

Where The Spirits Tread

Callisto

Stretch to the sun
While earth seeks comfort in the rain
Will of black lung
Tremble where the spirits tread

Stay in seclusion
These opiates will fade I know
No land for the old
Kingdom come, claim your own

Like a pilgrim wanderer
This cabin is now home
For now asunder
Till the smokescreen wears off

Primal sounds in the wake
Bleeding from colours into shape
No one was awake
To hear the laws of nature take place

Revive life in uncharted woods, as we inhale
Creation wept and understood the unearthly way