

Flame Of Serenity

Barren Earth

Dreaming when the dawn's
Left hand was in the sky
I heard a voice
Within the tavern cry
Awake the little ones
And fill the cup
As the well of life
Will be drying up
The bringers of hope
Set their hearts upon
Turning to ashes
It prospers and anon
Up from the soil
Through the seventh gate
I rose
And on the throne I sate
And many knots
Unraveled on the way
But not the one
Of human death and fate
From the depths of dark solitude
Weeping turns into blasphemies
The Flame of Serenity
On the desert's face
Lightning an hour
In its' divine grace