

## Back into the Shadows

Agathodaimon

In the night of my final sacrifice I sent my soul  
Into the vast and fathomless unknown to find a word  
A word, that indicates the beyond.  
It came back later and spoke:  
"I am myself heaven and hell!"

Sculptured in time as another chapter of life  
Sharp are the thorns of the roses, which lay dank upon me  
For too long I knew that I had to arrive  
Yet destination isn't as linear as humanity  
Touch the feeling - touch the soul  
Touch the morning dew and see the glamour  
In my stark eyes reflecting  
The icon of a setting in a serene summer  
So many flowers give away to mystery and loneliness  
Their subtle perfume and their indifference  
So much jewelry's forgotten in the soil, in darkness

But who dares to tread the silent meadows  
That lie beyond the mirror of one's self?  
Who dares to reach the phantoms of one's heart?  
To behold the murderer of life and art?  
And what is death?  
What gives birth?  
What sells good or has no worth,  
When everything you feel is cold?  
Why am I? Who's this hand?  
Whose decisions I can't comprehend...  
But isn't history foretold?  
There's a tide... in the affairs of men  
Which, taken of it's flood, leads on to fortune  
But all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and miseries...

But if you desire to see the light...  
As it truly is, clear and bright  
You must move - back into the shadows