

Night Sight

Enslaved

I can see through the veil
Seeing all I need see
Nothing is hidden here
Deep into the woods

Casting
Letters that speak of...
All
Is all
Is naught

No-one but me
Knows of this place
Sanctuary
Where I construct

Dream while there is no strife
Anguish pulls no weight
One can see and the other is blind
Through the same pair of eyes

We have lost sight
Of the night-side of the self
Hunted by the fear
Of reunion
Night-sight is bliss
For he who dares look into
A world where you embrace the opposite
Where you are whole

There is no lasting joy
In numbness and dogma
Too much is too little in knowledge
Driven by mystery

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Of the night-side of the self
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