

Finland

Cult of Luna

These things moved me when I turned my back. Now I return with open hands.

I found light that lead me to the shrine where children sang and pilgrims mourned.

I was lost but not alone.

From a distance they come alive. Sleepwalking across the plains

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No answers were found here. Seeking shelter in her embrace.

Down on sore knees. Erase and begin. Under my eyelids, come forth light.