

Emancipation

Ihsahn

The open air
Atop this mountain
Welcomes my hungered voice

Yet - in the echoes
Of my indulgence
I hear a calling from below

Silent cries
To my solitude profound
In too deep
There is no return
For the soul unbound
In too deep

I draw circles
Sacred boundaries
Around my desolate temple

Blood is spilt
And thorns grow
On the path to liberty

Eternally
In pain and rapture

I was summoned
And I was forced
Yet - I willed it so