

Seance

"Land Of The Phantoms"

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Wind sweeps through the forest
It sweeps through valleys and mountains
It stops and casts it's eyes over the peak
And looks inquiringly when it trances me down
I don't speak and nor do the wind
It's just standing and looking at the landscape
Solitude takes my thoughts
I feel quite well in this way
But my soul is tired
Then it rises and regains strength
It entreats me to fly with
Through valleys and mountains
It asks me to soar before the sun rises
To take advantage of darkness and night
Since then I've been one with the landscape
And it has become one with me too
Since then I've been one with the darkness
Which is a vital element for me
Since then I just stand here and I see everything
As the others are carried from peak to peak
As the wind stain the world
As they sink out honour to the depth of hell
I look around. We have remained few in place
The others have flown away, wither their interest
hoping for better
But I see that we're still firm
And like sand, the wind carries the others

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