breath, a tense movement
Govern external perceptions

[Chorus]

Persistence found a way
A small passage into the limbo
From the depths of resolute wills
A lucid presence appears

It tells us of parallel realities
Of other universes, of past existences

Visions from it's incarnations
Materialize in our minds
Civilizations at war
A desperate hope for peace

A strange message was spoken
Wanted answer continue veiled
Origin and Creator,

Will still be two mysteries

Two mysteries...

Even though a divinity was recognized
It shall not be related
To our common beliefs

In desperation we have finally achieved
The Barrier of awareness
Passable only by the dead

Impossible. Slippery. Far away
That knowledge is only for the dead

Even though a divinity was recognized
It shall not be related
To our common beliefs

In desperation we have finally achieved
The Barrier of awareness
Passable only by the dead

[Chorus]

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