

Up High

Forefather

Up high, so high I climb
To grand open worlds beyond, my mind foresees
His call resounds
The darkened wings of the raven beat, he follows me
The sun is burning bright
The radiance shines upon my humble feet
This slender path excites
With every twist adrift along my way

Far below, the lake is shimmering
Crystal water seems to gleam
Too far above to hear the trickling over stone through vale to
stream
Alone atop the peak
The air is still, the purest yet to breathe
From here afar I see
And still the blackened wings are haunting me